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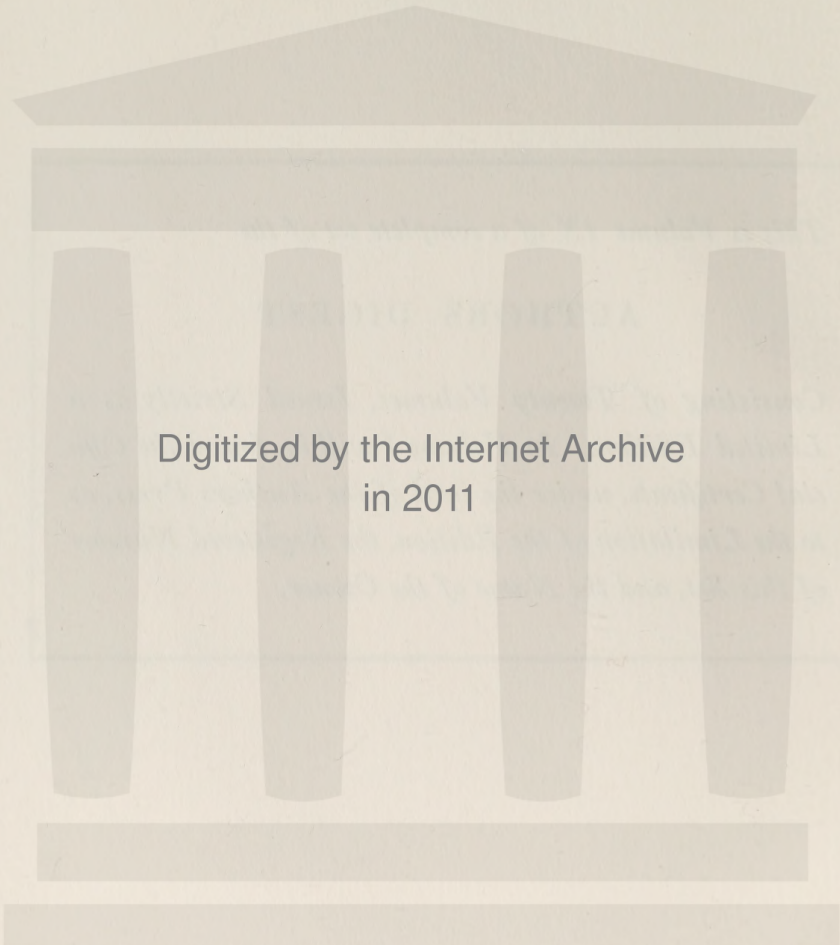

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Wilde 1904

AUTHORS DIGEST

VOLUME IX

DE LA MOTTE FOUQUE

TO

ARTHUR SHERBURNE HARDY

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FRIEDRICH DE LA MOTTE FOUQUÉ

(Germany, 1777–1843)

UNDINE: OR, THE WATER SPIRIT (1811)

This allegorical story, usually regarded as the author's masterpiece, though many place *Sintram* above it, is based upon the legends of supernatural beings, known in folk-lore as nixies, swan-maidens, or water-nymphs, who are able to assume the human form and character under certain conditions, but return to their former state when these conditions are violated. Coleridge said of *Undine:* "It shows the general want of any sense for the fine and subtle in the public taste that this romance made no deep impression. Undine's character before she receives a soul is marvelously beautiful."

AS the young knight Sir Huldbrand of Ringstetten was attending a tournament, he playfully asked the Lady Bertalda, foster-daughter of one of the dukes, for the gift of a glove she had worn. Bertalda demanded, as the condition on which he might obtain it, that the knight should enter a certain enchanted forest, explore its wonders, and bring her back a full account of them. Huldbrand immediately set out. At first all was very cheerful. But when he had entered into the depths of the wood where the shadows were thick, a form like a black beast, with a harsh human voice, made his courser mad with fright. As the steed was rushing wildly through the forest, it was arrested by the sight of a tall white man, who presently seemed to turn into a foaming brook. Next, a wizard-like dwarf of a man with yellow face and lolling red tongue obstructed his path; and when the knight sought by bribes of gold to get rid of his persecutions, the goblin showed him how the ground beneath him was thronged with gnomes pelting each other with the precious metals, and in contemptuous disregard of the knight's money were clambering up to seize him. Then terror seized the knight

and he rushed headlong through the forest, he knew not how far. As he tried to get out toward the city, a white, unearthly face kept peering at him between the leaves and driving him in the other direction.

At last Huldbrand came to the edge of the wood and saw a little cottage on a strip of verdant meadow that ran far out into a lake. Here dwelt a pious fisherman with his wife and adopted daughter, Undine, who hospitably gave him supper and lodging.

The first moment Huldbrand saw the graceful little form, flaxen hair, and lovely features of the maiden, he was charmed with her miraculous beauty. Undine likewise, after frankly returning for a long time the admiring gaze of the comely youth, knelt before him and soon seated herself confidingly on a footstool near his chair and asked him of his adventures in the enchanted forest; but when reproved by her foster-parents for her unbecoming behavior Undine rushed out into the woods in a pet. All efforts to find her in the darkness of the night were vain; and after they had returned to the cottage, the old fisherman told the knight how Undine had come to them. After many years of childlessness, their home had been blessed by the birth of a beautiful babe. The mother one day had taken the infant girl to the shore in her arms and while she was playing with it, the child bent forward, as if seeing something beautiful in the placid lake, and suddenly sank beneath the watery mirror. Though search was made everywhere, no trace was ever found of her. The same evening, as they sat in mournful silence, the door flew open and a tiny form, with water dripping from her golden hair, stood before them. The fisherman and his wife gave this other little girl food and shelter. But the accounts that she gave of herself were so singular and confused that they knew not whether she might not have dropped from the moon. When they desired to baptize her, the maiden insisted that her parents had named her Undine, and she was thus christened.

All that night Huldbrand sought the lost Undine. At length he found her in a leafy bower on an island; and as she threw her arms round his neck and seated him beside herself on the flowery turf, Huldbrand exclaimed, "It is heaven itself!" and kissed the lovely girl with fervor.

Soon the fisherman found them and begged them to return to the cottage, where Huldbrand related the various adventures through which he had reached the cottage.

The forest stream now every day scooped out a broader channel about their little strip of land, converting it into an island; and in this secluded retreat the days glided by in inexpressible sweetness and peace. Undine's capricious jests, wild sallies, and merry witcheries quite fascinated the knight, the more so as, whenever she pretended to be in a pet, she soon made up for it with the most endearing caresses.

The happiness of the young couple reminded the fisherman and his wife of their honeymoon days; and Huldbrand and Undine seemed to their aged friends like a couple already betrothed. Huldbrand's contentment and delight were so complete that it seemed to him as if no other world existed beyond those encircling floods within which he now lived as never before and felt such loving tenderness for all that dwelt with him.

At length a holy man from a cloister beyond the lake happened to be tossed by a tempest out of his boat into the heaving billows and cast on the island, where he at once received hospitable shelter in the fisherman's cottage. As the family group, thus enlarged, conversed about their isolated condition, the blooming island smiled before the mind's eye of the knight with new freshness, and the maiden before him, who leaned so fondly toward his arms, glowed like the fairest rose of the whole wide world.

Then Huldbrand's resolution was taken. Turning to the monk, he avowed to him that it was an affianced pair whom he saw before him and begged him to unite them in marriage that very evening.

After the various questions and answers and due preparations had been gone through with, the wedding hour was fixed. The fishwife found two consecrated tapers and Undine brought forth two costly rings, which had long been kept in reserve for such a service; and with the solemn words appropriate to the occasion, the aged priest made the two young folks one.

Before and during the nuptial ceremony Undine had behaved with modest gentleness and maidenly reserve. But now it seemed as if all the wayward eccentricities that had been pent

up within her were effervescing and bursting forth with an extravagance all the wilder for their temporary restraint. She teased her bridegroom, her foster-parents, and even the monk with all sorts of childish tricks and antic movements. At length the old priest in a serious tone counseled her so to attune her soul betimes that it might ever be in harmony with the soul of her bridegroom.

"Soul!" cried Undine with a laugh that was almost derisive. "But when a person has no soul at all, how can such attuning be possible? And this, in truth, is just my condition."

The priest, in holy displeasure, silently turned away his head. Undine seemed about to lay bare her inmost being and her whole story, when, faltering, she burst into a passion of tears, and at length said: "There must be something lovely, but at the same time something most awful, about a soul. In the name of God, holy man, were it not better that we never shared a gift so mysterious?"

The priest conjured her in the name of God, if any spirit of evil possessed her, to confess it. But her answers were so devout that he assured Huldbrand there was nothing of evil in her, but of a truth much that was wonderful. What he recommended to the knight in his domestic life was simply "prudence, love, and fidelity."

Huldbrand was perplexed by the mystery and shocked by the confession that his bride had made, and half feared that he had married a fairy; but so sweet and touching was her look that he took her in his arms and bore her into their bridal chamber.

The next morning, as the priest raised his hand to bless Undine, she knelt and begged his pardon for any foolish thing she might have said the night before, and entreated him in a very pathetic tone to pray for the welfare of her soul. Then kissing her foster-parents, she thanked them for their boundless kindness to her throughout her childhood.

All day long Undine continued as mild and gentle as an angel. Toward evening, with lowly tenderness, she led Huldbrand to the little island where he had found her on the night of his arrival, and there she related to him her strange history.

She told him, while an uncanny shiver shot through his be-

ing, that she belonged to the fair and wonderful race of water-nymphs called "Undines." They resemble human beings in form and feature, only that they are more beautiful and have supernatural powers superior to those of humanity; but it is their great misfortune not to have any souls. While they live the elements obey them, but at death Nature scatters them like dust and no vestige of them remains. As there is no retribution to trouble them, they are as merry as nightingales, gold-fishes, and other pretty children of Nature.

But as all beings aspire to rise in the scale of existence, Undine's father, a powerful water-prince, desired that his daughter should become possessed of a soul. The only way to attain this was for the water-nymph to form an intimate heart-union with some human being. Now, by her wedding with Huldbrand she had become possessed of a soul, but also had become liable to the sufferings of those thus endowed.

The infinite charm of Undine's beauty and affection lulled to rest every misgiving in Huldbrand's heart and made him desirous of remaining in the little green isle, so secret and so secure. But Undine thought that it was best for them to leave the enchanted forest and go back to the world of men.

At the imperial city, Huldbrand and his lovely bride were received with rejoicing by all except the jealous Princess, Bertalda. Undine, however, at once became strangely fond of Bertalda. One day, at the close of a sumptuous banquet, thinking to give her a great pleasure, Undine disclosed to Bertalda the fact that her real parents were waiting outside to embrace her. Kühleborn, the river-spirit, by his magic power had stolen Bertalda in her infancy from her home and brought her to the shore where the Duke had found her. But when Bertalda saw that these parents were not some high-born people but humble fisher-folk, her pride was deeply offended. She reviled the aged couple as bribed and perjured impostors and demanded proof of the story. The fisherman's wife testified that her real daughter had a birthmark, like a violet, between the shoulders and another of the same kind on her instep. When the Duchess examined Bertalda, it was found to be even as the fishwife had said.

The next day, as Huldbrand was leading his beautiful wife from the castle door, they were met by a fisher-girl meanly clad

who turned out to be Bertalda. On account of her violent and unfeeling conduct toward her real parents, her foster-parents, the Duke and Duchess, had cast her off.

Bitterly weeping, Bertalda begged Undine's pardon, and Huldbrand and his wife, pitying the pretty girl in her affliction, took her with them to Castle Ringstetten.

In the months that succeeded Huldbrand's inclinations became gradually transferred from Undine to Bertalda. The poor wife, as a being of another species, became more and more an object of apprehension rather than of sympathy. Undine wept, and her tears awakened remorse in the knight's heart, but not the former tenderness. Now impulses of kindness would master him; then a cold shuddering would drive him from Undine's presence and he would hasten to the side of Bertalda as a more congenial being of his own race. Bertalda, when opposed even in the slightest degree, attributed it to the jealousy of the injured wife; and Undine, though submitting with gentle self-denial, lost her former gaiety and became a victim of sadness. What especially occasioned trouble were the apparitions and tricks of Kühleborn the river-spirit, Undine's uncle.

So annoying were his pranks that Undine at length ordered the magnificent fountain in the midst of the castle-court to be covered up. Bertalda rudely scolded at this, as it interfered with her getting the water she wanted for her complexion; but Undine insisted on having the huge stone placed in position. In reply to Huldbrand's demand for an explanation, Undine told him how it was that Kühleborn, having no soul, took pleasure in tormenting them and taking revenge on Bertalda for all unkindnesses that he suspected Undine to suffer. It was by the fountain that the river-spirit gained entrance to disturb their peace; and Undine felt that some terrible evil would happen to both her husband and herself if Kühleborn were not barred out. When with tender affection Huldbrand embraced her and assured her that the stone should remain unmoved, she furthermore begged him never, under any circumstances, to be angry with her while on any body of water; for then the water-spirits would regain authority over her and in defense of an injured member of their race, might drag her down below into the crystal palaces of the subaqueous realm, never to return.

Huldbrand solemnly promised. But when Bertalda heard that the stone would remain over the fountain, she rushed off, in a passion, to the Black Valley. Huldbrand hurried after. The malicious Kühleborn, under various phantom forms (now as a sleeping woman, now as an old hag or a wagoner with gray steeds), tormented and nearly drowned the knight and Bertalda. At last the soft reproofs of Undine put an end to the malicious tricks of Kühleborn and she brought them out of the towering billows, which Kühleborn had evoked, and conducted them back under her guardianship to Castle Ringstetten.

For some time after this, all three lived at the castle in peaceful enjoyment. Huldbrand was impressed with the heavenly goodness of his wife, and Bertalda showed herself grateful and humble, and the Black Valley and its terrors were never alluded to. But when spring came and the swallows began to migrate, what wonder that Bertalda also longed to travel? To go to Vienna became so strong a wish that even Undine, shutting her eyes to the possible dangers, consented; and the three set off down the Danube in the liveliest of spirits. All went finely for many days. But when they had gone to such a distance as to come again within the domain of Kühleborn, that spiteful river-spirit began to annoy them with all kinds of aqueous agitations and illusions so as quite to destroy their pleasure.

When Undine was awake, she was busy rebuking and foiling these wild antics of her kindred. But if she dropped to sleep, horrible heads and deformed visages rose on all sides and frightened the passengers on the vessel.

Huldbrand was filled with fretfulness and ill nature at being thus haunted, and more than once would have burst out in wild imprecations, had not Undine, in the gentlest of tones, begged him not to express displeasure against her while on the water. Huldbrand restrained himself, but remained decidedly out of humor.

Bertalda, full of wild and wandering thoughts, unclasped her gold necklace and let it swing idly over the surface of the stream. That instant, a huge hand flashed up from the stream, clutched the necklace and vanished with it. Bertalda screamed and a mocking laugh came up from beneath the water. Huldbrand was infuriated. Undine, to set matters right, by her

magic power brought up from beneath the water a coral necklace of far greater splendor and brilliance than the one that Kühleborn had just stolen, and offered it to Bertalda in its place.

But Huldbrand rushed between and, snatching the beautiful ornament out of Undine's hand, hurled it back into the river, and in a flame of rage exclaimed: "So, then, you still keep up your connection with these spirits! In the name of all witches and enchanters, go! Remain among them with your presents, you sorceress, and leave us human beings in peace."

Then poor Undine, with a look of mute amazement and eyes streaming with tears, bade the knight a last farewell, and vanished over the side of the boat, like water melting into water. All that was to be noticed were little waves, whispering and sobbing around the boat; and they seemed almost distinctly to say: "Oh, wo, wo! Ah! Remain true! Oh, wo!"

For a long, long time the Lord of Ringstetten could only weep, as bitterly as Undine ever had wept, and Bertalda also wept with him, and the good Undine soothed him in his dreams with kind caresses. But at length his sorrow lessened, his heart reached out to the fair Bertalda; and when the fisherman came to take her away, Huldbrand proposed to make her his wife, and sent for Father Heilman to unite them in marriage. The holy man, who formerly had married the knight to Undine, strongly remonstrated with Huldbrand against this union. It was by no means certain that Undine was dead, and, moreover, for many nights she had appeared to him in dreams, imploring him to prevent the marriage and to save the knight's life.

All felt gloomy premonitions. Huldbrand himself in a dream saw his Undine sitting beneath the crystalline domes of the Mediterranean waters and weeping bitterly for him. For, according to the law of the realm in which Undine lived, it was the tragic duty of every water-nymph whose husband married another wife to take that husband's life.

Huldbrand awoke from his doleful dream with the gloomiest of apprehensions. Nevertheless, with characteristic masculine stubbornness, he went on with the plans he had formed.

The marriage festival was outwardly brilliant but inwardly gloomy with mournful recollections. The vision of the drowned Undine filled the whole company with forebodings of evil.

At length, as Bertalda's attendants and friends poured forth their flatteries and assurances of coming happiness upon their young mistress, her restless eye noticed some freckles on her neck, and she sighed because the castle fountain, whose potent water had such efficacy in purifying the skin, was now sealed up: "Oh, had I this evening only a single flagon of it!" she pettishly exclaimed.

"Is that all?" cried an alert waiting-maid, as she glided out of the room.

Soon the tread of men was heard; and the stone, to Bertalda's delight, was lifted from the fountain. Then an apparition that filled them with awe rose through the opening. At first it seemed a white column of water. Then it was perceived to be the pale figure of a woman, clothed in white, weeping bitterly. She wrung her hands above her head in anguish, with low moanings of misery, and with sad, reluctant step moved on, as if going to execution.

Up the well-known stairs and through the familiar halls the mysterious figure passed, her tears flowing in silent wo.

As Huldbrand stood dejected and alone in the dim light of a wax taper, he heard a low tapping at his door, such a signal as Undine had been accustomed to use.

"It is all illusion! a mere freak of fancy," he said to himself. "I must to my nuptial bed."

Then a voice from without, choked with sobs, repeated: "You must indeed; but to a cold one."

The door opened slowly and the white form entered. "They have opened the fountain," she said in a low tone, "and now I am here, and you must die."

Covering his eyes with his hands, Huldbrand cried: "If you have a visage of horror behind that veil, do not lift it. Take my life, but let me not see you."

"Alas!" replied Undine, "will you not then look upon me once more? I am as beautiful now as when you wooed me."

"O would to God it were so," sighed Huldbrand, "and that I might die by a kiss from you."

"Most willingly do I grant your wish, my dearest love." And as she threw back her veil, her dear face met his view, smiling with celestial beauty.

Trembling with love and the awe of approaching death, Huldbrand stooped to the embrace. She kissed him with the holy kiss of heaven, but she relaxed not her hold until, with a thrill both of bliss and agony, the knight expired.

"I have wept him to death," said Undine to the terrified domestics who met her; and passing through them, she slowly disappeared in the fountain.

The funeral procession that moved with solemn step to Huldbrand's grave was accompanied by a veiled figure, draped in white. When the company rose from their knees, it had disappeared; but from the spot where the mysterious form had kneeled a little spring of silvery brightness gushed out and wound about the knight's grave. The villagers said it was the poor deserted Undine who in this manner fondly encircled her beloved in her arms.

SINTRAM AND HIS COMPANIONS (1811)

This allegorical romance was suggested, as Fouqué himself tells us, by Albrecht Dürer's woodcut of "The Knight, Death, and Satan," the birthday gift of a former friend who proposed that Fouqué should frame from it a romance or ballad. "It became," wrote its author, "more than this"; the tale "being supported by divers traditions, in part given to me orally, of the German northern customs in war and festivity and in many other relationships beside." The characters of the noble pair, Folko and Gabrielle, have an especial interest from their connection with Fouqué's own ancestral line. As the author says in his preface: "Folko of Montfauçon was and is peculiarly endeared to my heart as a true type of that old French chivalric glory which now only emerges in individual appearances." "With these feelings, the writer could not forbear from arraying him in the colors of his own escutcheon and assigning to him its emblems, and even in some measure denoting him by his own ancestral name; for Foulqué we were called in old times, which was probably derived, according to our Norman descent, from the Northlandish name Folko or Fulko; and a castle, Montfauçon, was among our ancient possessions." *Sintram and His Companions* was first published in the winter number of the *Jahreszeiten*, and in the spring number of the same publication appeared Fouqué's other masterpiece, *Undine*.

N the Castle of Drontheim, the mighty Biorn, his son Sintram, and their retainers held a sumptuous Christmas feast. In accordance with venerable custom a gilded boar's head stood on the table. Much wine had been drunk, and there had been much excited talk of the increasing pride and power of the German trading-towns. Biorn put his hand on the boar's head and with a terrible oath swore to put to death every German trader whom fate might bring into his power. His wife, the gentle Verena, turned pale and would have interposed; but the fearful vow had been sworn.

Immediately after this it was learned that an old German merchant and his son had been shipwrecked off the coast and were now without the gates, asking hospitality. In accordance with his rash vow, Biorn assembled in the castle yard his men-at-arms, whom he ordered at his first signal to throw their spears upon the defenseless strangers. In the martial throng were two strange and dreadful figures. One was tall, frightfully pal-

lid and thin, with a huge curved sword in his hand. The other was a dwarflike man with hideous countenance, who held a spear notched in a strange fashion. The elder of the two merchants earnestly called God to witness that he had no evil thought against the house, and the Lady Verena appealed to her lord for the sake of their only child to have pity on these harmless men and resist the temptation of the evil spirit. The knight in his fierce wrath refused, calling death and the devil to see that he kept his word; and he staked his child on the desperate cast. But as Biorn commanded them to strike, the Lady Verena in anguish called out: "Help, O God my Saviour!" The two dreadful figures disappeared; the knight and his retainers rushed blindly against one another without harming the merchants; and in the *mêlée* the strangers escaped. As the Lady Verena and the old Squire, Rolf the Good, went up-stairs they vaguely saw a tall, pale man and a little hideous form pass by. When they reached the room of Sintram they found him in a hysterical agony, shrieking that Death and another foe were pursuing him.

The lady of the castle saw in this the avenging hand of Heaven; and as her husband, instead of repenting, contemplated additional deeds of violence, she took refuge in a cloister and sought by unremitting prayer to obtain mercy for herself and her unhappy child.

For seven years the dreadful imprecation of the father kept its withering hold on the son, and not a Christmas passed without a return of these apparitions. Sometimes Sintram would see at his father's dinner-table the ghastly pilgrim whose mantle rattled with dead men's bones; sometimes the unearthly form would leap on his horse as he rode on a lonely path and clasp him tightly in his cold, long arms. Sintram used to accompany his father in his wild campaigns, and every year he became more fierce in spirit.

One spring, when eager for warlike adventures, Sintram heard that a ship filled with armed men was making for the shore. At the head of them appeared a knight of noble countenance, wearing polished steel armor richly inlaid with gold. The good Rolf warned Sintram that these men could not be the foes he had supposed them to be, but entire strangers and of no mean race. But the wild youth ordered his men to attack forth-

with, and pushed through the throng to engage personally with the leader of the strangers. With the war-cry of "Gabrielle!" on his lip, the valiant knight, with one powerful sword-thrust, laid his youthful foe prostrate and held a dagger to his throat. As he lay with his eyes cast upward to the weapon that foreboded his end, Sintram saw a lovely apparition, a graceful woman attired in blue and gold. He fancied it a Valkyria, and bade his conqueror strike. But it was the gentle lady Gabrielle, begging her husband, Folko of Montfauçon, to spare the young man's life. As Folko gazed on Sintram and saw the golden bear's-claw, which bespoke his lineage, he was filled with astonishment to learn that it was with one of his own kin and a scion of a family with whom he had always maintained friendly relations that he had fought. The disclosure filled Sintram with shame and remorse that he had committed so unknightly an act, and he bestirred himself eagerly in conducting his new-found kinsmen to his father's castle and preparing everything for their reception.

Here for many months Folko and Gabrielle remained as honored guests. From the first, the gentle Gabrielle's beauty and her charming lute-playing seemed to cast a blessed spell over Sintram's hard, wayward heart. Her presence never failed to soothe him for the time being; but when she left him the terrible passions within him broke out with renewed violence.

One night, under the dark trees of the garden, Sintram met a little old man, wrapped in fur, wearing a cap with a strange long feather, who entered into conversation with him. This sinister-looking being told Sintram that he was master of all secret knowledge, and among other things related to him the old Homeric tale of Paris, Helen and King Menelaus. As the Little Master told of the charms of the Trojan princess in captivating language that appeared to Sintram to describe Folko's wife so perfectly as to set the young man's heart palpitating wildly, and as it was subtly suggested how Sintram might abduct his beautiful guest, Gabrielle herself came up in the moonlight so close to him that he might have touched her.

The youth had already bent forward to do so when a pious song sung by the good Rolf recalled him to his better self. Sintram made the sign of the cross, and immediately the Little

Master fled away, and Sintram courteously conducted the lady back to the castle.

For months Lord Folko, Biorn, and Sintram hunted together and fought side by side; and when Sintram's prowess had won a great victory over a famous freebooter and the mysterious warrior who was his uncanny ally, the Lady Gabrielle made Sintram both proud and happy by presenting him with a fine sword and scarf and admitting him with her own fair hand to the order of knighthood.

Throughout the autumn the rewards that Sintram had received from the fair Gabrielle filled his heart with joy and serenity. But when one day he overheard the gallant Lord Montfauçon and his lady arranging to put to sea for their home in France, Sintram seemed to be possessed by all his former madness. He rushed off wildly through the forest to the rugged sea-beach, and close by the remains of three shattered oaks where in darker times human victims had been sacrificed, the hideous dwarf, the Little Master, who before had tempted and fought with him, again sought to lead him into evil.

After impressing the young man with a belief in his mastery over the winds and waves, the mysterious being promised Sintram that if he would gaze steadily for half an hour at the sea, continuously and intensely wishing that it should rage and foam until the time when winter should lay its icy grasp on Nature, then the Lord of Montfauçon would be unable to return. To seal the bargain, he demanded a lock of Sintram's hair.

The youth, mad with love and disappointment, cut off the lock and threw it to the strange tempter, and as he gazed at the waters and passionately wished the coming of the storm, the waves heaved and a howling tempest swept the watery expanse.

For many months the storm continued to rage with unexampled fury and persistence; and though Lord Folko often planned to depart, the weather or Biorn's remonstrances kept him at Castle Drontheim.

After the storms of autumn, the icy winter came on in all its sternness. Bear-hunts on the snow-clad mountains became the order of the day, and the gallant Folko would allow no one to hint that he preferred to remain with his wife in her apartments.

On his first expedition, Folko sprang lightly from cliff to cliff and attracted general admiration. Pressing far ahead, he came face to face with a huge bear, pierced it with his spear, and threw it over the precipice. But pursuing it, he fell down the precipice, close to the enraged beast.

As Sintram stood in silent horror, he heard the insinuating voice of the Little Master, urging that he leave Folko to his fate and go back to the castle and take the fair Gabrielle to himself. As Baron Folko's cry for help reached Sintram's ears, at first he yielded to the evil suggestion and sped away. But soon, overcoming the temptation, he hurled his spear with unerring aim on the advancing bear and then descended to lift up the wounded Lord of Montfauçon and help him home.

On his return to the castle, Sintram, as the one who had rescued the Baron, was the subject of general praise; and old Rolf's eyes were dim with tears of joy. But Sintram drew back shuddering. He declared that he was no longer worthy of living under the same roof with the noble Folko and his angelic Lady Gabrielle, and henceforth would retire to the stone fortress on the Rocks of the Moon until a better mind possessed him.

It was a wild and desolate retreat to which he had betaken himself. But it was not secluded enough to escape the mysterious beings who had dogged his footsteps in the past. The Little Master bade him beware of disappointing him a second time; and the crazy pilgrim, decked with rattling bones, at whose passing step the funeral bell tolled so mournfully, bade him have patience and he would one day give him release. At Christmas time the chaplain visited Sintram with a comforting message from his mother, and beside him appeared the strange pilgrim. The hour for confession seemed to have arrived, and one of the mysteries that had perplexed Sintram was made plain. The pilgrim with the dead man's bones on his mantle was found to be a certain Sir Weigand, who had been betrothed to the Lady Verena before her marriage to Biorn. Because of an act of thoughtless cruelty to a shepherd, the Lady Verena had broken with him and forbidden him her presence. Later a wound on the head had made him raving mad; and in penance he had covered his garments with the bones whose sound and look gave him such an unearthly appearance.

Thenceforth, he wandered around as a crazy pilgrim. Now, when he had at last awakened from his trance, Weigand insisted on going to the convent gates where Verena was staying; and while the lady whom he had loved and lost so strangely, with calm tenderness held a crucifix before him, the knight, so long distraught, serenely ended his earthly pilgrimage by falling asleep like a tired child. Sintram sang gently to himself, "and in eternal peace our penance end."

At Christmas time Biorn would again feast and make vows upon the gilded boar's head. But Folko in holy indignation destroyed this relic of heathenism. Visiting Sintram in the gloomy "Fortress of Evil Report," the Lord of Montfauçon had caught sight of the two strange apparitions that there beset Sintram, and assured his young friend that God had not forgotten him but would help him in his struggle against the curse that darkened his life.

When the long northern winter was over, Folko and Gabrielle at last returned to their home in Normandy, and Sintram's life seemed lonelier than ever and his inner wrestlings gained a keener bitterness. In his dreams he often saw the wicked enchantress Venus and the dwarfish form of the Little Master and heard their mockeries, as they told him how foolish he was not to have availed himself of their magic arts and possessed himself of Gabrielle and turned the Rocks of the Moon into a Palace of Love. The young man then would take the scarf of Gabrielle and the sword she had given him and walk forth under the solemn, starry canopy of the northern sky. One evening, visiting his father, he found the Little Master there, and as a consecrated knight he held up the cross of his sword-hilt before the eyes of this evil guest and bade his mysterious enemy "worship or fly." He did fly precipitately, but as Biorn wished to have the uncanny being back, the hideous dwarf kept returning. When Sintram fell on his knees and prayed to Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, the evil guest departed. Again Biorn willed him to return, and again Sintram's prayers drove him away. So went on this strife of wills through the long night, and fierce whirlwinds raged around the castle. At last came the peaceful dawn, and Sintram, pale but victorious, went out to breathe the dewy air of the mild winter morning.

Thus day after day and month after month did Sintram continue his spiritual battle. Finally there came a day when he was summoned to a supreme struggle. Biorn drew near his end, and Sintram, rejecting all armor or weapons of pagan origin, journeyed to the ancestral castle. In the uncertain moonlight the road seemed to be full of dead men's bones and crawling lizards and hideous monsters; and an unearthly form with a pallid face joined him, a form that filled his horse and dog with fear.

Then someone called: "Stop! take me also with you."

Looking around, Sintram perceived a small, frightful figure with horns and a bestial face and in his hands a hideous weapon like a sickle.

The bewildered Sintram murmured: "I must have fallen asleep. Now my dreams are coming over me."

"You are awake," replied the pale horseman. "For behold! I am Death." His garments fell from him, and a moldering skeleton was disclosed within, its ghastly head crowned with serpents and a spent hour-glass in the fleshless hand which was stretched out toward the knight.

"Lord! into thy hands I commend my spirit," prayed Sintram.

"He has not got you yet," screamed the fiend who followed. "Give yourself up to me rather. In one instant you shall be in Normandy." And once again the tempter began his bewitching promises and his unholy praises of Gabrielle's loveliness, and Sintram's heart glowed in his weak breast like wild-fire.

Then Death raised the hour-glass; and it seemed, on the one hand, as if eternity in all its calm majesty were rising before Sintram; and on the other hand a world of confusion seemed to be dragging him back with a deadly grasp.

"I command thee," cried Sintram, "wild form that followest me, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ to cease from thy seducing words and to call thyself by that name by which thou art recorded in Holy Writ."

A name more fearful than a thunder-clap burst despairingly from the lips of the tempter and he disappeared.

"He will return no more," said Death in a kindly tone.

"And now," said Sintram, "I am become wholly thine, my stern companion."

"Not yet, my Sintram. I shall not come to thee till many, many years are past. But thou must not forget me in the mean while."

In the cheerful light of the next morning, as Sintram reached the ancestral home and opened the door into the room where his father lay dying, he greeted Biorn with the words: "You are not lost, my beloved father."

Biorn cast a look of thankfulness up to heaven and said: "Yes, praised be God! it is the right companion. It is sweet, gentle Death."

Then Biorn called his son to come near, and related to him his strange experiences and how Sintram had brought him deliverance and peace. He told him how he had lain for a long time in a deathlike trance, insensible to outward things, but inwardly only too conscious, his soul full of anguish. Far away he could see a lofty church where Gotthard and Rudlieb, the German traders, were kneeling and calling on God to aid him who had been their enemy.

Then he heard a voice like an angel's telling him that his son Sintram "must this night wrestle with Death and with the Fallen One. His victory will be victory, and his defeat will be defeat, for the old man as well as for himself."

Thereupon Biorn awoke and found that his Sintram had conquered.

As the day wore on, the stillness in the hall increased. The last hour of the aged knight was drawing near, but he met it calmly. At last the dying man said: "Is that the vesper-bell in Verena's cloister?" When Sintram made a sign of assent, a gleam shone in the old man's eyes; the bright morning cloud whose presence filled the room moved and stood close over him; and then the gleam, the morning cloud and life departed together.

A few days after this, Sintram visited his mother in her cloister and begged to become a recluse, such as she had been. But the wise mother told her son that, however quiet and happy such a life was, it was not the fitting vocation of a bold and powerful knight such as he; that his duty called him rather to succor the weak and repress the lawless.

"God's will be done," said the knight, and he rose full of

firmness and self-devotion. Joyful in spirit, he entered on a noble career. He was not content with going about wherever there might be a rightful cause to defend or evil to be averted; the gates of the now hospitable castle stood always open to receive and shelter every stranger. The winter of Sintram's life was bright and glorious; the only cloud upon it was his fear that Montfauçon and Gabrielle had not quite forgiven him. But when one day two gray-headed German burghers, soon recognized as Gotthard and Rudlieb, brought him the noble young Engletram, the son of Folko and Gabrielle, to be raised and trained by him, his cup of happiness was full. For the message with which the precious charge was entrusted to his care was this: "His father and mother send him to you, Sir Sintram, knowing well your holy and glorious knightly career, that you may bring him up to all the honorable and valiant deeds of this northern land and may make of him a Christian knight like yourself."

ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER

(England, 1865)

A DOUBLE THREAD (1899)

The thread of mystery and bewilderment running through this clever story, and the lively dialogue, made it especially adaptable for theatrical purposes, and it was successfully dramatized in England soon after its appearance in book form.

ELFRIDA HARLAND was the granddaughter and heiress of a Lord Chancellor. The late Lord Harland was the first and only peer of the family and had risen by way of the bar from nothing to everything. He had married a well-born and penniless young woman, and their only son unwisely married a beautiful actress, the daughter of a music-master, and then died abroad. The widow expired at her father's house a few months afterward, leaving twin daughters, and Lord Harland adopted one of the twins on condition that she never should hold any communication with her sister or her mother's people.

He died when Elfrida was twenty-one, Lady Harland having predeceased him by two years, after training the young girl according to her ideas of what a well-bred woman should know: namely, the Table of Precedence, the way to put on her clothes, and the art of talking charmingly without saying anything. Although now one of the richest and handsomest women in London, Elfrida was not happy; she had drunk deeply of the spirit of her grandparents' cynicism, and had learned from them to put little faith in her fellow-creatures. In fact, she did not believe that there is such a thing as disinterested affection; she knew that her face attracted some men, and her fortune others; and she nourished a supreme scorn for all attachments thus inspired. She was now twenty-five, and her four years'

experience with fortune-hunters had made her ever more and more cynical.

During a week-end spent with Lady Silverhampton, she met Jack Le Mesurier, a captain on the Staff Corps, who was at home on a twelvemonth's furlough from India. During the Sunday Elfrida and Jack talked together a great deal, though Jack felt distinctly irritated all the time. He thought Elfrida the most beautiful woman he ever had seen; and it annoyed him to hear her talk in the sneering and cynical manner that she usually adopted. As for Elfrida, she liked Jack better than any man she had met before; he was so simple and manly and straightforward, and never seemed to be thinking about her fortune. She even went so far as to admit that there might be excuses for putting on one's best gown and diamonds for a small dinner-party with no ball afterward.

After Christmas, Jack went to Sunnydale to visit his old schoolmate, Percy Welford; and there he was presented to Ethel Harland, who was staying with her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Morgan; they had recently moved to Sunnydale, where Mr. Morgan held the post of organist.

Jack soon ceased to think of Ethel as the most beautiful, or the most anything woman; to him she became the only woman in the world. He had thought Elfrida the handsomest woman he ever had met; but her cynicism had canceled to some extent the effect of her beauty. In Ethel he found one with Elfrida's face, voice, and figure, and as straightforward and cheerful withal as the simplest country maid. If Elfrida had seemed as sweet as she looked, Jack would have fallen in love with her; Ethel looked as sweet as Elfrida and seemed even more so than she looked; therefore the result of her meeting with Jack was a foregone conclusion.

When his time at Sunnydale was nearly over, and Ethel was about to return from her vacation to her occupation in London, Jack was much distressed, because, not being in a situation to marry, he must let her go without knowing how much he cared for her. Of course Ethel knew well enough, though she pretended she did not, and would not give him permission to see her in town, nor tell him where she lived; but finally she admitted that she should be in Sunnydale again at Easter.

Jack called occasionally upon Elfrida, and hoped to bring the sisters together. When finally he spoke to Elfrida of Ethel and urged her to go to her sister, she put off for a moment her indifferent manner, and told him that there was a reason which some day he might learn, but not then, why she could not do so, even if she would; that it was not her fault they were so far apart; and that she was absolutely powerless to bridge the gulf between them.

Elfrida did not attempt to disguise from herself the fact that Jack was fast becoming the center of the universe to her; neither was she shy of the strength of her own feelings. For years she had desired to fall in love, and had failed; now at last she had succeeded; and she was glad of it, whatever the result might be. But after Jack had left, her face grew grave as she thought: "I wonder how long it will be before he finds out about poor Ethel."

Jack's uncle, Sir Roger, invited him about this time to pay a visit at Greystone. Sir Roger was a very small man with the face of a cherub who has strayed into uncherubic regions. His tongue was as bitter as his smile was bland; and he enjoyed saying cruel things in a little piping voice that would have done credit to a choir-boy. He informed his nephew that it was his intention to leave him Greystone and what other little property he had—for only the title would go to him of necessity—on condition that he should marry a woman of fortune; otherwise, he would leave everything to a distant branch of the family. Sir Roger had heard that Elfrida Harland was not indifferent to Jack, and remarked that she had fifteen thousand a year, that her eyelashes were as long as any man could desire, as he heard, and her tongue, perhaps, a little longer. Jack felt helpless in the presence of the cynical philosophy of the childlike demon before him.

While Elfrida continued to wear the mask of clever coldness in spite of her increasing love, Jack, although he resented her refusal to go to her sister, felt more and more her power of fascination. Different as the sisters were in some respects, the one so studied, the other so spontaneous, they possessed the same personal charm; and the likeness between them was so strong that now and then Jack almost loved Elfrida for Ethel's

sake; while at other times, when Elfrida was especially sarcastic and cynical, this very likeness irritated and angered him.

At Easter he went to Sunnydale, and there found Ethel with her grandparents. She did not grasp the fact that all the old ladies of Sunnydale were looking shy at her; for gossip and speculation had been busy since her last visit. An innocent remark entirely unconnected with her had led to a belief on the part of those who had been anxious to discover her occupation that she was a thief; and they determined to drive her away. A cloud occasionally came over the sunshine of her happiness in Jack's companionship, and she would ask herself: "Whatever would he say if he knew?" But she was light-hearted, on the whole, and had a cheerful faith that all would eventually turn out for the best. Before the Easter holidays were over they were engaged to be married; and one day Jack asked her to tell him all about herself and how she earned her living.

"Jack," she said, "I ask you to trust me a little longer, and not put any more questions. I wish you to give me your word that you will not ask me, or anyone else, for information concerning me until I choose to give you such information. Will you help me by trusting me?"

"I'll trust you with all my heart, because I know you will never deceive me," said Jack; and he kept his word.

In spite of the fact that he had thrown wealth and Greystone away, he was radiant; but though he trusted Ethel implicitly, he chafed inwardly at the restriction she had imposed upon him. When the holidays were over, Jack went to Greystone to tell his uncle of his engagement; and, as before, his uncle's views of men and things, and most especially of women, grated upon him at every turn, and yet imbued him with such a sense of powerlessness as made opposition appear absurd as well as ineffectual. But at the same time he fell under the influence of the magnetic personality of the rector, Philip Cartwright, a remarkably handsome man between forty and fifty, who to his charm added an intense and wonderful capacity for sympathy.

Jack confided his story to Cartwright, who was deeply interested and who encouraged him. He needed encouragement, for his uncle had made him feel that he perhaps had no right to ask any woman to share poverty with him in India. Meeting

Elfrida shortly after his talk with Jack, Philip discovered her love through her studied indifference at his mention of Captain Le Mesurier.

The following day Jack called upon Elfrida and said: "I have come to-day to tell you a piece of news about myself; I am engaged to marry your sister."

Never had Elfrida loved Jack so well as then; and she felt a spasm of pity for her sister when she thought of the ordinary human happiness that might have been Ethel's, and yet now could never be.

"I pray you to put this foolish secrecy aside, and treat your sister as my future wife has every right to be treated."

"You are asking an impossibility, Captain Le Mesurier." And her eyes filled with tears at the thought of Jack's tenderness toward Ethel.

"No, not an impossibility—only to give her the protection of your home and friendship until I can marry her and take her out to India."

For one moment Elfrida felt a wild impulse to tell him why she and Ethel were so impassably separated, and to see once for all what effect the truth would have upon him. But she controlled herself and repeated her former words.

Jack was angry; Elfrida's cold persistence infuriated him; yet all the time he felt the need of steeling himself against the fascination she still had for him. Finally, when the secrecy surrounding Ethel had been spoken of, she said: "Trust her less and love her more; that is my advice."

"I don't know what you mean; but I do know that whatever your sister has done and whatever she has concealed, I will marry her in the face of the whole world."

"Listen to me. You never can marry my sister—never! Give up the woman you love before you learn to care too much; or else, when you find her out, it will break your heart! Whatever suffering comes to her she deserves; for she has deceived the best and truest man in the world."

But Jack was not to be moved.

The summer holidays found Ethel again at Sunnydale, where gossip had been so busy with her name that Mrs. Morgan was with difficulty dissuaded from moving away. The gossip that

Ethel repeated to Jack he treated with contempt, and he took her to visit his great-aunt, Miss Desmond. But Ethel's happiness was marred by gloomy forebodings; for the better she knew Jack, the more clearly she understood that deception was the one thing he would not forgive, and realized that her happiness was doomed to be short-lived.

One day she told him she wished to make him a gift; and having received the promise she had asked, that he would wear it always, she slipped on his finger a massive gold ring with a single stone, a wonderful pink diamond. When he saw it he was speechless; for the late Lady Harland had inherited from an aunt just such a diamond; it had originally been brought from India, and strange tales were told of its properties. It was said that if a woman gave it to a man she loved, that man was bound to love her and her only to his dying day. It had been brought to England by a Langstone, who had left his heart in the grave of a native princess in India, the giver to him of the pink diamond. This stone, whose magic properties had not been disproved while it had been in the Langstone family, had been left to Elfrida by Lady Harland; and Elfrida kept it at a bank, though she was proud of possessing so celebrated a gem. Jack assumed that she had given the stone to her sister, and continued to wear it, even after an interview with Elfrida's lawyer, Mr. Fenton. For at the end of August Mr. Fenton discovered that the famous Harland diamond was missing from the bank, and that it had been taken by a young lady whom the clerk had taken for Miss Harland, and who left a receipt duly signed "Elfrida Harland," nearly a month after Miss Harland had left London for Germany. She had given no address, and Mr. Fenton was greatly disturbed. He traced the diamond to a West End jeweler, who had reset it for a young lady giving her name as Miss Harland and her address as Sunnydale; and there he learned the evil rumors rife about Ethel. He felt bound to punish the theft; and yet he did not feel at liberty to arrest Miss Harland's sister without her permission. So he decided to see Ethel and try to settle the matter privately.

He found the Morgans at Sunnydale far less indignant than he expected, and obtained from them Ethel's address. Forewarned by them, Ethel persuaded Jack to interview the solicitor

in her stead; and with the pink diamond blazing on his finger he gave Mr. Fenton such an uncomfortable quarter of an hour that that gentleman decided to take no steps till Elfrida's return.

Loyally forbearing to ask any questions, Jack urged Ethel to an immediate marriage, that he might stand between her and the world. But she persisted in her refusal, feeling that she could not marry Jack till the truth had been made clear. In his absence at Greystone she disappeared, and he could get no clue to her whereabouts.

When Elfrida, on her return, was told of the loss of the diamond, she astonished Mr. Fenton by declaring that she would prosecute, and instructing him to write to Captain Le Mesurier that, unless the stone were restored, legal steps would be taken at once. After trying in vain for a week to see her, Jack wrote entreating her to reconsider her decision. Another week, and she so longed to see him that she sent for him. When she saw how white and worn he looked, a pang of remorse shot through her heart; but she was inexorable and sent him away angry and disappointed, after which she sat down and cried.

A few days passed miserably for Jack and then he received a summons from Elfrida. To his amazement and joy he found, not Elfrida, but Ethel. She had a little story to tell him—how a girl who was left a large fortune had determined never to marry until she found a man who loved her for herself alone, and so had pretended to be a poor little governess.

"I don't quite see what you are driving at, dear."

"I am trying to make you understand that Ethel and Elfrida are one and the same person, and that the rich Elfrida loves you because you loved the poor Ethel."

When Jack understood that she had impersonated her dead sister and deceived him, he was as angry as Elfrida in her most despondent moments had dreaded, refusing, in spite of her pleadings and tears, to forgive her, and declaring that, as she had once deceived him, he never could trust her again.

The days came and went; and though his uncle argued late and argued long, and though Philip Cartwright tried to show him that there was something to be said in Miss Harland's behalf, and though she wrote humbly begging his forgiveness and telling him how weary she had been of the adulation of

fortune-hunters and how difficult it was for her to believe that anyone really loved her for her own sake, still he would not relent, and he returned to India without having forgiven her.

Elfrida fretted sadly over the result of her folly. She had attained her heart's desire and had of her own free will thrown it away. She shed many tears in secret; but she derived comfort from a friendship she formed with Sir Roger when he came to London and tried unsuccessfully to act the rôle of peace-maker. They had much in common: neither was prone to think too well of his fellow-creatures; both thought they had outlived the majority of their illusions; and both cared more for Jack than for anyone else on earth. So after Jack's departure Elfrida rented the Dower House at Greystone for a summer home; and there she saw a great deal of Sir Roger and of Philip Cartwright, each most interesting in his way; and as both were clever, which Jack was not, her mind throve apace, though her heart was starved in Jack's absence. Yet when autumn came her interest in Philip had so grown that her love for Jack was subject to serious lapses.

Sir Roger's health failed in the winter, and in early spring he died, leaving all his possessions to Jack, who about the same time received Miss Desmond's considerable fortune by her will. Jack was grieved at the loss of two such friends, coming at the end of a miserable year. He had tried to convince himself that Elfrida was unworthy of his love; but in time his anger had cooled, and he longed for some means of setting things straight between them. Now he felt that he might return and graciously pardon her. That she might no longer be anxious for his pardon was a contingency that never presented itself to his imagination.

Elfrida had read between the lines of Jack's recent letters to his uncle that his anger was dead, and understood his desire for reconciliation. But she had persuaded herself that she no longer desired it, that she was now indifferent to him and in love with Philip. When she saw him, however, her heart forgot itself and was in a very troublesome mood; but she crushed it, and replied coldly to Jack's straightforward plea for forgiveness. She was determined to have revenge for all Jack had made her suffer; and the knowledge that she did not hate him as much

as she had assured herself she did, only served to add fuel to the fire of her anger. At last, when she had answered all his pleas with scornful and contemptuous speeches, he suddenly asked in a harsh, strained voice whether there was anyone else; and, yielding to the temptation to punish him to the uttermost, she said there was, though all the while she knew there was not, that the old love was still alive. She was frightened when she saw the agony in his face; but the dramatic instinct was fully roused in her, and she would not retreat. So poor Jack left her, keeping his eyes steadfastly turned toward Greystone, that she might not see his tears.

Philip Cartwright, who had lost by death the woman he had loved when he was too poor to think of marriage, declined a bishopric offered to him at this time, and confided to Elfrida his intention of going as a missionary to the lepers on Robben Island.

Elfrida felt that she had been a fool; but her vanity only was hurt, not her love; so she pulled herself together and talked with him about his plans with successfully simulated sympathy, realizing now that her fancy for him had been a mere trumped-up thing wherewith she had striven to lull the pain of her longing for Jack. The old void began to ache more than ever, and she could see no way out of her present wretchedness; for if Jack had found it so hard to pardon her for deceiving him once, how could he ever forgive a second deception?

While she was in this state of mind, Jack came to the Dower House, and demanded to know whether what he had heard of Philip's intentions were true.

"Then you have refused him, after all?"

"No, I have not, because he never asked me."

Jack's face grew black; and she hastened to explain that Philip had not behaved badly toward her.

"You see, I knew I was in love with somebody; and I couldn't for shame own to myself that it was with you; so I pretended that it was with Philip Cartwright; but it wasn't really; it was with you."

"With me? After I had been such a brute to you? I cannot forgive myself and never shall!"

"There is nothing to forgive. You were right to be furious with me. It is I who cannot forgive myself."

"You have nothing to forgive yourself, sweetheart," said Jack, taking her in his arms as she began to cry. "You didn't mean to deceive me. It was an error of judgment, nothing more."

"Jack, dear, I want to explain how horrid I have been."

"And I want to make clear how detestable I have been. So we are quits."

"Then we are like people who are equally in debt to each other, and so no money need change hands."

"Exactly. So we will only talk about how much we love each other."

"But if we love each other equally, no protestations of affection need change hands."

"Perhaps they needn't; but I think it would be a great deal jollier if they did. So I intend they shall."

And Jack had his way.

ANATOLE FRANCE

(JACQUES ANATOLE THIBAUT)

(France, 1844)

THE RED LILY (1894)

The great French poet and critic, Jules Lemaître, has pronounced this novel the greatest written by the author and expresses the opinion that it will outlive most of the romances now read in France. It is one of the two works by this writer that was crowned by the French Academy.

MADAME MARTIN-BELLÈME sat in her luxurious drawing-room, regarding her own supple form in one of the huge mirrors. In her black satin gown and pearls she formed a beautiful contrast to a background of old tapestries and white statues.

She was giving a reception; presently a brilliant assemblage had gathered. Among the guests was Robert Le Ménil, a tall, thin, dark young man with a prominent moustache. He remained till the company had gone, then approached Thérèse Martin.

"To-morrow, at three?" he said. She nodded an assent.

"Who is this Dechartre, to whom you seek an introduction?" he asked, seating himself.

"I do not *seek* an introduction, but he will be introduced to me. He is a talented sculptor."

"We have been successful till now in not causing gossip," he was saying, when she interrupted.

"Do you think people do not talk of us? Not everything is known, but everything is said."

She relapsed into her dream, gazing into the fire, even after he had gone. In the embers she saw the past again. She had spent her childhood at the castle of Joinville, which her father,

Montessny, a man of large fortune, had bought and restored. By his command his daughter had married an old man, Count Martin-Bellème, considering only material advantage.

Thérèse's husband was a good man, quite endurable. Her six years of married life had been free; for the separation between her and this sickly, selfish man, yellowed by politics and ambition, was frank and complete. He had never loved her, nor did she entertain any affection for him.

Three years before, she had yielded to Le Ménil's fervid declarations of love. Since then life had been more agreeable, though, she had to admit, love was not what she had expected. Decidedly, she felt bored at times.

The Count was giving one of his political dinners several evenings later. With the dowry of his wife he was enabled to further his political ambitions by means of magnificent social functions.

Dechartre, the sculptor, was there. He was a passionate, though timid man, whom people called exclusive and morose. He worked only for his art, though his restless imagination made him spoil his best creations.

During the vivacious after-dinner talk, Thérèse heard that Le Ménil was going fox-hunting the following week.

"He did not tell me," she thought.

Next day she met him, as usual, in the luxurious little apartment which he had rented and fitted up for the purpose. She reproached him.

"Can you not postpone this trip?" she demanded.

"I shall miss the season," he replied.

"Go, then. I can take care of myself."

The fire was dying out, the shadows deepening.

"Do you know," she remarked dreamily, "it is never prudent to leave a woman alone?" He tried to look into her eyes. "You love me?" he asked.

"Oh, I assure you I do not love another."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, I only thought, we see so little of each other, perhaps we had better not see each other at all."

He took her words only to represent a mood. Had he not promised, he said, he would even now cancel his engagement.

She felt she could even then have held him; but the desire to win was gone.

She was going; and standing against the rich background of Oriental draperies, she turned her head toward the friend she was leaving, and said, mockingly, yet with a touch of emotion:

"Good-by, Robert; enjoy yourself. My calls, my errands, our little visits, are nothing. Life is made up of such trifles. Good-by."

In the street, Thérèse felt herself alone, joyless, painless. She knew she would never return to that room where she had passed the dearest hours of her life. She felt no regret. This was the end, and she realized it.

Near the *Musée des Religions* she chanced to meet Dechartre, who asked permission to accompany her part of her way.

"I recognized you," he said. "I know your rhythmic walk and your figure." He talked freely, telling her of his travels. He was going in a few days to Italy, the land he most loved.

That evening Thérèse dined alone with her husband. Suddenly she announced her intention of departing on a visit to her English friend, Miss Bell, who had been constantly inviting her to Florence. She would go next week with Madame Marmet, a most respectable widow, the good Madame Marmet.

The Count remonstrated; it was a critical time; she must receive at his political dinners. He expected his party to rise into power very soon.

"You annoy me," she replied, closing her door on him.

At Florence Miss Bell met the travelers and took them to her villa at Fiesole. Vivian Bell was a gentle, sentimental, short-haired young Englishwoman with artistic tastes.

"Darling," she remarked to Thérèse, "do you know Monsieur Jacques Dechartre? He is coming next week. I am pleased; for he shall act as your cicerone; he knows Florence."

Jacques Dechartre came, and immediately appeared at Miss Bell's villa.

"I stopped nowhere," he told Thérèse; "I came directly to Fiesole."

She made no reply.

After dinner, while the others conversed on current topics, Dechartre seated himself beside Madame Martin and ques-

tioned her on her tastes in art. He seemed to wish her to see and love all that he saw and loved. He praised the simplicity and freedom of her gowns. Though often merging into mere compliments, his praises pleased her. The evening passed pleasantly; Dechartre promised to guide her about among the sights of Florence.

Gradually she learned to depend upon him, to see things as he saw them; it became pleasant to feel him near her; he awakened dormant emotions.

In the midst of this pleasant dreaming came a reproachful letter from Robert. She tore it up; she could formulate no answer in writing. She only felt that her relations to him had changed.

Finally she wrote him, speaking of Miss Bell and of people she had met, mentioning casually that she had seen Dechartre. Then she described museums and pictures, knowing this would bore him.

Other letters she had written she placed on the tray for posting, where Dechartre saw them, but the one to Le Ménil she retained, hoping to post it herself during their excursion to Santa Maria Novella.

They had arrived at the church when Dechartre suddenly declared his passion. She gazed into his face, her lids trembled; then, with a nod, she rejoined their companions.

They stood admiring the statue of St. Mark, when Thérèse observed a post-box. Remembering her letter, she dropped it. Dechartre saw her, and felt a sharp twinge of emotion. He remembered the letters on the tray addressed in her handwriting, and suspected, though trying vainly to reassure himself.

He became suddenly dumb and somber; his anxious glances at the post-box revealed the truth to Thérèse.

"I must speak to you," he whispered; "I must see you alone. Meet me at six to-morrow at the Lungarno Acciaoli."

She made no reply, but next day, wrapped in a Carmelite cloak, she met him. His reproaches were bitter.

"We can be friends," she said.

"That cannot be," he retorted bitterly. "If you do not love me, I shall go. I feel a latent hatred toward you, but I love you. Yes, I love you."

He demanded all; he pressed, and she yielded; and after that they met once and many times in an apartment on the Via Alfieri; she regretted nothing, for she loved him.

One day she received a threatening letter from Le Ménil. Unless she returned to Paris he would come to Florence. She wrote to reassure him, but the effort was fruitless, for soon after she received a note announcing his arrival in Florence.

The interview was painful, for she decisively declared their relations at an end. He would not believe her, and approached her, but she drew back in horror. A desire to kill her came over him; then he sobbed with his face in his hands.

Soon realizing how hopeless was his situation, he could but take his leave. She complied with his request that she would see him off at the station, which proved rather unfortunate; for as she stood bidding him good-by Miss Bell and another of her guests appeared to receive a package come by express.

Thérèse hoped that Le Ménil had not been recognized; but that evening at dinner Miss Bell's guest spoke to Thérèse of his surprise at seeing that Le Ménil had been in Florence. Thérèse, deeply annoyed, gave nonchalant replies, but all that evening Dechartre was somber and distracted; and the meeting between them next day was stormy.

"Why," he demanded bitterly, "did you give yourself to me when you were not free?"

"But, Jacques, this man is nothing to me. I have never loved anyone but you," and he was finally convinced.

In May Count Martin wrote a pressing letter demanding her return, which her father supplemented with reproaches, saying society was beginning to gossip about her long stay in Italy. She decided upon returning; Jacques was to follow in a week.

So Madame Martin and the good Madame Marmet reappeared in Paris. After a restless week of correspondence, Dechartre came, as burning to meet her as she was to meet him.

Jacques lived in a beautiful old house, richly furnished, with tapestries and statues. Here Thérèse would come to forget the world and live with him she loved. Thus they met every day.

It was on an evening when all society was at the opera. A new ministry was then forming, and all the papers had pub-

lished Count Martin's name in connection with the Treasury Department. All the opera-glasses were therefore turned toward the still vacant box of the Countess Martin. At last she appeared in white, with a large lily of rubies on her left breast. Miss Bell was beside her. The opera was *Faust*, and Marguerite had just finished spinning when the news was brought that the appointments were signed; Count Martin was Minister of Finance. Everybody came to congratulate Madame Martin. Miss Bell was enchanted to meet Dechartre again. Her delight increased when she learned that he had designed the red lily that Thérèse wore. When Le Ménil came to offer his congratulations, Dechartre rose, pale and agitated, and went out. Thérèse heard no more of the conversation; her soul had followed Dechartre.

Mephistopheles was singing in Marguerite's cell when Thérèse, excusing herself with a headache, went out. Le Ménil followed with her cloak. In the cloak-room she stopped before the mirror. As he placed the red velvet over her bare shoulders he said in a low tone:

"Thérèse, I love you still. Every day at three o'clock I shall be at our old house, in the Rue Spontine."

She made a movement with her head to adjust the cloak, when she saw Dechartre at the door; he had heard! He looked at her with all the misery human eyes can express. Burning hammers seemed to be beating her breast as she went out.

All that sleepless night she was haunted by Jacques's eyes. Morning brought her slight relief. She hurried to Dechartre's house, but found he had not been home since the day before. She waited; at last he came, wet, mud-bespattered and feverish.

"What do you want of me?" he cried passionately.

"Jacques, listen to me."

"No, I will not. Leave me."

"Listen, Jacques."

She confessed all her past, but denied that she had ever loved Le Ménil.

"I do not believe you," he repeated.

"If I killed myself, would you believe me?"

"No."

Wiping the tears from her face, she murmured:

"Then all is at an end."

She rose to go. As she gave one last look at the sweetly familiar objects in the room. "All is over," she repeated unsteadily.

He was silent.

"What will become of me?" she asked.

"And what will become of me?" he repeated, shaking his head sadly.

She revolted. It was not possible that he should not feel what he was to her. And, in the ardor of her love, she threw herself on him and smothered him with kisses and tears.

He forgot everything and took her in his arms. She smiled through her tears, when he disengaged himself brusquely.

"I do not see you alone. I see *him* with you!"

She looked at him, dumb, indignant, desperate. Then feeling that all was indeed at an end, she cast around a surprised glance of her unseeing eyes, and went slowly away.

HAROLD FREDERIC

(United States, 1856–1898)

THE DAMNATION OF THERON WARE (1896)

This tale made a distinct impression, which, if not altogether agreeable, was owing to the realism of the portraitures involved. Its analysis of the effect of recent scientific views of religious dogma and Biblical interpretation upon a weak, vain, and crudely trained young minister gave it instant vogue with a public ever eager for religious discussion, while his tragical fall, through his contact with unaccustomed emotional experiences, lent the story unusual interest.

THE annual Methodist Episcopal Conference, at Tecumseh, was over. The brilliant sermon of the Rev. Theron Ware had indicated him as likely to be appointed to the large Tecumseh church; but he was sent to the little manufacturing town of Octavius, whereat he was humiliated, and his pretty wife sadly cast down. His people there were ignorant and narrow; and, of the three church trustees, two were rich but close-fisted, while the third, a lawyer with little practise but apparent means, like the other two, held a mortgage on the church property.

Their first official visit to Theron brought a warning against "book-learnin' and dictionary words in the pulpit," a suggestion that his wife should "take them flowers out of her Sunday bunnit," a desire to hear the good old gospel of damnation, and a hint to pitch into the Catholics occasionally—there being a large Irish population in the shops and a Catholic church in town. They thought the minister should pay for the new parsonage sidewalk and his own gas-bill, while they proposed to employ a "debt-raiser" at the next revival, to meet the church deficit. Ware's scorn gradually rose. He had meekly accepted the pulpit suggestions and the deflowering of Alice's hat, but rebelled

at the sidewalk and the gas-bill, while vainly protesting against the debt-raiser.

Before the trustees came, Alice had mentioned Levi Gorringe, the lawyer-trustee, whom they often saw going fishing, saying, "I believe in that one"; and, as they left, Gorringe looked at Ware with a twinkle, and deliberately winked.

"If it wasn't for that man Gorringe of yours," said Theron to Alice, "I should feel like going off and learning a trade."

Alice's roses disappeared from her hat, and she said nothing, but was evidently depressed. Theron vainly tried to arouse her merry temper, but she silently pursued her housework. This in turn depressed him, and, going out for a walk, he thought it over, and determined to hire a servant and to buy a piano on instalments, while, to pay for them, he would write an eloquent book on some familiar religious subject—say, Abraham—which must be largely profitable.

On his way home, he met some men bearing a covered form upon a litter—an Irish workman who had fallen from a tree. Ware followed, and entered the outer room of a shanty, the wounded man being taken into the bed-chamber. Presently the priest arrived—a portly man, with a fine face, who passed within; and Ware himself was shortly drawn into the chamber by a tall, handsome, fashionably dressed young woman, with wonderful red hair, who confidently followed the priest. The latter had put on a surplice, and Ware was soon bowing with the others to receive the sprinkled holy water, kneeling for the prayers, impressed by the ceremonial of extreme unction and the rich sound of the Latin prayer. As he came out he was joined by Father Forbes, who cordially proffered his hand, while the young woman introduced herself as the daughter of Mr. Madden of the wagon-shops, "and I play the organ at the church," she added. The priest soon left them, inviting Ware to look in upon him, and the latter walked with Celia Madden to her father's handsome house. All this deeply impressed Ware—the reverence of the people, the courtesy of the priest, the refinement of the young woman—and he felt that he must revise his traditional contempt for Catholicism and the Irish.

The next morning, Alice being cheered by the piano prospect and wanting no servant yet, Theron went to look at pianos,

but found that he knew not what he wanted, and thought of asking Miss Madden to select one. But he bought a ream of paper for the new book, and went home, telling Alice that he must get a musician to choose the piano, and wondering whether he should tell her that the musician was a woman, but finally deciding against it. When he sat down to his book, that had seemed so easy, he was puzzled how to begin and what to say, the whole afternoon convincing him that he was ignorant and untrained, and he determined to ask Father Forbes for helpful books. That evening, telling Alice that he had a call to make—about the book—he sought the priest.

He was received cordially, finding Father Forbes at dinner, accompanied by his friend, Dr. Ledsmar, a learned scientist. Despite his protest, a plate was laid for him, and he ate enough to recognize finer cooking than he had dreamed of, and they went to the library for coffee and cigars. The array of books made Theron feel even more ignorant; and when he heard from his new friends that "modern research quite wipes Abraham out of existence as an individual," he was aghast.

" 'The word "Abram," said the priest, 'is merely an eponym —it means "exalted father." Abram is not a person, he is a tribe; Shem is the name of a great division of the human race; Heber means the Hebrews; Heth, the Hittites; Asshur, the Assyrians.' " And between the priest and the doctor Theron found himself startled into a peril of infidelity. But this passed, and he began to feel a charm in contact with educated men. Father Forbes went to attend to several parishioners, and the doctor, a believer in no church, talked of all creeds, especially of the upsetting of their superstitions by science. Meanwhile, through the window came the sound of organ music from the church, which moved Theron strangely. When the priest returned, he rose to go, invited also by the doctor to visit him.

By an open side door he entered the church, where, after listening some time, he stumbled over a stool, the noise bringing the player down—Miss Madden, with her brother Michael. They walked home together, Michael being sent ahead by his masterful sister, when Theron and the girl had a talk which both bewitched him and tangled him up with many new views —social, religious, and personal—from the young woman, who,

confessing to a religious or poetical temperament, declared herself a pagan Greek in her beliefs.

For some weeks Ware saw nothing of his new acquaintances; he was interested in sustaining himself, there being a distinctly hostile though dominant church minority who did not find him sufficiently severe. Alice had grown rather sulky toward the church work, especially the pastoral visiting. She had been socially popular heretofore, but here she made no impression. She had suddenly taken up gardening with energy, and it helped her physically, but she showed no interest in Theron's work. Once, talking with her about her flowers, he learned that some had been given by ladies of the church, but most of them by Levi Gorringe, who got them from some big garden where he could get anything. That gave Theron the idea of going to Gorringe for advice about church matters, and, though Alice seemed about to object, she suddenly stopped, and he went.

In the lawyer's rooms he found an office-boy, opening a box of plants, who said that this was the third big box Gorringe had had, and the boy wondered what he did with them. The bill for these alone was thirty-one dollars and sixty cents. When Gorringe came, Ware consulted him about church difficulties, and the lawyer's counsel was not to worry—and not to let his wife worry; intimating that, if the parish parsimony got him into difficulty, some way could be found to help him. Ware wondered that, not being a church-member, Gorringe went so regularly to meeting. The lawyer told him that he had begun it to see a girl there, but the girl married a young minister and went away. He had kept on going from habit, and because his business was chiefly with the church people. He told Ware that the Soulsbys—a popular evangelist and his wife—had been engaged to raise the debt; and the minister, with some thoughts, but no words, about the flowers, went home.

Theron had begun reading—Sayce, Smith, Budge, Lenormant, and Renan's *Recollections*—with excited interest, especially Renan, and thought less and less about Abraham. As he felt the tender atmosphere of Renan's piety, while firmly excluding everything which could not be proved true, he began to see things differently. He thought there must be an intellectual world where creeds were not important, but only intelli-

gence. Alice had been to meeting that evening, while Theron had not felt well, and stayed home; but she came in, bringing Sister Soulsby, who briskly shook his reluctant hand, announcing that she had been invited by his wife to stay there, and would bring her trunk in the morning. When she went Alice said that Loren Pierce, the trustee, had tried to get the Soulsbys, but she had cut in and secured them. "For, Theron," she said, "she is as smart as a steel trap, and if she took the notion, I believe she could get us a better place." Theron was appeased.

Sister Soulsby justified Alice's commendation: she had traveled much and seen much, and knew how to talk. She took a great liking to the Wares, and catechized Theron about his church-members. She spent two days in getting acquainted in the town, and Brother Soulsby arrived Saturday. This business-like spouse laid out their plan to Theron—to have a love-feast Sunday morning, announce a series of revival meetings, have the Quarterly Conference adjourned till Tuesday, and in the Monday night meeting, when all were well warmed up, turn it into a debt-raising convention. Ware objected to the duplicity of this, but Sister Soulsby laughed him out of his scruples, and the program was carried out. The marvelous singing of the Soulsbys enthralled the people. Theron was aroused and preached eloquently; the evening meeting was even more exciting, as, amid sobs and penitential moans, the "mourners" went forward to kneel, among them, to Theron's amazement, being his wife, while beside her knelt Gorringe, the lawyer!

Ware, overcome with fatigue, fainted and was taken home. On Monday he was not well enough to attend the revival-meeting, but it went forward under the Presiding Elder and the Soulsbys, and at the close the debt was raised and something more, and the Conference added a hundred dollars to Ware's salary. He was still feeble the next day, and took delight in Sister Soulsby's attractive personality and bright talk, while in his mind was a grievance against Alice—her early notice of Gorringe, his plants, the girl Gorringe said he had lost to a minister, his intimation of lending money, and their association at the love-feast and the altar-rail. He expressed to Sister Soulsby his dislike of the "dirty work" of the debt-raising, but she told him he was as foolish as if he had been taken behind the

scenes at the theater, and cried because the trees were cloth and the moon a lantern.

Despite Theron's reluctance, Sister Soulsby showed him the folly of his idea of giving up the ministry when he was good for nothing else; told him to watch his chief men and do what they thought he should; have his own ideas, read what he liked, think what he would, but to "hold on to his job"—to be politic. She told him of her own eventful life; she had been in Amazon ballets, comic opera, fortune-telling, and spiritualism; and Brother Soulsby had been a medium, agent for a British Blonds show, and medical lecturer; she told how they had come together, got interested in a Methodist revival, and concluded to go into the revival business—indeed, were converted, dozens of times—always, or they couldn't move other people. Then she told how she picked out melodies from Chopin to sing hymns to, tunes that bewitched the people—"written by a devil-may-care Pole, who was living openly with George Sand at the time, and pass 'em off on the brethren for hymns. Fraud? Yes, but a good fraud, that helps other folks."

"And the point is that I am to be a good fraud, is it?" commented Ware, and he warmly pressed her hand as she left him.

The Soulsbys went away, and one day Theron strolled toward the Catholic church, and passing Father Forbes's house, met Celia Madden. He told her of his illness and discouragement, and recalled her promise to play for him some time. She took him to her father's house and into her own part of it, which she kept for herself alone.

Up the broad staircase Theron followed her, first into her "workshop," where she amused herself with art and tinkering. Beyond this was a large room, lined with cushioned divans, adorned with statues and pictures, marvelously lighted. After some conversation, she proposed playing Chopin for him.

"I am interested in Shopang," said Theron. "Let's see, he lived with—what's his name?—George something."

"Yes," said Celia, with a latent smile, "George something," but her tone mystified him. Presently she began playing, and one exquisite thing followed another, until Theron, still weak from his illness, was profoundly moved. Then, while he rested, she passed through a farther curtain and soon emerged

clad in some lustrous, creamy drapery, her wonderful hair hanging free, bound about her brow with a delicate jeweled fillet, and her brown eyes luminous. And more and more she played, until Theron could not keep away, but moved to her, as she stopped and looked full up into his eyes.

"That is the end," she said, and Theron staggered back to the divan, saying:

"We forgot that I am a sick man."

She revived him with Bénédictine, and he tried to express how delighted and exalted he had been, enthusiastically saying that he, too, must be a Greek, put out of his life the things not worth while, and be shown by her how to begin and how to grow. Then, with a frank pressure of the hand, she led him to the outer door.

The next day Theron wrote asking Miss Madden to help him in the piano selection, met her, accepted her choice, and at her suggestion left the bargaining about the instalment payments to her.

Theron went to see Dr. Ledsmar that afternoon. They talked about many things — science, religion, and women. Theron had a devouring curiosity to ascertain Celia's relation with Father Forbes, and, in what he tried to make an indifferent tone, he essayed some question, when Dr. Ledsmar suddenly shouted and groaned over a return of rheumatism in his shoulder, saying: "I'm afraid I must ask you to excuse me, Mr. Ware." This anguish was so impressive that Theron departed, not noticing that he had not been invited to call again. The doctor walked back to his laboratory, quite at his ease, and looking into several tanks at last drew forth a slim, greenish lizard that squirmed and darted out its tiny forked tongue.

"Yes, you are the type," he said. "Your name isn't Johnny any more. It's the Reverend Theron Ware."

The fifth of the nine days of the annual Methodist camp-meeting fell on Saturday, and at noon of that day Theron escaped from the labors he shared with twenty other preachers, to walk in the surrounding woods. The real interest was in the evening, when the torches lighted a great throng, who listened or prayed or groaned themselves into enthusiasm. Theron had prospered under Sister Soulsby's advice; his people were con-

tented, and he did as he liked, reading meantime books of every shade of heterodoxy, floating in a pleasurable skepticism.

His walk this day took him through the woodland to a slope where the Catholics of Octavius were holding their annual picnic, with games and beer-drinking. Suddenly he met Father Forbes and Celia. They greeted him cordially, and he joined them in a glass of beer, and while they chatted of camp-meetings and soul-savings and Catholic fashions and Greek philosophies, the priest remarked:

"We were both ordained by our bishops at an age when these worthy old gentlemen would not have trusted our combined wisdom to buy a horse for them."

"And I was married," broke in Theron, "when I had only just been ordained. At the worst, you only had the Church fastened upon your back before you were old enough to know what you wanted. It is easy enough to make the best of *that;* but it is different with me."

A marked silence followed this outburst; the subject did not seem inviting. And just then Celia's brother, Michael, came to speak about their younger brother, Theodore, who was drunk. Presently Theodore himself came up—handsome, well dressed, but with his hat on the back of his head, and his tongue rattling. While railing at everyone, he attacked Ware, and warned him to "leave our girls alone. They have priests enough to make fools of themselves over, without any sneak of a Protestant parson. You're a married man, too, and you have in your house this minute a piano that my sister bought and paid for. You—" but here Father Forbes clapped his hand over the fellow's mouth, and with Michael led him away.

Celia, pale and powerless with rage, stood like stone, till Theron drew her into the woods. There she fell into a passion of weeping. Finally the storm passed, and she looked up, smiling through her tears. They sat long under the trees, roaming heaven and earth in conversation. He reclined near her, fingered her ribbons, and was thrilled by her personality, while she was altogether charming, yet deftly withholding him from folly. He was like a child under her steadiness, and indeed said that he felt so. When they parted, she said:

"We have both been unstrung to-day, and in turn may

have helped each other. I think you may kiss me, in memory of the day."

Their lips brushed each other in a swift, almost perfunctory caress; but Theron departed in an ecstasy of long-lasting emotion. He felt that Celia loved him, and tortured himself as to his course. He was fit for no other calling; but it suddenly occurred to him that Celia was rich, and the future expanded into rose-colored dreams.

He treated Alice with icy coldness. He met and reproached Gorringe, with insinuations he dared not put plainly, and was met with scorn. Hearing nothing of Celia for some weeks, he went to Father Forbes, who told him that Michael was dying of rapid consumption and Celia nearly worn out with nursing. In talking of her, Ware intimated that Dr. Ledsmar had spoken slightingly of her, but Father Forbes smiled dubiously; said that they were really excellent friends, and, taking his cap, begged to be excused to attend to a parish duty. When Ware had gone, he told his servant, "I am not invariably at home when the Rev. Mr. Ware calls," and sat down to his book.

Theron went home, and baited Alice with insinuations about Gorringe, and when she defended her friendship for the only person who had treated her kindly, and demanded to know what he meant, he silenced her with majestic sarcasm and left her. Anxious about Celia, he called to inquire for Michael, and learned from the servant that Miss Madden was going to New York that evening. But Father Forbes had said he was going out of town that night, also: they must be going together!

He rushed home, told Alice he must see the bishop in Albany, packed a bag, hung about the station till he saw the two enter a Pullman, took an ordinary car, and wearily rumbled to New York—meantime cherishing wild dreams of Celia, in a future of bliss and moneyed ease. In the city he followed them to an up-town hotel, finding her name on the register, with two rooms —one a parlor. Without any announcement, he knocked at her door. She opened it, and gravely bade him go away, as she could not receive him so, without sending his card from the office. He begged to come in, saying that he accidentally discovered that she was there, and could not wait. Finally she admitted him, saying that he would better have taken her ad-

vice, and gone. Then, with quiet scorn, she told him she had seen him hiding about the station and following her and Father Forbes. He acknowledged it; it was not the thousandth part of what he would dare, with her in the balance.

"Yes—but I am *not* in the balance."

He reminded her of the kiss. She said: "Yes, that was of the good-by order. It signified that we were not to meet again, and that for a little moment I was sorry for you. I don't want to give you unnecessary pain, but you have forced yourself where there is nothing else. Shall I explain?"

Ware nodded in speechless amazement.

"It is all in a single word, Mr. Ware—and I speak for others, too—we find that you are a bore." Then she sketched the history of their acquaintance; his attractive freshness and seeming sincerity, his early self-inflation with egotisms and vanities, his trying to get Dr. Ledsmar to talk about herself and Father Forbes and the priest to gossip about them, his trying to decry his own wife, his reading of George Sand's biography when he had at last learned that she was a woman and that there was some scandal in her life; and she pointed out to him his mistake in thinking that this was growth when it was mere degeneration.

Crushed, then crazed, Ware leaped toward her with murder in his heart; but her unmoved coolness overthrew him, and he fell upon the sofa. His collapse was absolute. Presently Celia touched him on the shoulder, saying that some gentlemen whom she expected were come, and, as Father Forbes with a stranger entered, she explained that it was their neighbor, the Rev. Mr. Ware, who had undergone a sudden bereavement, and was in distress. Father Forbes led Theron out, expressed sorrow for his trouble, and said that he and Miss Madden had come to New York to see about a serious scrape of her brother, Theodore, and to consult with his old friend, General Brady. Theron suddenly demanded:

"Is it true, Father Forbes, that you don't want me in your house again?"

"The truth is always relative, Mr. Ware," replied the priest, turning away, and closing the door behind him.

Theron staggered down-stairs. Two nights after that, he drove to the door of the Soulsbys, before dawn. They took him

in, apparently sodden with drink, put him to bed, nursed him through brain fever, sent for Alice, and kept them there for months, until Theron was again upon his feet. He had resigned his charge, and he and Alice went out to Seattle, where Brother Soulsby had secured for him a situation in a real-estate office.

Theron sauntered out, and looked at the trees. The murmur sounded to him like an expectant audience, and he stretched forth his pale, graceful hand with a sweeping gesture. Going in, he remarked:

"What Soulsby said about politics out there interested me immensely. I shouldn't wonder if I did something in that line. I can speak, you know, if I can't do anything else. I may be a senator in Washington before I'm forty."

GUSTAV FREYTAG

(Germany, 1816–1895)

DEBIT AND CREDIT (1855)

(Soll und Haben)

This was the author's first novel, though for ten years before its publication Freytag had been engaged upon the production of dramatic work. *Debit and Credit* met with immediate and unbounded success, and placed its author at once in the first rank of German novelists. Its appearance was especially significant as it marked at the same time an era in German literature and in Freytag's career. In the former case it introduced into the literary field one of the most profound problems of modern life in Germany, and in the latter pointed out the direction which he would subsequently follow. *Debit and Credit* takes up the great problem of its time, the position of modern industrialism in the social life of the day.

UPON the death of his father, Anton Wohlfart found himself, at the age of eighteen, an orphan, with his own way to make in the world. His home was in Ostrau, a small town near the Oder, and he was the only child of honest and worthy parents, whose examples of industry and integrity their son had faithfully followed.

The elder Wohlfart had been an expert accountant and had faithfully followed this calling for many years, but for Anton he had aspired to a career of much greater importance. His ambition was for his son to become a merchant; and in consequence of this plan he had begun when the boy was very young to instil into his mind the advantages of trade.

Anton had quickly grasped his father's point of view and, considering his future course settled, had worked diligently to fit himself for this end.

Mr. Wohlfart had been for many years in communication with a rich and prosperous mercantile house in the capital,

from which he had annually received a Christmas box in recognition of a favor he had done for them in the past which had proved of inestimable value.

This firm was under the name and management of T. O. Shröter; and it had been Mr. Wohlfart's dream to connect his son with this influential house. Accordingly, a year before his death he journeyed to the capital and had a personal interview with the successful merchant which proved most satisfactory, as he had returned home with the promise that Anton should be taken into the business when the time came that he so desired. Accordingly, the elder Wohlfart had taken his departure from this world satisfied that he had accomplished the desire of his heart; and Anton had been left alone at the entrance of a new life.

A month after his father's death, Anton turned the key upon his old home, and with the letter of introduction to Mr. Shröter, which his father had written a few days before his decease, he took his way to the great city, toward which he traveled on foot.

In the course of Anton's journey he took a foot-path which led through a meadow, and suddenly he found himself on a beautiful private estate. He saw a lovely lady and a very pretty young girl come out on the terrace, and was filled with admiration at the charming picture before him, but feeling that he had no right to intrude he at once hastened away. He was soon overtaken by the young girl, who cantered after him on horseback, and asked him if he wished to speak with her father. Anton explained his presence, and apologized for his apparent trespass, and then had some further conversation with his charming companion, whom he thought the most beautiful creature he had ever seen, and who, in reality, was Lenore, the only daughter of the noble and aristocratic Baron of Rothsattel.

The Baron was the descendant of an ancient and honorable house; he possessed good looks and a kind and affectionate nature, was a devoted husband and father, and an ideal host. The only drawback to his perfect happiness was the fact that although he had money enough to enable him to live comfortably upon his beautiful estate, he had not sufficient income to indulge his family in all the advantages which great wealth could have afforded them.

While he was considering what means he could employ to increase his finances, he was approached by a Jewish money-lender named Ehrenthal, who persuaded him to take some promissory notes on his estate, and this transaction put into his hands a large sum of ready money which he felt confident he could invest to great advantage. Regarding this investment the Baron was also influenced by Ehrenthal, and in accordance with his advice, took up a mortgage on an old estate in Poland which he was persuaded was of great value. The Baron then decided to rent a house in the capital and give his family, which included besides his wife and daughter, a son who was fitting for a military career, the advantages of city life.

This change in the Baron's mode of living occurred soon after the chance introduction of Anton to the family, when he, after parting with the charming Lenore, continued on his way to the capital. While journeying, he fell in with a companion, whose society was most displeasing to him. This was Veitel Itzig, an old schoolfellow, whose rascally character and unkempt appearance made his company most unwelcome. Itzig, also, was seeking the city in the hope of making his fortune, and upon reaching there sought the house of the Jew Ehrenthal, where he asked for employment, and was hired to do work of the most menial character.

Meanwhile Anton had reached the famous house of Shröter and had been warmly welcomed by the head of the establishment, who immediately installed the new apprentice, introduced him to his fellow-workers and also to his own household, which consisted of an elderly female cousin and a young unmarried sister, named Sabine.

Mr. Shröter himself was a childless widower and his house was presided over by his sister, whose raven-black hair crowned a face of delicate and unusual beauty, and whose dignity and grace of manner made her seem older than she really was.

The merchant adhered rigidly to the old customs of the firm, and all the unmarried clerks formed part of his household and dined with him punctually at one o'clock. The first meal at which Anton was present impressed him as being the most solemn and stately of which he had ever partaken, yet he arose from it with the feeling that he should get on with all the house-

hold, with the exception of Herr von Fink, a handsome and debonair young fellow whose independent manner at once antagonized Anton.

Fink was the son of a wealthy merchant in a distant city, and had already had an eventful career, as he had been to sea before the mast and had spent some time in America, where a rich uncle had taken him as his *protégé*.

Anton's dislike for Fink, however, was short-lived, as after a violent tiff, which occurred a few days subsequent to his arrival, they made up their differences and became the warmest of friends. Fink, who was well known in society and very popular, persuaded his new friend to join him in his social pastimes and by ingenious maneuvering secured for Anton admittance to a select dancing-class. Here Anton again met the lovely and impulsive Lenore, who favored him with her glances and was evidently pleased by his admiration.

Anton's social success, however, was the smallest part of his life, as he did not allow pleasure to interfere with his work, and his industry and integrity won for him the deep regard of his employer and his fellow-clerks.

In course of time Fink's rich uncle in America died, leaving him his property, and when the former left the house of Shröter to take possession of his inheritance, he urged Anton to accompany him and share his fortunes. This was a tempting offer; but Anton, feeling his first duty was to his kind employer, refused Fink's cordial invitation and remained at his chosen post.

During Fink's sojourn with the Shröters he had won the affection of the gentle and lovely Sabine and before leaving asked her to become his wife; but as she was convinced that his reckless and inconsequent nature would not lead to her happiness she refused his offer and banished all thoughts of him.

Soon after Fink's departure Mr. Shröter was obliged to undertake a perilous expedition in search of a large quantity of his merchandise, which, owing to an insurrection that had broken out in Poland, had been prevented from reaching its destination. As his journey would take him into the midst of the insurgents it was quite a dangerous undertaking, and Anton begged his employer to allow him to accompany him and render what assistance was in his power.

In this request he was joined by Sabine, who urged her brother to take Anton as his companion, and finally the merchant acceded to their united entreaties. The journey proved even more perilous than had been anticipated, and had it not been for Anton the merchant would never have survived the enterprise. He received a bullet wound on one occasion which would have been fatal had not Anton intercepted the assailant and overpowered him, thereby saving his master's life. Anton nursed Mr. Shröter tenderly while the wound was healing and later conducted him safely to his home, winning for himself the gratitude and appreciation of both the merchant and his sister.

Shortly after his return from this mission Anton received word that the family of the Baron von Rothsattel were in trouble and desired an interview with him. He hastened to them at once and found the illustrious household for whom he had felt such awe and respect plunged in grief and adversity.

The Baron, who had been an innocent tool in the hands of the crafty Jew, had found himself becoming financially more and more involved until he could see no way out of his difficulties. He had finally decided that something must be done, so taking a casket which contained his notes and valuable papers he had called upon Ehrenthal and demanded a satisfactory settlement of his accounts.

While the Baron and the money-lender had been discussing this important matter they had been suddenly summoned to the bed-chamber of Ehrenthal's invalid son, Bernhard, by Itzig, who declared that his master's son was dying.

The frantic father had rushed to his son's bedside accompanied by the Baron, and in their excitement the valuable casket had been forgotten. Bernhard, indeed, had proved to be very near his end, and as his dying request, begged his father to give up his claim on the Baron's estate and restore to him his property.

This petition was made on account of Lenore, who had charmed the poor invalid on the occasion of their only meeting, so that he had become desirous of preventing any sorrow that might threaten her.

Ehrenthal, deeply moved by the request of his son, whom he idolized, had agreed to make restitution and take back the

promissory notes, and had returned to his office to get the valuable papers. What were his horror and consternation when he found the casket gone and could discover no trace whatever of the thief!

This terrible loss had overwhelmed the poor Baron just at the moment when he thought he saw relief from his embarrassment; and so, with nothing but ruin before him, he had returned to his home and endeavored to put a bullet through his brain.

This tragedy had been averted by the timely interference of the Baroness, who had stayed her husband's hand in time to save his life, but could not prevent a wound which caused the loss of his sight. This calamity added to the grief of the luckless household, and it was in these sad straits that Anton found them when he responded to their summons.

The Baroness at once begged him to come to their assistance, and explaining that the Baron was no longer able to transact business, asked Anton to take charge of their affairs, as their son was on military duty and they had no one else upon whom to call.

Lenore also added her persuasions to her mother's, and Anton, who was still swayed by her influence, found it difficult to decide what was best for him to do. If he assumed charge of the Baron's affairs it would mean giving up all his time to his interests, and besides relinquishing the business in which he was so deeply absorbed, he would be greatly reduced financially, as the Baroness could offer him only a nominal sum for his services.

Moreover, he would have to leave his friends and migrate with the Baron and his family to the mortgaged estate in Poland, which was all that remained of the latter's depleted possessions.

Anton decided to put the matter before Sabine, whose opinion he valued above all others, and determined to abide by whatever advice she gave him.

When he explained the situation to her, Sabine, who had been growing deeply interested in her brother's handsome and enterprising young clerk, thought she discerned an attachment between Anton and Lenore, and immediately advised him to leave the firm and join his fortunes to those of the bereft family who seemed to need him so sorely.

Anton was both surprised and hurt by the attitude of Sabine, for whom he felt a deep reverence and admiration, but he abode by her decision and went at once to Mr. Shröter to inform him of his anticipated departure.

The merchant received the clerk's announcement with great indignation, and upbraiding him for leaving the firm at a time when his services were indispensable to them, told him all business relations between them were at an end. Anton was deeply grieved by Mr. Shröter's harshness and injustice, but he did not falter from his determination and took leave of his fellow-clerks with keen regret.

He started at once for Poland to prepare the distant estate for the coming of the family, which he found to his consternation was in a most deplorable condition. The old castle was little more than a mass of ruins, the land was utterly run out from long neglect, and the entire place presented a most discouraging appearance.

Anton set to work, with the help of Karl Sturm, a young fellow who accompanied him, to bring order out of chaos, and made things as comfortable as was possible before the coming of the exiled family.

Their arrival proved anything but a joyful occasion, for in spite of Anton's efforts the Baron and his wife and daughter were overwhelmed by the desolation which surrounded them. Lenore, however, made the best of her changed fortunes and endeavored to cheer her parents and get what pleasure she could out of her new environment.

During the time that followed, Anton was Lenore's only companion, and the two young people being thrown so much together became strongly attached to each other. This attachment, in Anton, almost reached the point of love, but he was held back from declaring himself by the thought of Sabine, whose image was ever in his heart, though he felt there was no chance of his winning her for his wife.

Suddenly, to the surprise of all, Fink appeared upon the scene, handsome and fascinating as ever, and the possessor of the large wealth which he had inherited from his uncle.

He at once proceeded to relieve the estate of its financial embarrassment and tactfully persuaded the Baron to allow him

to purchase and develop it, with the arrangement that all should continue to live there as before. The motive which strongly prompted this generosity was Fink's admiration for the lovely Lenore, who evidently reciprocated his affection, a result which was entirely satisfactory to the faithful Anton.

Meanwhile the Polish insurgents, who had been making trouble about them, besieged the castle and a season of terror ensued, during which time Fink and Anton displayed great courage and military prowess. Finally help came to them in a detachment of German soldiers who had been sent to their relief, and among the officers was the Baron's son. His homecoming proved a tragic one, as he was shot by one of the insurgents and his dead body was carried into his father's house. This sad occurrence proved too much for the failing health of the Baron and his wife, and the Baroness faded slowly away, while her crushed and heart-broken husband consoled himself with the thought that he should not long survive her.

Before the death of the Baroness, however, Anton's residence with the Rothsattels was concluded, as the Baron became jealous of his ministrations, and as Fink was at the helm he was no longer needed; he therefore returned to the capital again to seek his livelihood.

Anton hastened at once to Sabine, whose joy at his return was too great to be disguised, and declared his love for her and his desire to make her his wife, though he feared her brother would never consent to their union. However, in this he was agreeably disappointed, as the merchant was much pleased at this denouement and acknowledged to Anton that he had always hoped for this consummation, and it was his great disappointment which had caused his harshness at their last interview.

Anton also received the startling information that he was to be made a member of the firm of Shröter, and this good fortune, which was so truly unexpected, he learned was due to Sabine, who was in reality a silent member of the firm, and had, since his first arrival, interested herself in his advancement.

Before leaving Poland, Anton had determined that after his return to the capital he would discover, if possible, the person who had stolen the casket of valuable papers belonging to the Baron. His suspicion rested upon Itzig, who by his roguery

had become a rich and prosperous man, while his master Ehrenthal had lost his mind and had become little more than an imbecile.

By following various clues and putting detectives on his path, Itzig was finally proved to be the thief and was hunted down on his wedding-day at the moment when the guests were assembled to witness his marriage with Ehrenthal's pretty daughter, Rosalie. The guilty man eluded his captors and rushing from the house by a rear exit clambered down a stairway which led to the river below. In this very place Itzig had, a short time previously, made away with an old man whom he feared would betray him, and as he reached the water's edge the ghost of his victim seemed to confront him; startled by this horrible vision the murderer lost his foothold and was swept off into the stream, being drowned before his pursuers reached the river's edge.

The finding of the casket through the instrumentality of Anton provided Lenore with her rightful dowry and her marriage to Von Fink soon followed, the couple continuing to dwell upon the estate in Poland which had been so completely transformed.

Happy in his love and with his fortune firmly established, the last picture of Anton shows him with his betrothed clasped to his heart.

"Deck thyself out, old house! Dance, ye friendly sprites, on the shadowy floor! The poetic dreams that the boy Anton nursed in his early home, beneath the prayers for blessings of his worthy parents, were honorable dreams, and here is their fulfilment. That which allured and unsettled, and diverted him from his life purpose, he has with manly heart overcome."

"The old diary of his life is at an end, and henceforth, ye gracious house-sprites, in your private book will be inscribed, 'With God, his future career of Debit and Credit.'"

EMILE GABORIAU

(France, 1835–1873)

FILE NO. 113 (1867)

This was the initial story of the series of detective tales introducing the figure of the detective Lecoq. These stories became famous all over the world, having been translated into many tongues, run through countless editions, and found many imitators.

LL Paris was talking of the robbery of the bank of Monsieur André Fauvel. Three hundred and fifty thousand francs had been taken from the safe; and as the banker and his chief cashier, Prosper Bertomy, alone knew the combination of the lock and were the only persons who had keys, they accused each other.

M. Fauvel was a rather stout, medium-sized man about fifty, with gray hair and a kindly and intelligent face. Prosper Bertomy had been in his employ fifteen years and had been as one of his own family; so when this catastrophe occurred he gave the cashier every opportunity to make a confession, thinking that he had perhaps indulged in extravagances the past year, since leaving his house, which might have caused him to take the money; but Prosper remained firm in his protestation of innocence. Both denied knowing anything about the robbery; and as M. Fauvel was a man of undoubted integrity, the commissary of police, after searching the premises in vain for a clue to the mystery, took the cashier into custody.

The next day Monsieur Patrigent, the investigating magistrate, examined him, and M. Fauvel, his son, and the clerks, one by one. It was learned that the cashier had speculated on the Bourse through Raoul de Lagors and gained large sums;

it was discovered, too, through an intercepted letter, that he had a handsomely furnished apartment in the Rue Chaptal, which was presided over by a Madame Gipsy. At the end of five days the magistrate, thinking he had enough evidence to convict the prisoner, sent for him again. Instead of finding a man overwhelmed by remorse, he found one bent on revenge. After replying to a number of questions, Prosper suggested that the messenger who brought the money from the bank of France must have seen him tie up the bundles of notes and put them away; so he was sent back to his cell to await the result of the inquiry. The messenger declared that the cashier had counted the notes, made them into four packages, put them in the safe, locked it, and had then gone out. The magistrate was so impressed by the fact that he had left the bank before the others, and by a photograph of the safe door sent him by the chief detective, Lecoq, which showed a fresh scratch made by the key being drawn away against the robber's will, giving evidence that two persons were concerned in the theft, that he wrote out a Dismissal, a document which restores liberty but not honor to the accused, which says he is not proven guilty but does not say he is innocent; and the papers in regard to the case were put away labeled File No. 113.

When, on the ninth day of his imprisonment, Prosper was released, he went to his apartment in the Rue Chaptal. There he was told Gipsy had gone and that a friend of his father had come to stay until he came. Quickly running up-stairs he found a stout man with a red face, full lips, sharp eyes, and rather coarse manner, who gave him a letter of introduction from his father. This man, Verduret, asked Prosper what his plans were and suggested that he should sell the furniture and leave the neighborhood. At first he would not consent, fearing it would look as if he had absconded with the money, but he gradually became convinced of the wisdom of this advice.

His friend, Raoul de Lagors, was soon announced. M. Verduret, who was chief detective Lecoq in disguise, though Prosper did not know it, had arranged the interview in order to observe Lagors; and slipping into the next room he soon saw and heard enough to be sure that the young man was a scoundrel. Shortly after his departure a large document arrived,

containing ten bank-notes and a letter made up of words cut from a book which the skilled detective found was a prayer-book, from the word *Deus* on the reverse side of one of the words.

In the afternoon M. Verduret insisted upon being taken to call upon M. Fauvel, the banker having shut himself in his study since the robbery. Posing as a relative of Prosper, M. Verduret led the conversation during their short call. Then the detective took Prosper to a dressmaker's shop and pushed him into a room where he found Madeleine, the banker's niece, with whom he was in love, and who had a year before, apparently without reason, sent him away from her. He again declared his love; but, although she believed him to be innocent of the robbery, some secret seemed weighing on her soul, and she begged him not to think of her again. A smothered sob from a corner of the room caused him to become aware that they had been overheard by her maid, and that maid was Nina Gipsy! Madeleine slowly put on her mantle and bonnet, and kissing him on the brow, left the room followed by Nina Gipsy.

That same day Prosper sold his furniture and he and M. Verduret went to the hôtel of the Grand Archangel.

The next afternoon at a small café in the Rue St. Honoré the detective told him he had found out that Raoul de Lagors was not the real nephew of the banker's wife, the last De Lagors having died some time before. He told him, too, the history of De Clameran, the ironmaster, for whom the stolen money had been drawn from the bank of France, and put into the safe over night, contrary to rules, in order to accommodate him by an early payment in the morning. De Clameran, he said, was born near Tarascon, and upon the supposed death of his father and brother had inherited the family fortune. He ran through it in less than two years, entered the army, and then went to England and Germany. About twenty-five years later he had returned to his birthplace to sell the château, and with the proceeds had reëstablished himself in Paris; but the money did not last, and hearing that his brother Gaston, who had been reported drowned, had returned with a fortune made in Mexico and had bought an iron-foundry near Oloron in the Lower Pyrenees, De Clameran went to see him. Shortly afterward

his brother died after a fourteen days' mysterious illness, and he returned to Paris very rich, with the title of marquis.

Here M. Verduret was interrupted by a coachman, one of his detectives serving as a valet to De Clameran under the name of Dubois, but really the husband of the proprietress of the hôtel of the Grand Archangel. He had overheard De Clameran and De Lagors talking of Gipsy; and they were so incensed at finding she had left her hôtel that it was evident there was some plot in which she had a part. Later, de Clameran had made a wonderful toilet and called upon Madame Fauvel. The next morning De Lagors came unusually early, and the two men disputed over money; presently becoming more calm, they had spoken of a ball to be given by some bankers, and it was decided that Raoul should remain at Vésinet that evening.

No sooner had he gone, than someone handed Verduret a prayer-book, which Prosper recognized as one he had given to Madeleine; and as words were cut from it, evidently Madeleine had sent the letter containing the bank-notes. A note then came for the detective; and, with one glance at it, he seized Prosper by the arm and rushed toward the St. Lazare station, where, having missed the train, they took a carriage to Vésinet. A cab stood in front of Raoul's house and the only light was from a room on the second floor. They took turns holding a ladder and looking in. Madeleine seemed to be remonstrating. Raoul offered her a bundle of papers, but she did not appear satisfied; however she took three slips, which the detective knew were pawn-tickets, and left. It was with the greatest difficulty Verduret prevented Prosper from betraying them, but finally he was induced to get into the cab, and they reached Paris at midnight.

The detective procured an invitation to a fancy dress ball the next evening and took the part of a "merry-andrew," creating diversion wherever he went by his pictures and stories. When near the ladies he invented a tale which so frightened the banker's wife that De Clameran took him to task for it, explaining that the banker's family would soon be his own, as the following week his marriage to Madeleine would be announced, and asked who he was. The merry-andrew replied: "I was the best friend, sir, that your dead brother ever had, his adviser, and the confidant of his last hopes." De Clameran

turned deadly pale, and he and De Lagors left soon afterward. On his way home the detective was suddenly struck by a man who had been crouching in the shadow of a house, and would have been killed had he not put out his arms and taken the cut on the wrist. Though suffering intensely he followed them, for he had recognized De Lagors and knew De Clameran was not far off. He felt that he was on the track of no ordinary crime, or they would not have run such risks. But being suspected he was obliged to elude them.

Notwithstanding the wounded arm, the next day found him on his way to Beaucaire, near which place De Clameran and Mademoiselle de la Vérberie, afterward Madame Fauvel, were born.

Prosper had promised Verduret not to go out during his absence, but becoming weary of confinement, on the ninth day he went to a café, and while drinking a glass of beer, read in the newspaper the announcement that Madeleine would shortly be married to Louis de Clameran.

In his frenzy he wrote an anonymous note, in a disguised hand, to M. Fauvel, telling him to watch his wife, and warning him against De Clameran and De Lagors, also saying his wife's jewels were at the pawnbroker's. No sooner had he dropped it in the post-box than he repented his action, and with cause, for if M. Fauvel were to divulge its contents the men would escape and Verduret's work be lost.

The detective was at that moment returning to Paris after a very busy nine days. He had found the Château de Clameran on the left bank of the Rhône, about six miles from Tarascon. The late Marquis had had two sons, Gaston and Louis. On the opposite side of the river, which at this point was narrow, lived the Countess de la Vérberie and her beautiful daughter of eighteen, Valentine. The château and estate were small and the income limited. The Marquis and the Countess hated each other cordially, but Valentine and Gaston were in love from the moment they met. The family feud was so bitter that it was impossible for them to meet openly; so at dusk Gaston was accustomed to swim across the Rhône and see Valentine secretly. One night when the water was a torrent after heavy rains he went to cross a bridge farther up, but meeting a friend was per-

suaded to go to a café with him. There, overhearing some young men speak lightly of Valentine, he resented it, and almost before he knew it had killed one man and wounded another. Fleeing to Clameran, he was helped to escape by his father, and he would have succeeded had it not been for his brother, who, though a good horseman, made his horse stumble, so that Gaston, closely pursued, jumped into the Rhône, and was supposed to have been drowned. The shock killed the old Marquis; and Louis, within a week after his death, locked up the château and went to Paris. Twenty-five years later he returned and sold it. It was then he heard through Valentine's former maid of her child, and that she had later married M. Fauvel, a young engineer, now a rich banker of Paris; and he resolved to extort money from her under pain of disclosing her secret.

Madame Fauvel's child had been sent away by her mother, who led her to believe it was dead, as indeed it was at this time, and De Clameran's news burst like a thunderbolt upon her. At first she would not listen to him, but when he produced a young man as his son and asked to have him recognized as her nephew, she received him. The extortion continued until both she and Madeleine (who understood the situation, having accidentally overheard a conversation) had sacrificed all their jewels and some of their money; and the climax was only reached when one evening the supposed son told her that unless she gave him thirty thousand francs that night he would be ruined. In vain she pleaded with him to wait until the next day; but having been instructed by De Clameran, who knew the money was in the safe, he insisted; and she gave him the key; the word of the combination he had learned from the cashier when he had taken too much wine; and so, although Madame Fauvel pulled him from the door, the key making a long scratch, he grasped the money.

De Clameran had invented this scheme to ruin Prosper because Madeleine loved him and he wished to marry her himself. This beautiful orphan girl had been treated like a daughter by the banker, and her little fortune increased to half a million by his speculations; so she insisted upon sacrificing herself to save her aunt from exposure, and promised to marry him. Upon his return from Oloron he attempted to pose as the grand seigneur

and offered Madame Fauvel the amount the bank had lost by the robbery; but Madeleine, who was present, guessing some treachery, refused it.

The banker had verified the anonymous note as far as the jewels were concerned, for they were not in their cases; and when a letter came from Raoul asking his wife to come to Vésinet, he concluded to follow her. Here a dreadful scene took place, and he was on the point of shooting Raoul when his wife threw herself on his breast; and had it not been for the forethought of Gipsy in removing the bullets from the pistol they might both have been shot. As it was, they stood thus when M. Verduret rushed into the room. It was with difficulty he made the banker listen while he explained that Raoul, instead of being the son of Gaston de Clameran, or even the nephew of his wife, was the son of a jockey named Spencer, who had forged his benefactor's name and gambled and swindled until he met De Clameran, who offered him twenty-five thousand francs to aid him in his nefarious schemes. Then M. Verduret demanded from Raoul the three hundred and fifty thousand francs he had stolen from the safe; when all but fifty thousand had been restored, the detective, seeing he would be of no further use and not wishing to bring the banker's family into notoriety, let him slip out of the room, apparently unnoticed.

The banker was so overjoyed at being delivered from all his troubles that he was only too glad to grant the detective's request that he should honorably reinstate Prosper and give him Madeleine. Then, remembering the happy years of his married life, he embraced his wife, saying: "I forget all!"

When De Clameran found himself watched and that evidence was likely to close around him, he went mad and jumped from his window to a roof, where he was caught and taken to the Prefecture. It was said he could never recover.

Some days later M. Verduret sent for Nina Gipsy and Prosper Bertomy. Throwing off his disguise he revealed himself as the chief detective Lecoq, or Cadras, the husband of Nina Gipsy. Prosper was soon after married to Madeleine; and since M. Fauvel retired from business the name of the firm has been Prosper Bertomy and Company.

MONSIEUR LECOQ (1869)

This story is a further record of the adventures of the celebrated hero, Lecoq, whose character was modeled after that of a famous French detective of the mid-nineteenth century.

ABOUT ten o'clock one cold, foggy, slushy Sunday night in February a party of agents of the safety-service left the police station at the old Barrière d'Italie to explore the vast precinct from the road to Fontainebleau to the Seine, and from the outer boulevard to the fortifications. This was such a dangerous quarter of Paris that even the soldiers were warned not to go through it except in twos or threes.

Gevrol, the inspector, was about forty-six years old, with rugged features, heavy moustache, small gray eyes, and an imperturbable manner. They had not gone far before a shriek pierced the air, followed by a wild howl and two pistol-shots. Arriving at the house on a run and finding it closed, the inspector struck the door and commanded it to be opened. There was no response; but the sounds of a terrible struggle, accompanied by groans and a woman's sobs, could be distinctly heard.

"Open in the name of the law," Gevrol shouted. Receiving no reply, he broke open the door. The sight was so appalling that even the police stood still. There was no light, but the fitful blaze of a huge pine-wood fire threw its glare on overturned tables, glasses, etc., and on three men stretched on the floor; a fourth, covered with wine, dust, and blood, with two wounds in his neck and fury flashing from his eyes, stood behind a large table, pistol in hand, and an old woman crouched on the lowest step of a staircase.

"Surrender!" cried Gevrol.

"I am innocent," exclaimed the man in a hoarse, strained voice; and adding, "Come and take me," darted into the adjoining room and ran into the arms of Lecoq, the new policeman, who had crept around to the rear for this very purpose. In vain the murderer tried to resist, murmuring: "Lost! it is the Prussians who are coming!"

The police then turned their attention to the others; two were dead, and the third only lived long enough to threaten vengeance against a brigand named Tacheneur. Then the inspector went toward the old woman, and whipping off the apron with which she had covered her head, asked her what she knew about it all. The old hag swore horribly, saying she had been up-stairs, and when, hearing the disturbance, she had come down, the three men were picking a quarrel with the man who had just died. The murderer and old Mother Chupin, who kept the liquor-room, were taken to jail; and Lecoq and Father Absinthe, so called because in his fifty years of life he had not learned to leave liquor alone, were left to guard the premises and find what evidence they could.

Lecoq was about twenty-five years old, small and active, with pale complexion, red lips, wavy black hair, large nose, and brilliant changeable eyes. He was studying law in Paris when he heard of the deaths of his father and mother within a few hours of each other, and that his father, who had been supposed rich, had died financially ruined; thus he became one of the one hundred thousand persons in Paris who had seen better days. He left no means untried to gain an honest livelihood; and one day an astronomer engaged him at a hundred francs a month. At the end of five years he found himself still where he was at the beginning; and a chance remark that he would become either "a famous thief or a great detective" *apropos* of a little scheme he had planned, caused him to seek employment as a safety agent; and the raid on the Poivrière, as Mother Chupin's house was called, was his first case.

As soon as the posse and prisoners had disappeared he looked at the gruesome surroundings. The three dead men lay as they had died; but he scarcely saw them; his mind was aflame with the words "Lost! It is the Prussians who are coming!" The murderer could be no common man, to utter this sentence

of the French general at Waterloo when he saw that, instead of his allies, the Prussians were coming. The case was similar; the murderer was expecting help from his accomplice, and saw the police instead. Absinthe listened to these explanations in open-mouthed wonder and admiration. Lecoq then went to the back door and found footprints in the snow, one of a high-heeled, narrow boot, and the other short and broad, probably those of mistress and maid. This explained why the man had stood at bay, pistol in hand; it was to give them time to escape. A man's footprints were discovered going toward the house, sometimes over the others, which showed that the woman had given the alarm to the accomplice and that he was the person expected by the murderer when he spoke the historic sentence. Lecoq and Absinthe followed the footprints of the women's feet over the unbroken snow of the open lots back of the house and through the narrow streets until they stopped in the Rue du Chevaleret at the ruts made by a carriage turning; presumably at that late hour the driver was returning to his stable and had, by the promise of a large sum, been induced to return to the city. Lecoq resolved to follow up this clue the next day and get a description of the woman from the coachman. As they were retracing their steps, a gentle drizzle set in, and it soon became certain that, unless the footprints could be preserved, their evidence would be destroyed; so Lecoq took a piece of a broken bottle, and scraping some plaster from the wall mixed it with water and made a cast of the prints.

In the excitement of this, his first real opportunity to distinguish himself, Lecoq had forgotten to lock the front door; and they discovered that the accomplice (the footprints in front being the same as those in the rear, and over the others) had had the audacity to enter in their absence; they also found a very valuable diamond earring in a corner of the room, which token in connection with the footprints, showed conclusively the presence of women.

Lecoq drew a plan of the scene and wrote his report after collecting the different bits of evidence he had found, including, besides the earring, the handsome pistol, and models of the footprints, a piece of rough brown wool which had clung to a board in the lumber-yard near, upon which the accomplice must have

leaned when talking to the women, as their steps diverged at that point..

In the early morning the inspector, Gevrol, appeared, bringing the commissioner, two doctors, and a sergeant-major, to identify one of the men who was dressed as a soldier. Even these men, accustomed as they were to seeing deaths in almost every form, were struck with horror at the ghastly sight that met their eyes.

The commissioner, having heard the report and complimented Lecoq upon it, much to the chagrin of the jealous inspector, began his investigation. On the dead man in uniform, which proved to be a disguise, was found a letter beginning "My dear Gustav" and signed "Tacheneur"; but there was nothing by which the other two could be identified; all three were sent to the morgue.

The judge who was to try the case, Monsieur Maurice d'Escorval, arrived, and, scarcely noticing the functionaries, began reading the report, with which he was much pleased; and he commissioned Lecoq to have the prisoners conducted from the police station to the prefecture, where they were to be privately examined.

The Barrière d'Italie had but two rooms for prisoners; one was occupied by the murderer and the other by the Widow Chupin, so that, when a drunkard who had been nearly run over was helped in by the inspector, Gevrol, he was put into the cell with the man. Lecoq found that this drunken man had miraculously recovered in about half an hour and had been discharged. Instantly he surmised that it was a clever ruse of the accomplice to confer with his friend; for the keeper had described him as tall, about forty or fifty years of age, with ruddy complexion, white whiskers, full face, small eyes, broad flat nose, and a good-natured, jovial manner, and as wearing a heavy brown overcoat and soft cap.

When the prisoner reached the prison and was being prepared for the private examination ordered by the Judge, it became evident that he was disguising his identity; for he would give no name but "May," and when his boots were removed to measure his height, his feet were found to be covered ankle-deep with mud, which, when removed, showed them to have

been as carefully cared for as his hands. During the ordeal his face was immovable.

The Judge had been with him only twenty minutes when he rushed out and passed directly to his carriage, calling to Lecoq that he would see him at his office in the Palais de Justice the next morning. Lecoq then went to look at the prisoner through the aperture in the door of the cell. He was covered up in bed, but not asleep, for there was a peculiar movement of the body and a rattling moan broke from his lips. Lecoq quickly called "Here! Help!" and ten guards came running. The poor wretch had almost strangled himself!

The next day Lecoq found the coachman who had driven the women from the Rue du Chevaleret to the city. He proved to be an honest old man much horrified at his share in the plot, and willing to give what description he could. Then Lecoq went to see the Judge, but was told he had broken his leg the night before in alighting from his carriage and would not be at his office for several weeks, and that Monsieur Segmuller had charge of the case. Lecoq found him good-humored but firm, with a kindly voice well calculated to gain a prisoner's confidence. He was studying the report and comparing it with the articles collected as evidence, which were spread out upon his desk. He complimented the detective highly upon it and allowed him to remain during the examination. The first prisoner examined was Mother Chupin, the next the murderer. He burst into the room with violence, saying: "Where is the Judge?" When he found it was Segmuller and not D'Escorval his excitement instantly subsided, and he tottered and almost fell, but recovered himself. When questioned, he said he was innocent, that he had been attacked and only defended himself; that forty-five years before he had been found, a six-months-old baby, on the roadside by the manager of a traveling company of athletes and acrobats, who was journeying with his wife and his company. She, a kind-hearted woman, had taken care of him and named him "May," after the month in which he was found; and that his business was to open the shows and turn a compliment. When confronted with the bits of evidence, such as the earring, etc., he, by an almost superhuman effort, mastered his agitation and professed his innocence and ignorance;

but this marvelous acting deceived neither the Judge nor Lecoq, who saw by his movements, his perception, his versatility and invention, that he was a superior gentleman of remarkable talent and not the common malefactor he appeared.

The next day Lecoq visited the hotel near the station where he said he had sent his trunk and found him registered as "May, foreign artist coming from Leipsic, without papers." He then joined Absinthe and went to see what information he could glean from the daughter-in-law of Mother Chupin, whose husband was in prison; she had left her mother-in-law and tried to bring up her boy in good ways. While they were there a man put his head in the door and with a smothered exclamation withdrew it, turning the key on the outside. Absinthe, who was facing the entrance, recognized the accomplice who had eluded him so often. Throwing themselves against the door, Lecoq and Absinthe broke it and started in pursuit. Unsuccessful, they returned, and taking the woman and child drove to the Judge. He meanwhile, having anxiously waited, had begun the examination of her husband. As the man's wife and child came into the room he instantly warned her about speaking of Tacheneur, and she would not open her lips. After this episode, Lecoq endeavored to trace the diamond earring to its owner, but without success; and finally desperate he determined to watch the prisoner day and night through a hole, which he cut in the floor of the room above his cell. After six days and nights, during which nothing unusual occurred, except that the prisoner every day at eleven o'clock sang the same song, he concluded this song must be a signal, and had the man taken on his walk at half-past ten so that he himself could take his place in the cell and sing the song at the usual hour. Before he had finished the second line, a bit of bread, the size of a bullet, was thrown through the window; when unrolled in the presence of the Judge it contained a message on tissue-paper, in double cipher; that is, two correspondents having the same book, one begins his letter with the number of the page then looks for whatever word he wants to use, and, if it is the sixth writes the number 6; and so on. The one who receives it opens his book at the same page and counts until he comes to the words indicated by the numbers. Lecoq used almost the same

words as in the message but so as to make different sense, and putting it in a bit of bread sent Absinthe to throw it at the appointed time. Through the hole in his floor Lecoq saw the prisoner pick it up, regard it with astonishment, and then call the keeper to get the Judge, to whom he told the circumstance, at the same time handing him the missile. The Judge, utterly discouraged after the hard work he had done on the case, became ill; and even Lecoq felt that the only way to get the man's secret was to let him escape and then trace him—a dangerous alternative, rarely resorted to until all others fail. However, the Judge approved, and May was to be transferred to another prison van, which was to be insecurely fastened, and the keeper was to forget to lock it and walk away, leaving it at the Palais de Justice. This was done, and presently the door of the vehicle was seen to open cautiously and the frightened face of May looked out. Seeing no one, he descended and strolled across the bridge, then went into several second-hand clothing shops, looking for a parcel which was to have been left for him; but not finding it, alone in Paris, without a cent, he sat down on a low stair, and covered his face with his hands; then, having come to some decision, and evidently knowing he was watched, though he could not have recognized the detectives in their disguises, he walked rapidly in the direction of the hotel where he had left his trunk. Lecoq, divining his destination, got there ahead of him; so he was sent away; but he happened to meet the proprietress in the street, and she gave him some money with which he later bought a cigar and some clothes in which to disguise himself as a workman. Feeling he was watched, he tried to shake off his followers by going into one saloon after another.

In one cabaret he met a person of his own stamp, who, hearing he wanted to sell the clothes he carried under his arm, offered to show him a place he knew, and they went out together; after disposing of the clothes, they continued arm in arm in the direction of the Faubourg St. Germain. Finally, by the aid of his companion, May got over the wall of the garden of the Hôtel de Sairmeuse. Instantly Lecoq caught the accomplice and without the slightest noise turned him over to the care of two passing policemen. The last guest was departing from the house, where there had been a large reception, and the detective

asked permission to search the grounds. The servants, forty or fifty in all, were summoned; lanterns were lighted and the garden illuminated, but no one was found; then the house was searched, but without success, and Lecoq started to go through the apartments of the Duke. The *valet de chambre* remonstrated, but a voice from within called out to let the men do their duty; so Lecoq entered and saw the Duc de Sairmeuse through the half-open door of the bathroom, no one else. The valet said it would not be necessary to search the apartments of the Duchess, as they had done it. May had vanished!

The next day when Lecoq and Absinthe went to the station-house they were treated with the greatest distinction; for the accomplice whom they had arrested was an escaped convict for whom the police had long been looking. He swore he had not seen May until that evening; that he, May, said he knew the habits of the house and had suggested robbing it, as there was a reception going on; nevertheless the fact remained that May had escaped.

Discouraged, Lecoq went to ask the advice of an old detective whom he knew and who was ill with the gout. The old man listened to his recital with the keenest interest; indeed his gout was forgotten and it seemed to give him positive pleasure; then, as he looked at the youthful detective he congratulated him upon his successes and pointed out his failures. The Judge breaking his leg he considered but an excuse for not trying a man whom he knew, and probably hated; for the old man had discerned that May was no other than the Duc de Sairmeuse, whose father had tried to have M. D'Escorval beheaded; and M. D'Escorval was the father of the Judge. To explain his presence in that old house, in so disreputable a part of Paris, and the fact that he had had a woman with him, would perhaps have led to the revelation of some disgraceful secret, and between shame and suicide, he chose the latter, wishing to save his honor intact.

BENITO PÉREZ GALDÓS

(Spain, 1845)

SARAGOSSA (1874)

This story is the sixth in the first of four series of historical novels called by Galdós *National Episodes*, and apparently suggested by the French tales of Erckmann-Chatrian. The first series embraces ten titles, beginning with *Trafalgar* and ending with *The Battle of the Arapiles*. *Saragossa* (Spanish, *Zaragoza*) has been ranked, as a dramatic picture of warfare, with Tolstoi's *War and Peace* and Zola's *The Downfall*.

IT was the evening of the eighteenth, when we four Spanish patriots saw Saragossa in the distance, tired with our weary journey since our escape from captivity. Don Roque would have had us go at once to seek his friends; but we were too tired for that, and, after spending our last cuarto for a little bread, we found shelter in the ruined monastery of Santa Engracia, blown up by the French in the first siege. In the morning we were guided by a friendly beggar to the house of Don José de Montoria. We found him cutting down his own olive-trees to further the plans of military defense. All his neighbors were doing the same, as calmly as if they were busy with a grape harvest.

"In the first siege," said Montoria, "I cut down my trees on my other property; but this coming siege is to be far more terrible, they tell us."

He greeted us with bluff hospitality, fed us to repletion, and grumbled because we would not take money. And so it came to pass that I became a volunteer in the battalion of the Peñas of San Pedro and the bosom friend of Don José's youngest son, Augustine. Shortly after our arrival the French, forty thousand strong under Marshal Moncey, made their appearance in five divisions and attacked in force. Augustine and I were in bivouac

in an orchard near Carmen College. He was destined for the Church, and regarded by the Seminary fathers as a prodigy of learning—a graceful, generous boy, with kind heart, a healthy soul, and a serene imagination, with a lively inclination to poetry. He had Horace at his finger-tips, and no more vocation for the Church than Raphael had for mathematics!

"Gabriel," said he to me, "suppose the first ball to-day strikes us dead! I used not to fear the battle, but now I am afraid. Listen well to what I say, and if I die, do as I bid you."

"What!" said I, "a message for a lady!"

"Listen," rejoined Augustine. "Beyond that leaning tower yonder—the Torre Nueva—is the Plaza of San Felipe, whence runs a narrow street. Follow it until you reach a church near which is a house with a garden. It is the house of goodman Candiola, a miser and usurer with a cellar full of money."

"And he has a daughter?"

"Wait! impatient man; he is hated, because he is too stingy to give a farthing for the defense of the city. Toss a pebble gently against the window—"

"And when she comes, what shall I tell her?"

"Tell her I'm dead—no; don't tell her. Anyway, perhaps I sha'n't die to-day."

Little by little Augustine told me his tale. His teacher, Father Rincon, a kinsman of the miser's wife, had taken him there once for some refreshment; and he and the daughter, Mariquilla, had fallen in love at first sight. Since then he had gone often to the old garden; and when Mariquilla had let him in, they had sat and talked till dawn, vowing eternal fidelity.

Hardly had he told me this, when the dull booming of artillery told us that the battle had begun. All day the fight raged. The French attacked with audacity—too boldly and violently, in fact; for they inflamed the stubborn courage of the Saragossan, always proud of his personal valor. At night they abandoned the attack and retired, leaving the plain covered with their dead.

The city gave itself up to rejoicing. Augustine and I pushed through the shouting, singing crowds to the chapel of the Virgin del Pilar, the patroness of Saragossa, at whose shrine thousands of the faithful had gathered.

Of a sudden my companion grasped my arm. "There she is!" he cried.

"Who, the Virgin? I am looking at her now."

"No, man, Mariquilla! There, close to the column."

Augustine had not overdrawn his picture. Here was a girl worthy of the deepest love. A pale brunette, there shone in her lovely face a heavenly calm. She seemed timid, quiet, no coquette, and yet secure of herself. Different from most women, she had a soul that would not readily change, except for just and righteous reasons.

My friend had not spoken ten words to her when an old, bent, sickly man, with hooked nose and sallow skin, approached and, with a word of rebuke to the old servant who accompanied her, sent his daughter home.

"A nice father-in-law!" I said.

"He would be dear," replied Montoria, "for a spoonful of verdigris!"

"But would he not be pleased to see her married to a Montoria?"

"Are you mad? He hates my father, who once freed some unhappy debtors from his fangs. But my worst nightmare comes when I dream that my parents learn of my love. They think they are going to make a bishop of me—a bishop, Gabriel!"

"And yet you go on loving her?"

"Don't ask me! How can I help it?" Augustine bent forward and kissed the pedestal on which the sacred image of the Virgin stood. I kissed it also, and then we left the church.

The next day Marshal Moncey summoned our commander, Palafoe, to surrender. "I do not know how," was the brave reply. The attack was renewed, and again repulsed. From that day began the formal siege, which lasted for the next month and a half—a time of the building of offensive and defensive works, of sorties and of frenzied assaults. Our battalion occupied the redoubt at the end of the Huerva bridge. We were pleased to call it indestructible. Here there was plenty of fighting, but also much jollity. The soldiers cracked jokes; the friars blessed the dying and cheered the living; the townspeople sent us food, and the women who brought it sang and danced with us, until a stray ball drove them off, screaming.

At daybreak the French again attacked furiously, directing their attention to our redoubt and the fortress of San José, which at length they captured. After a heroic resistance, prolonged through several days, we were ourselves forced to retire, leaving our "indestructible" redoubt in the enemy's hands. A rain of bombs now fell on the devoted city; families fled or took refuge in their cellars, while the wounded were carried to the churches. A bomb destroyed part of the Montorias' house; and Augustine and I went to help in its repair. While engaged in this work we were bidden by Don José to go with him on a foraging expedition. The Captain-General had authorized him, as President of the Junta of Supplies, to take necessary provisions where he could find them, paying the current price. A soldier having reported that the miser Candiola was holding large stores of flour for which he demanded an extortionate price, Don José led us to his house, to the consternation of Augustine. I saw that he trembled. At the order to force open Candiola's door he whispered me that he could not obey. Our companions began shouting to the miser to come out, with all sorts of insulting epithets. To my surprise, he came running down, evidently believing that he had to deal with a mob of boys. Seeing Don José he appealed to him for protection. Montoria demanded the flour, and in the dispute that ensued bad names and accusations were freely interchanged.

Don José called the miser a vile traitor and he retorted with hints that Montoria, in his capacity of supply-collector, was defrauding the city. This was too much; there was a struggle, and Candiola was thrown to the ground. As Don José, in his wrath, was kicking the prostrate miser, we heard a woman's cry from the upper story, and the snap of a closing shutter. I looked for Augustine, but he had disappeared. While the miser, having risen, was struggling with the mob, we hastily began to remove the flour. A woman advanced to meet us; and at the first glance I recognized the beautiful Mariquilla, now altered and trembling.

"You are Señor Candiola's daughter?" asked Don José. "Here is the price of your flour." He handed her the money, but Mariquilla, with a sudden movement, hurled the handful of coin full in his face. Then, assisting her father, who had been

rescued from the mob by some young men, she went into the house.

When we had finished with the flour I sought Augustine, and at nightfall finally found him helping the workmen in our improvised powder-works.

"Would that all this powder would explode and tear me to pieces!" he cried. "After what I have seen to-day, I do not wish to live. Did you see her throw the money? Did you see the boys cast mud at her father? He is a wretch, truly; but she, what has she done?"

On the next day he and I were on guard together, and he began to grow restless, saying that he must go to seek Mariquilla. More than once we sought excuse for absence, but the fighting was at its height; everywhere was work to be done, the wounded to care for, the dead to be buried. Body after body we bore forth and threw into the trenches. A huge bomb burst near the Torre Nueva and word went about that the house of Candiola was destroyed. We finished our work as speedily as we might and then set off toward the tower, telling Don José that we went to relieve two friends on duty.

The fire was dying away, but by its waning light we saw that the house of Candiola was safe.

"God has preserved it!" cried Augustine. We stopped at the wall and listened. "You must come with me," said my companion. It was useless to preach caution. Presently we saw a light; then the fastening was withdrawn and the old servant whom I had seen in the church bade us enter. In a moment the lovers were seated together under an old cypress. Mariquilla was telling the story of that terrible afternoon and poor Augustine was doing his best to explain why he did not run to her father's defense. The girl heaped maledictions on the head of the man who had insulted her aged sire, while my unfortunate friend was dumb. Then the girl, in a low voice, told of her father's life, laying bare, without knowing it, his meanness and infamy, until we both marveled at the contradictions of that dwelling. Again the lovers exchanged vows of undying affection; and so it went until the day dawned and the drums and bells sounded the call to arms.

We were carried along by the impetuous surge of the people

going to defend the suburb of Las Tenerias. Three great breaches had been opened in the walls by the French artillery and toward these the attack was now directed. Our men fought like madmen, using sword and bayonet in hand-to-hand combat, and firing from walls, towers, and housetops. Defense was pushed to limits not recognized in the science of war, for the Aragonese nature does not know how to be conquered. The house in which we stood began to crumble beneath the French artillery and I ran to a window to cast myself out, when I saw the French infantry sweeping through one of the breaches, leaving piles of dead and dying behind them. I fled stupefied, calling for Augustine.

"Are you alive?" I cried when I saw him.

"I do not know," he answered; "it is not important."

At last the French were in the city, and a long house-to-house contest began, which raged for many days. We made them lay separate siege to every separate building. To cross every gutter they had to make trenches, zigzags, and covered ways. The French despatches might have read: "After fighting two days and nights, we have taken No. 1 Pabostre Street; we know not when we shall take No. 2!!"

It was midnight before the firing died down. Crowds of men and women were running to and fro. Of a sudden a woman ran swiftly to Augustine and embraced him, speechless with emotion.

"Mariquilla! Mariquilla of my heart!" he cried. "How is it that you are here?"

The girl's hair was loose and her arms were burned and bruised. "Our house is gone," she cried in a stifled voice. "We have lost all. My father will not leave the ruins, but sits there, blaspheming God and the saints. We need food."

We bore her to a house in the Calle de los Clavos, and I hurried to her ruined home. The flames had been partly stifled by the falling roof. Near the grating of a lower window sat Candiola, surrounded by a crowd of taunting women and boys. I pleaded with him to come away, but he refused, cursing me, the city, and above all his daughter.

"She has disgraced me," he shouted, "for last night I saw her in the garden with two soldiers. Before I could descend,

they had fled. I told her I would disown her and just then the bomb fell!" It was useless to move him, and I left him and old Guedita trying to dig into the ruins with pick and spade.

The events of the next two weeks are so confused in my mind that I am not sure of dates. I cannot even tell whether certain skirmishes took place by day or by night. Once we were fighting, as usual, in the houses, being driven from room to room, when I saw Candiola watching over a heap of clothes and crockery that he had saved. He was beside himself and complained that the civil authorities would not protect him and his goods. We were turning away when I caught sight of Mariquilla. She asked for water, and the miser attacked me savagely when I took a cup from his pile to give a drink to his daughter. Days afterward, when the end was near, when we had unsuccessfully defended monasteries, churches, and houses only to see them blown up at length by the enemy, I saw the old man coming out of a house, with scorched clothing, and holding in his hands a live cackling fowl. I stopped, asking about his daughter and Augustine, but he hardly spoke rationally.

"My daughter—I do not know—all! all! I have lost all. My receipts were burned, but I saved this hen. Yesterday they were worth five duros!" Presently he sat down on a stone, still holding the chicken, and I found out, by dint of questioning, that the house in which they had all taken refuge had been burned to retard the enemy's progress. His box of receipts had been lost; and in his lamentations over them he could spare no time to tell me of his daughter. Shortly, however, Guedita came up and we led him to an alley where Mariquilla had taken refuge. "Where is Augustine?" I asked.

"His brother is dead, and he has gone," she said.

Without waiting to hear more, I ran to comfort our old friend Montoria. Stretched on the ground I found the body of his eldest son, Manuel, whose head had been pierced by a musket-ball. Manuel's son, a boy of four years, lay dying, near by, of the epidemic that was already adding the horrors of disease to those of war throughout the city. Manuel's mother held his head in her lap and refused to believe that he was dead.

"O God!" she moaned, "what ails my son that he does not speak, nor move, nor wake?"

"O Lord God," spoke Montoria in solemn tones, "why didst thou not take my old and worthless life? But it is thy will, and we bow to it. Rise, Leocadia, our son must be buried."

But the dead lay unburied on every hand. In the streets were piles of bodies, unheeded. We left poor Manuel and his boy lying where they had passed away, and began to look about us for food, of which all were in sad need. At this moment we heard the cackle of a fowl, and saw Candiola approaching, still with his chicken, which he at once offered to sell for a doubloon. I snatched it from him but Don José gravely checked me, saying: "Let him have what he asks." Having paid the money he went on: "Señor Candiola, you provoked me the other day. My blood went to my head and I offended you. I am now in great trouble. Forgive me and let us be friends."

Candiola turned, and skulking away, muttered: "You have robbed me, you hypocrite!"

We started after the insolent cur, but Montoria stopped us, with the words: "Let him go in peace. Let us have compassion on the unfortunate man."

It now became evident that resistance could not last much longer. The fighting daily became less bloody, for French and Spanish were both perishing with fatigue. Several days later, while I was talking with Montoria, Mariquilla approached, seeking her father. Alone as she was, she became at once the target for the jests and insinuations of the bystanders.

"She is the miser's daughter, is she not?"

"Yes, there is no good in the Candiola blood."

"She is always running about with the soldiers."

Montoria rebuked the scandal-mongers, but the talk went on; and when Candiola appeared a little later he was greeted with jeers. "What's this we hear, old man, about your confabs with the French inside their lines?"

"It's untrue," he snapped out; "it's a vile calumny of my enemies. Where is my daughter?"

"That virginal white lily is looking for her amiable papa."

"My daughter has lost her senses, but Señor Montoria is to blame. He ought to keep his son Augustine in order." The old man multiplied his taunts until Don José could scarcely control himself. By this time a crowd had gathered and the

talk of the miser's treachery with the French began to increase. It was with difficulty that we got the old man away.

Mariquilla was still ignorant of the relationship between her lover and Don José. A few days later Montoria was wounded in the leg and the girl, being near by, hastened to bind it up.

"Why do you gaze at me so?" cried the stricken man. "Do you know me?"

"I have seen you only once," she answered, "and God grant you do not remember me!" A dull noise like thunder shook the house. The convent of San Francisco, the last refuge of the patriots, had been blown up by the French. Soldiers, running in, began to tell how the enemy had gained access through underground passages, belonging to one of Candiola's houses, to which the miser had guided them. All was over, but the fighting had not yet ended. On the next day I met Augustine, moodily walking the street. "I have sought death all day," he cried, "yet he has passed me by. I tried to kill myself, but I could not. Dear friend, take your pistol and in mercy end my life."

"What is the matter?" I asked.

"The unfortunate Candiola is condemned to death. His crime is unquestioned, and in my pocket is an order commanding me to execute the sentence this very night. I cannot—I will not obey!"

I was trying to console him when Mariquilla ran up to him, embracing him and calling on him to save her father.

"I cannot set him at liberty," he cried, "but I will not take his blood." Mariquilla redoubled her supplications—her appeals to his love and pity. My poor friend was wavering, when there was a stir and there suddenly appeared a man on crutches —Don José. "What is this stir?" he asked. "Augustine, why are you weeping?"

"Are you in command, sir?" asked the girl, turning to him. "Then save my father's life!"

"Impossible."

"Then Augustine will do it."

"This young man will do his duty."

"O my father!" cried Augustine, pale as death, "I have never thought of failing in it."

"Is that your father?" cried the girl. "Augustine, tell him that you love me. Perhaps that will move him to pity."

"The girl is mad," said Don José. "Here, my girl, why do you talk so? You have a sweet face; perhaps you are not willingly vicious—"

"No!" cried Augustine suddenly. "She shall not be insulted! I love her! The world may know it. I cannot kill her father and thus I break my sword." He suited the action to the word and strode away.

After a final heartrending scene, in which Mariquilla alternately pleaded for her father and cursed his assassins, the poor girl was led away. It was my last sight of her alive.

The next few days were like a nightmare. The miserable Candiola met his fate as justice had decreed. The city surrendered and the French took possession. Poor Mariquilla was found dead of grief and shock; and Augustine, after giving her burial, retired to his monastery, whence he never emerged.

As for me, after I recovered, I continued in the campaign of 1809.

MARIANELA (1878)

The sentiment of this work struck a popular chord in Spanish hearts, so that its circulation exceeded that of some of his more ambitious books. The author says that the idea of writing the story came to him on reading in an English newspaper an article entitled "Sketches from Cantábria," embodying a description of a marble monument in Socartes erected to a beautiful girl of the nobility, whose eccentric habit it was to wander about the country as a mendicant. Knowing the true story of this monument, he proceeded to write it.

HE sun was setting, and as darkness came on the traveler hastened onward, fearing to lose his way to the mines of Socartes, for his instructions from his brother, Don Carlos, had been laconic: "Go straight on—straight on."

Teodoro Golfin was of middle age, broad-shouldered and energetic. He paused several times, trying to make out his whereabouts, but the path was indistinct. Finally he sat down to smoke a cigar until the moon should rise.

A woman's voice rose near by, singing the plaintive melody of a national folk-song. He called, and the song ceased, but no answer came. Suddenly a dog bounded toward him, barking fiercely.

"Chato! Chato!" commanded a masculine voice. "Here, Chato!"

Golfin rose and advanced rapidly, and came upon a young man.

"Señor," he said, "I have lost my path; can you direct me to Socartes? I am—" He paused, for, notwithstanding the darkness, his experienced eye detected at once that the stranger was blind.

"With pleasure," the latter replied, in a boyish voice.

"But—you are—"

"Yes, blind. Born so. But still I can guide you. Come!"

They walked on together, the blind boy leading, as if in possession of all a normal man's faculties.

"Whose voice was that I heard singing?" demanded Golfin. "What a beautiful voice that woman had!"

The youth turned with enthusiastic warmth.

"Yes, beautiful!" he exclaimed. "It was Nela. She will meet us presently. It was cool, and she has gone for my cloak."

The road passed through wild, rocky country. On one side yawned a black chasm, from whose depths gurgled the waters of a running brook. It was the bottomless pit, said some, others declared that it was the opening into a subterranean river. The few persons that had descended into its gloomy depths never had returned to report discoveries.

Golfin conversed with his young companion, and learned that Nela was his guide, who directed his steps in his daily walks about the *praderas*. As they approached the village, the girl met them. The blind boy was left at a house near the outskirts, while Nela continued with Golfin, to guide him to the house of his brother, Don Carlos, the engineer of the mines.

Nela had a small, childish body, but the eyes of a woman. As a child, she seemed to him remarkably precocious; as a woman, somewhat undeveloped. Evidently she felt his curiosity. "People say I am sixteen years old," she told him. "Who knows? And they say also that I am quite a phenomenon," she added wearily.

Her poor and scanty dress, her short, thick, unkempt hair suggested an independent spirit. Her speech was slow, thoughtful, her voice gentle, her glance restless, even shy. Her small face, with narrow forehead and a sharp but not ill-shaped nose, was covered with freckles; while her lips were so thin and colorless as to be almost invisible.

Nela was of illegitimate birth. Her mother had been a wet-nurse, but during a drunken frenzy she had thrown herself into the before-mentioned chasm called La Trascava.

Nela's physique was too slight to allow her to work in the mines, and a sense of her own uselessness had depressed her, until she had been hired by the wealthy Don Francisco Penaguilas to become the guide of his blind son.

"*Pablo!* Holy Virgin!" she exclaimed. "He is my best

friend in the world. Poor fellow! But he is more clever than those who have eyes."

Then she told Golfin that Don Carlos's brother was expected. He was a great oculist, and he was coming to examine his nephew Pablo's eyes.

Soon they reached the mines, and Teodoro Golfin was welcomed by his brother, the engineer.

Nela lived in the family of a man named Centeno, who was caretaker of the horses and mules of the mines. His home was a miserable hut, in which he and his children slept on the floors. Nela's bed was in a large basket. These poor creatures seemed contented with their lot—that is, all except Celipin. He confided to Nela that he was saving all his pennies, and that he would some day leave his parents, to go somewhere to study. Yes, he would become an educated man, like Don Carlos. He would be a doctor!

Every morning Nela went to Aldeacorba, to the house of her master, the blind boy. Pablo's face was of classic beauty; even his sightless eyes were large and brilliant. During his walks with Nela, he tried, from her descriptions, to imagine things as they were. He felt that all that was good must be beautiful, and that, therefore, Nela must be the most beautiful of young women.

Poor Nela! She had only to look into a bit of mirror to be convinced of the falseness of Pablo's theory. "Mother of God!" she would murmur, "how hideous I am." But she had not the courage to tell Pablo this; while he assured her repeatedly that he loved her and would some day marry her.

Dr. Golfin examined Pablo's eyes, and decided to take the risk of an operation. Pablo's heart bounded joyously at this announcement, but Nela's delight was keenly tempered by other emotions.

She sat near the little brook that flowed into La Trascava chasm. The babbling water seemed to murmur to her in her mother's voice: "My little girl, come! It is pleasant down here." And Pablo, beside her, laughed. "I love you!" he cried, "and soon I shall see my beloved."

But the babbling water, as it rippled along, kept up its low, inviting murmur: "Come, daughter! Come, your mother calls!"

Don Francisco's joy was keen at the possibility of having his son's eyesight restored. He longed to have his boy see the land, the trees, the cattle he possessed. And he wished him eventually to marry his beautiful cousin.

Nela prayed to the Holy Virgin; she prayed for a miracle, that she might be made beautiful. But a night of prayer brought no results. On her way to Aldeacorba the next morning, the bushes on the wayside parted, and she suddenly beheld a beautiful vision that seemed to her an apparition of the Madonna. It was the lovely Florentina Penaguilas, Pablo's cousin. When Nela knew who she was, she realized her own hopelessness.

Florentina's heart was no less beautiful than her person. She warmed to her less fortunate sister, and, had Nela consented, would have taken her to her home, clothed and cared for her, and given her the education of a lady. But Nela desired nobody's charity.

"Pablo sees!" Such was the joyful news after the delicate operation. Though faintly at first, the outside world was finally revealed to Pablo's wondering eyes. One by one he made out the objects he had heard about; all, but Nela. She was gone. Florentina found her at home.

"Come," she said. "Pablo wishes to see you. He begs you to come at once."

Nela broke into paroxysms of sobbing. Then, suddenly kissing Florentina, she sprang into the garden shrubbery and disappeared. Florentina was astounded: "Ungrateful child!" she murmured.

Nela wandered about the fields and woods during the days; at night she would steal close up to Aldeacorba and watch the house. One evening she met Celipin, her foster-brother, on the road near La Trascava. He had a bundle slung over his shoulder.

"Nela!" he cried, "I was looking for you. I am leaving home; I shall go to my studies. Don Golfin says that all of us here are as dull and stupid as the stones. Come, let us go together—you and I together!"

"I? Why should I go?" demanded Nela bitterly. "For you—it is different. For me—too late!"

Celipin went, disconsolate and alone. Nela watched him disappearing in the gloom. Then she turned and began descending La Trascava. The call of a man's voice near by arrested her. She turned again, and saw Dr. Golfin. Taking her hand, he drew her up to the road.

"Silly child," he demanded sternly, "what are you doing here by this chasm at night?"

"I do not want to live," she cried hysterically; "my mother is down there; she calls me."

Golfin restrained her gently. Then, in a burst of hopeless bitterness, she told him all—of Pablo's professions of love, and of her own terror lest he should see her. She made a desperate effort to break away from Golfin, and to hurl herself into the chasm. The doctor drew her forcibly to him, lifted her frail body in his arms, and carried her to Aldeacorba. Her condition was critical; he wrapped her in blankets and laid her on the sofa in Florentina's room.

Florentina's beauty fascinated Pablo. Nela had become a receding memory of his days of darkness. After all, he had known only her voice and touch.

The day after Nela's reappearance, the doctor and Florentina were sitting at her bedside, when suddenly Pablo entered the room. He sprang toward his cousin and caught her in his arms, passionately kissing her hands and wrists. Florentina's efforts to repel him were futile. The doctor took the young man by the arm and dragged him away from her.

Then Pablo's still feeble sight rested on the figure on the bed. He saw a pallid, wasted face. The parted lips were white and exposed the teeth. Impulsively he reached out his hand in sympathy to this incarnation of human misery. Nela's despairing eyes were fixed on him. Suddenly she freed one hand from the coverlets, and took one of his. At her touch Pablo stood petrified, gasped, then shuddered.

"Yes, señorito mio," said she. "It is Nela."

"You!—Nela!" gasped Pablo. "Holy Virgin—you!"

An awful silence followed.

Then Dr. Golfin, realizing the situation, hurried the young man from the room. He and Florentina tried to restore some animation to the wasted body on the bed.

"Don Teodoro, what is the matter with her?" exclaimed the girl.

"How should I know?" he responded shortly.

"But you are a doctor."

"Yes—of eyes, not of passions."

Then Florentina understood.

Nela's lips moved, then closed. She was dead. Don Teodoro bent over her, kissed the pale face, and murmured:

"Woman, you did well to quit the world!"

Nela's funeral was a large and magnificent ceremonial. Over her grave stands a white marble pillar, inscribed:

"MARIA MANUELA TELLEZ,
Recalled to Heaven
October the 12th, 186–."

JOHN GALT

(Scotland, 1799–1839)

LAWRIE TODD (1832)

In this work the author has given the imaginary biography of a Scotchman in the United States of America in the beginning of the nineteenth century. He describes the rise and progress of a successful American settlement, and exaggerates neither the privations to be endured nor the rapidity with which they were overcome. The character of Lawrie Todd was suggested to the author by his meeting with a man of very small stature, whose tales of the adventures he had experienced inspired this book. Those who have visited the Genesee country will probably recognize in the account of Judiville a subdued outline of the history and localities of Rochester, N. Y. The original of the character was Grant Thorburn (born in Scotland in 1773, died in New Haven, Conn., in 1863), who came to New York in 1794, subsequently made a fortune in the seed business, and wrote several books, using "Lawrie Todd" as his pen-name.

I WAS born in the little village of Bonnytown, cosily situated on the beautiful river Esk, and though many years have passed over me since I bade it farewell, its trees and hedges are still green in my remembrance. My father was poor, but honest and industrious, and followed his trade of nail-maker with hard labor and constancy, and in the fear of God. My mother died when I was in my third year, and this event, of which I retain a distinct impression, is my earliest recollection.

After my mother's death I fell to the care of a woman whom my father hired to keep his house, and so careless and negligent was she of my welfare that, being naturally delicate, I gradually dwindled until I lost the use of my lower limbs. I was also so undersized that when I was ten a child of five years was in comparison a Samson, and I was regarded by most persons as a heedless and harmless baby. But my brain was normal and healthy, and I endeavored by observation to gain the knowledge that physical limitations prevented me from acquiring in other ways.

Later, after recovering my health through a course of outdoor life, I found myself filled with an ambition to excel my companions in scholarly pursuits, if not in physical ones, for I remained handicapped in the latter particular. In fact, I never attained the average size or stature of man, my height not exceeding four feet and a half, while my weight never exceeded ninety-eight pounds. Though a dwarf in strength and stature, I was possessed of a brisk and courageous spirit, and no one could disparage my capacity either in book-learning or in business craft, for I took up my father's trade of nail-making and surpassed most of my competitors in that line.

In the year 1792 the news of the French Revolution inspired many persons to champion the cause of the oppressed, and with the brave confidence in myself that has so often been my support in times of adversity, I enlisted in this service. I developed a taste for oratory, and spoke at meetings with such success that I was thought to be in a fair way to become a finished orator, when suddenly this bright dream was shattered. Out came a warrant from Edinburgh, whereby seventeen of us were marched before the lords to answer for high treason. Our appearance, however, was so humble, most of us being lads of mechanical vocations, that we impressed our judges as being too innocent and inoffensive to be guilty of the grave charge on which we were held, and in consequence we were dismissed on a small bail to appear later for trial. The predicament into which I had brought myself grieved my father deeply, and in order to get my brother and me out of harm's way, he settled with our bailsman, and paying our passage on the ship *Providence*, he sent us off to try our fortunes in America.

I was now in my twentieth year and never had been twenty miles from the house where I was born, so this move was of great moment to me. After a voyage of eight weeks we landed in New York, and my arrival there I look upon as the greatest event in my eventful history. Here were my brother and I in a new world, two inexperienced young men, with only a shilling and three sixpences remaining of the pound that our loving father had bestowed upon us with a tearful blessing.

Our ship had no sooner cast anchor than a boat came alongside containing several persons in search of servants or artizans

of various sorts. What was my joy when the third inquiry proved to be for a nail-maker, and without hesitation I reponded, "I am one."

"You?" my questioner replied, looking down upon me as if I were a fairy, "you, can you make nails?"

"I'll wager a sixpence," was my answer, "that I'll make more nails in one day than any man in America."

This reply, the manner of it, and the figure of the boaster, set all present into a roar of laughter, which ended by Mr. Tongs (that was the stranger's name) giving me his card and requesting me to call with my brother at his store.

As an apology for having made such a boast, I may mention that a few weeks before leaving home I did, for a wager of sixpence, make in one day, between six in the morning and nine at night, three thousand two hundred and twenty nails, which was more by four hundred than ever was heard of in Britain as the work of one man among the craft within the like period.

Our employment by Mr. Tongs proved most satisfactory in result, as he was a religious man, and we received from him fair and honest treatment. Before finding a permanent boarding-place we were obliged to make several changes, but we finally took up our abode with a widow who had a gentle and lovely daughter named Rebecca.

The young lady soon captured my heart, as she was of a religious and unselfish nature, and I was so fortunate as to win her for my wife, in spite of the fact that she had another suitor much more favored in looks and richer in worldly goods than I.

Previously to my marriage, my brother and I, having accumulated a little capital by dint of hard labor, set up a small hardware store in connection with my nail-making, and this enterprise was the first of many in which I was to embark.

My marriage with Rebecca brought me great happiness, but it was soon followed by the scourge of a pestilence that devastated the city. Through this terrible time my wife and I ministered to the sick and dying, and in the midst of this awful experience our first-born child was brought into the world. My gentle Rebecca did not long survive the birth of her son; she was stricken with a fatal disease and faded slowly away, leaving me overwhelmed with grief.

In proper time it seemed wise that I should marry again, and on this occasion I chose the niece of my neighbor and friend, Mr. Hoskins, a capable woman with a few hundred dollars to her credit, which did not go amiss in my financial condition.

After my second marriage my affairs began to prosper. I entered into various enterprises that brought me good returns, and I accumulated considerable property. Then the fever of speculation took possession of me, and, desiring to increase my wealth speedily, I indulged in one venture after another, until I had entirely dissipated the fortune I had striven so hard to gain.

At the age of thirty-nine I found myself as penniless as I had been when I arrived in America, and with a wife and five children dependent upon me. While overcome with depression at my misfortunes and sorrowing for the death of one of my loved children, which occurred at this time, I was stricken with a fever that nearly proved fatal. While convalescent I took a boat-trip to Albany in order to restore my shattered health, and while on this excursion I heard of a new venture that at once aroused my interest and enthusiasm. One of my fellow-passengers was an elderly woman, who was on her way to join her son, a settler in the western part of the State; and her description of the great opportunities the new country afforded led me to the decision that this was the place in which to try my new fortunes.

Accordingly, upon my return I gathered my family and my few remaining possessions, and with a small sum of money, lent me by Mr. Hoskins, who thoroughly approved of my venture, I set out for the Genesee country to try life in the woods. The experiences that my family and I were called upon to endure at this period of our existence were many and varied, and so great were the hardships that many times my spirit quailed and I cursed the hour that I had come to this wild country.

While we were struggling along in the effort to make both ends meet, we were agreeably surprised one day to receive a visit from Mr. and Mrs. Hoskins. The former, who was a Vermonter by birth and as shrewd a Yankee as is often met with, had been impressed by the possibilities of these wild western forests, and had followed me in my undertaking to see

how things were progressing. He at once set about prospecting the country, and I could plainly see that he was pleased with the results of his investigations. It was decided that my wife and I should join Mr. and Mrs. Hoskins in a tour of exploration, and we entered into the plan with little idea of what the future had in store for us. Indeed, this trip proved only too memorable, for my patient and uncomplaining wife sickened and died, and was buried at the temporary stopping-place where her illness occurred.

This place, however, which had brought such a loss to my home and heart, seemed to be rich in possibilities for a settlement, and accordingly Mr. Hoskins and I invested in large tracts of land, which later became the site of a flourishing town which we called Judiville. The growth of this prosperous settlement was successful from the start, and Mr. Hoskins and I had the satisfaction of seeing our plans materialize and our purses fill.

Meantime my children had been growing up, and my oldest son, Robin, whom I had sent to New York at the age of fifteen to secure a business education, was giving me some cause for anxiety. I received several letters from old friends in the city, to whom I appealed for tidings of my son. These communications informed me that he had fallen in with gay companions, and was devoting himself to amusements and recreations, to the neglect of his business and sterner duties.

While hesitating as to what course to pursue in this matter, I suddenly received the startling intelligence that my son had taken part in a duel, in which he had presumably mortally wounded his adversary, and in consequence he and his second had fled the country. I was horror-stricken, and I wrote at once to my aged father, thinking that Robin might seek shelter with him, and entreating him to look with compassion upon my erring son. In due time I received my father's response, which told me, as I had surmised, that Robin was with him and was receiving his affectionate care. The letter also expressed the wish that my father might see my brother and me again before he died, and so impressed was I with his request that I decided to go to Scotland and see him and my son as soon as my business could be arranged.

At this time affairs in Judiville were progressing most satisfactorily. The population was increasing with marvelous rapidity, building was going on steadily, and a church, a bank, and a mill company had been established. In all these enterprises I was strongly interested, and in consequence it took some little time to arrange matters so that I could leave them for several months.

The day of my departure finally arrived, and attended by the good wishes of my many friends, who had assembled to bid me God-speed, I set out on my journey. I reached my old home filled with joyous anticipations at being again united with my father after so many years of separation, but learned to my grief and sorrow that the aged man was no more, having peacefully passed away only a few hours before my arrival. This sad intelligence robbed my return of all its anticipated pleasure, and instead of being able to share the fruits of my prosperity with my good and kind father I was only able to provide him with his burial.

My reunion with my son Robin proved to be a perfect reconciliation, as our meeting, hallowed by the presence of death, was free from reproach or recrimination on my part. His penitence was such, as he threw himself weeping upon my neck, that I forgave him everything, and never from that moment did a word of censure fall from my lips. I found that Robin was applying himself to his studies and trying in every way to make up for his past follies, and I was glad to be able to inform him that his injured adversary had recovered from his wound.

During my sojourn in Scotland I hired for a month a furnished house near the river Tweed, and my son and I were cordially received by our neighbors, who showed us many attentions. The owner of the house we occupied was a maiden lady of angular proportions and uncertain age, Miss Beeny Needles, who was willing to rent her ancestral estate during her temporary residence with her niece, Mrs. Greenknowe. The latter was an attractive widow of about thirty, who, having lost her husband a year previously, had in her solitude sought the companionship of her maiden aunt.

To my great surprise I suddenly found myself singled out for the attentions of the aged spinster, and discovered to my

horror that she was evidently bent on securing me for her husband. Although when I left Judiville my friends had jokingly suggested that I should bring back a wife, and though I had at times felt a desire for a congenial companion, still Miss Beeny Needles was hardly the person whom my fond fancy had painted. Accordingly I set about accomplishing her disillusionment and succeeded so completely that her ire was aroused to the point of having me up for assault and battery. This was brought about by my pinning one of her cap-ribbons to the sofa one day, when we were alone together, and when she arose hastily, leaving her wig behind her, her rage and mortification were unbounded.

Meanwhile the charms of Mrs. Greenknowe had been making a deep impression upon me, and I made up my mind to ask her to become my wife. In doing so, I told her I never could love again as I had first loved my sainted Rebecca; and she in return acknowledged that her deepest affection was buried in the grave with her husband, but nevertheless she agreed to join her fortunes to mine and return with me to America.

In due course of time we were married and I brought back my wife to Judiville, where she was accorded a warm welcome. I found that affairs had steadily prospered during the eight months of my absence, and the town was growing so rapidly that I could hardly believe it to be the same place that Mr. Hoskins and I had prospected so short a time before.

When Judiville had grown sufficiently to be represented in the legislature I was chosen as the representative. This honor affected me deeply and I was strongly tempted to accept its responsibilities, but as this would mean absolutely severing myself from my native land and becoming an American citizen, I finally decided that I owed allegiance to the land that gave me birth.

As time progressed, my children by my two former marriages were happily married, and my wife and I, and the one child with which the Lord had blessed our union, returned to our native land. This departure was brought about by the fact that I no longer seemed indispensable in the home of my adoption. My married children no longer needed me; the settlement in which I had been so actively interested was now a large and

flourishing town; I had sufficient means to live independently, and my wife and I both felt inclined to spend our remaining years on our native heath.

Accordingly we took our departure, accompanied by the tears and regrets of our many friends, my own tears falling freely as I pronounced what I felt to be a final farewell to those who had been my companions in my hours of trial as well as in prosperity.

And so concludes the history of a life that has been eventful and varied, but through it all I have endeavored to trust in God's providence and to resign myself to His will even when the way was dark and no glimmer of light seemed to cast its ray upon my path.

ELIZABETH CLEGHORN STEVENSON GASKELL

(England, 1810–1865)

CRANFORD (1853)

The village that is called Cranford in this story has been identified as Knutsford, a small town in Cheshire, England, not far from Manchester. Of all Mrs. Gaskell's novels this has achieved the widest fame and maintains its popularity unimpaired to the present day.

IN the first place, Cranford was in possession of the Amazons; all the holders of houses above a certain rent were women. The women themselves did not mind. "A man," they would say, "is so in the way in the house." If some of us had a little difficulty in making both ends meet, we never spoke of it—the subject of money savored of trade, and though we might be poor we were all aristocratic. We kept early hours, and practised what we called "elegant economy." To spend money we considered vulgar, and this sour-grapism made us very peaceful and satisfied. I shall never forget how shocked I was to hear old Captain Brown, when he first came among us, talk openly on the street, in loud, military tones, of his poverty! The Captain, with his two daughters, took a small house in the outskirts. Miss Brown was forty and her sister Jessie about ten years younger. Jessie had blue eyes, and red lips, and dimples, which Miss Jenkyns thought scandalous. The Captain soon became a favorite with the ladies, though a man at their card-parties was such an innovation, and though he had an occasional spat with Miss Jenkyns. The Captain admired the new romances of Mr. Boz, while Miss Jenkyns preferred Dr. Johnson's *Rasselas*, whose style she loved to copy in her correspondence.

Once the Captain was reported to have muttered, "D—n Dr. Johnson!"—and it was the next day that Miss Jenkyns spoke with disapproval of Miss Jessie's dimples.

The Captain tried to make his peace by presenting Miss Jenkyns with a fire-shovel, but she received it coolly. They were never very cordial after that. The poor, brave Captain with his threadbare coat and cheerful air! The elder daughter was an invalid. Everything had been done for her, but there was no hope—that was easy to see. Though the Browns were poor, they bore up bravely. The Captain said little about it, but when he did so he could not keep his voice from quavering and he looked like an old man. One day Jenny, Miss Jenkyns's maid, came running in with a white face. "Oh, Ma'am," she cried, "Captain Brown is killed by them nasty cruel railroads!" It was only too true. The poor man had been run down while trying to save a little child who had toddled on the track.

"God pardon me, if I ever spoke contemptuously to him," cried Miss Jenkyns—and catching up her bonnet she ran to comfort the afflicted ones, while we huddled over the fire.

Not long after the Captain was laid away, Miss Brown died, and little Miss Jessie was left alone in the world. Miss Jenkyns insisted on giving her a home; but it was not long before she was carried away by an old suitor, Major Gordon.

The last time I ever saw Miss Jenkyns was many years after this, when she was old and feeble and had lost something of her strong mind; but she could still praise *The Rambler*, which she insisted was better than "the queer old book by Mr. Boz that poor Captain Brown was killed for reading."

After Miss Jenkyns's death the Cranford ladies hardly knew how to give a party. The leadership had fallen on the Honorable Mrs. Jamieson, but she was very fat and inert; and our old sociability languished somewhat. It was at this time, while I was visiting Miss Matty, Miss Jenkyns's sister, that I learned of an old love-affair that interested me greatly. A distant cousin of Miss Pole, one of our Cranford friends, had offered himself to Miss Matty long ago, and had been refused. Her father, the rector, considered the match not quite good enough, and Miss Matty's feelings, whatever they may have

been, were not considered. I was much excited when Miss Pole told me that her cousin, Thomas Holbrook, was in town, and I fell to castle-building.

"How old is he?" I asked.

"Oh, about seventy," replied Miss Pole, blowing my castle to bits.

It was not long, however, before I was to witness the meeting of the old lovers after forty years' separation. It was in one of the Cranford shops. Mr. Holbrook seemed full of honest joy, and kept shaking her hand as if to show the warmth of his friendship; as for Miss Matty, she left the shop bewildered, forgetting to buy either red or green silk. She went straight to her room and at tea-time she looked as if she had been crying.

A few days later we had an invitation to spend a day at Mr. Holbrook's place; and though timid Miss Matty was afraid it would be "improper," we finally persuaded her to go. The day was a success, though Mr. Holbrook was a little old-fashioned.

"It is very pleasant dining with a bachelor," said Miss Matty softly, as we left him to enjoy his pipe. "I only hope it is not improper; so many pleasant things are!"

It was not long after this that he called again on Miss Matty and announced his intention of visiting Paris—a plan that filled the dear lady with fear lest the frogs' legs he would eat should not agree with him. Poor man! the journey was indeed too much for him, for soon after his return we heard, first of his illness, and then of his death. Miss Matty never spoke of him again; but I heard her asking her milliner to make her some caps like Mrs. Jamieson's.

"Widow's caps, Ma'am?"

"No—no, of course not widow's, but just something like Mrs. Jamieson's."

It was some time after this that I was looking over old correspondence with Miss Matty, and we came across some of her younger brother Peter's letters from school.

"Poor Peter," sighed Miss Matty. The boy had been the darling of his mother and in high favor with his father, "but he seemed to think," said she, "that the Cranford people could be joked about, and he was always hoaxing them. Finally,

once when my sister Deborah had gone away on a visit, Peter dressed himself in her clothes, and with a pillow in his arms made up to look like a baby, walked to and fro just within the hedge where he could be half seen. He told me afterward that he never thought about what people might say of Deborah; he just wanted to make the townspeople talk. A little crowd of people was gathering, when my father happened by. He saw it all in a flash, and his face went white with anger. Bidding the people stop where they were, he tore away the bonnet and gown from the boy, and raising his cane gave Peter a terrible flogging. The lad stood quite still, and when it was over he bowed ceremoniously to the crowd, and going into the house, kissed his mother and then disappeared. It was a long time before we realized that he had gone away; and then there were anxious days of searching when we feared every hour to hear that the boy's body had been found at the bottom of some pond."

"And where was he?" asked I.

"He had gone to Liverpool and enlisted on a man-of-war. Long afterward, when poor mother lay in her coffin, just before the funeral, a beautiful shawl came as a present for her from Peter, who was then in India. My father ordered that she should be buried in it; he said Peter would have liked it. Afterward, when Peter was a lieutenant, he came to visit us, and my father was very proud of him. You should have seen him leaning on Peter's arm! We have never heard from him since one of those great wars in India. I am sure he is dead, but sometimes I think I hear his footstep in the street, and it puts me all in a flutter."

There was a stir indeed in Cranford when Mrs. Jamieson announced that her sister-in-law, Lady Glenmire, was coming to stay with her. Each friend rapidly reviewed her wardrobe, to determine its fitness to appear in the presence of a Baron's widow, for of course the usual series of small festivals would be held; and we all felt pleasantly excited. The morning after the announcement, Miss Pole made her appearance at Miss Matty's and—quite by the way—took occasion to ask the proper form of address for Lady Glenmire.

"I'm strangely ignorant, I'm afraid you'll think, but do

we say 'your ladyship' instead of just 'you,' and 'my lady' instead of 'ma'am'?"

Poor, flustered Miss Matty did not know; and it was really a relief to her when Mrs. Jamieson came on a very impertinent errand. She evidently wished to have her noble sister-in-law think that she visited only "county" families; for she desired that the Cranford people should not call on Lady Glenmire! When the Cranford ladies—who were really ladies—understood the drift of the honorable lady's wishes there was much indignation. When Lady Glenmire first appeared at church, we averted our eyes, although we took good care to question the maids about her appearance, and learned that she was "a little body in an old black silk." The next Sunday passed in like manner; but my lady then began to discover that Mrs. Jamieson's house was not the liveliest in the world, and we suddenly received invitations for a small party. Miss Matty and I had decided to decline, but Miss Pole, who had a new cap and a desire to show it, persuaded us that we should forgive and forget. And so we all went—a greater array of new caps and brooches than Cranford had ever seen. Mrs. Jamieson lived in a large house just outside the town. The drawing-room had white and gold furniture, with one table devoted to Literature (the Bible, a Peerage, and a prayer-book) and another to the Fine Arts (a kaleidoscope, puzzle-cards, and a painted box). Carlo lay on the rug and barked at us as we entered. It was a bit stiff at first, but Lady Glenmire soon put us at our ease. She was a bright little woman who had once been pretty, and, "My dear" (said Miss Pole the next day), "ten pounds would have bought every stitch she had on!" It was surely pleasant to find that a peeress could be poor! Our friendship grew warmer over tea and expanded over the cards. Miss Pole quite forgot to say "your ladyship." We found that Lady Glenmire had given up her Edinburgh apartments and was to live with Mrs. Jamieson indefinitely; and we agreed that it was a fine thing for Cranford, especially as the good lady had turned out to be as far removed as any of us from the "vulgarity of wealth."

Cranford was in a great state of excitement: Signor Brunoni was to exhibit his wonderful magic in the Assembly Rooms on

Wednesday and Friday evenings. We talked it all over at Miss Matty's. Miss Pole had been to the Rooms on an errand and had actually caught a glimpse of the great man himself. As to magic, she was inclined to be skeptical, and believed there might be a scientific explanation even for the Witch of Endor. Mrs. Forrester believed everything, from ghosts to witches, while Miss Matty uniformly agreed with the last speaker.

The long-expected evening came, and we sat in the front row at the Assembly Room, before the green curtain. When it went up with a jerk we saw a calm person in Turkish costume with beard and turban, who, Miss Pole declared in a loud whisper, was certainly not the gentleman she had seen the other day. After a hazy discourse in very broken English he began his tricks; and they really were wonderful! Miss Pole pulled out some notes she had made from a cyclopedia article on conjuring and read them aloud, which made the conjurer frown at her, but helped us little. We grew more and more mystified; and at last Miss Matty and Mrs. Forrester became perfectly awe-stricken. They questioned in a whisper whether it could be quite right to look at such things; but they were finally reassured by the sight of Mr. Hayter, the bachelor rector, sitting amid a body-guard of schoolboys and grinning broadly at every trick.

The Signor's visit was the starting-point for a good deal of Cranford history. People began to talk of burglars—there were one or two real robberies and a great number of imaginary ones. At Miss Matty's we used to make a nightly round of inspection armed with the poker and hearth-brush. Cranford had so long prided itself on being a moral town that we felt sure the evil-doers must be outsiders, perhaps foreigners—and this naturally suggested Signor Brunoni.

"What's the use," exclaimed Miss Matty, "of locks and bolts, when a conjurer is at the bottom of it?"

In the midst of the excitement Miss Pole called to say that she was sure there was a plan to rob her house. She threw herself on our hospitality; and she and Miss Matty told so many horrid stories of robbery and murder that we were almost hysterical. The next day Lady Glenmire came to tell us that

men's footprints had been seen in Mrs. Jamieson's garden-beds. Two days later Miss Pole's dog Carlo died—some said of fits, but she declared he was poisoned. Could Signor Brunoni still be abroad? This went on until, what with Miss Pole's tales, and rumors of assaults and robberies that proved to be mistakes, and ghost-stories that turned our blood cold, we were quite panic-stricken. Mrs. Forrester hired a little boy to stay at her house and giving him the Major's (her late husband's) sword, instructed him to use it fearlessly if roused; but the lad slept so soundly that he could scarcely be waked in the mornings, so that he was not of much use.

One day Miss Pole and Lady Glenmire stopped at an inn, about three miles from Cranford, to ask their way, and were told of some poor people—man and wife and little girl—who had taken refuge at the place several weeks before. They saw the woman and found out from her that her husband was none other than the far-famed Signor Brunoni—Samuel Brown was his real name. The poor man was indeed ill, and from this time forth was made quite a pet in Cranford, the ladies vying with each other in doing kindnesses to the family. Once, in talking with the "Signora," I was surprised to hear her say that they had been in India, Sam, her husband, having been a sergeant in the Thirty-first Regiment.

"I had six children," she told me, "and all of them died in that cruel India. So when little Phœbe came, I said to Sam: 'Sam, if this one dies too, I shall go mad; so let me carry her, step by step, down to Calcutta, where I can get passage for England.' So we saved up our money and when I grew strong enough I set off, walking from village to village. It was lonely in the thick forests and by the great rivers, but the natives were kind—they brought me rice and milk and sometimes flowers. And when baby was ill, I prayed to God, and He led me straight to a place where a kind Englishman lived, right in the midst of the natives."

"And you reached Calcutta safely at last?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am. And when I got home I was servant to an invalid lady till Sam earned his discharge and came home. He had no trade, but he had learned some tricks from an Indian juggler, so he set up conjuring."

"Poor little Phœbe!" said I, my thoughts going back to the baby she carried all those hundred miles.

"Ah! you may say so! I should never have saved her but for that good kind Englishman, Aga Jenkyns, at Chunderabad-dad. His taking her in saved the child's life."

"Jenkyns?" said I.

"Yes, Jenkyns; I shall think all people of that name are kind, for here is the nice old lady who comes to take Phœbe to walk!"

An idea had flashed through my head. Could Aga Jenkyns be the lost Peter? I began to wonder.

It was not long after this that Miss Matty received formal notice that the Town and County Bank had stopped payment. This meant ruin, for nearly all the poor lady's money was in the shares of this institution. In fact, she told me that she had now but about five shillings a week to live on.

"I'm not crying for myself, dear," she said to me, as she wiped her tears away; "I believe I am crying for the very silly thought of how my mother would grieve if she could know."

I had been long thinking of writing a letter to the Aga Jenkyns, and now I did so, getting the address from the "Signor." Martha, Miss Matty's old servant, refused, with many tears, to leave her; but though the faithful woman invested some of her savings in a pudding for our supper, there was no denying that the future looked gloomy. What could Miss Matty do to support herself? Teaching first suggested itself, but there was nothing she could impart to the rising generation of Cranford, unless it had been patience, humility, and quiet contentment. When the tea-urn was brought in at supper, an idea struck me. Why should not Miss Matty sell tea? It was neither greasy nor sticky (two qualities she detested), and the only objection was to the buying and selling involved. But before I could make the suggestion, Martha brought in Jem Hearn, her young man, with the news that they desired to be married at once, and would then be glad to have Miss Matty with them as a lodger—which proposition, enthusiastically made by Martha, was seconded, after many nudgings, by Jem, who appeared somewhat dazed by this sudden prospect of bliss.

Next day I was summoned to a conclave at Miss Pole's.

The Cranford ladies had heard of Miss Matty's misfortune and were anxious to aid her by contributing yearly some portion of their own slender incomes. It was decided to do this, if possible, under the guise of an amount that should appear to be legally due to her, from some unexpected source. I was asked to confer with my father regarding ways and means; and it was finally settled that Jem and Martha should take the house where Miss Matty then lived, the ladies' contribution being applied to the payment of the rent, that Miss Matty should lodge with them, and that the small dining-parlor should be converted into a tea-shop, with a table for a counter and one window changed into a door. My father thought that Miss Matty might make as much as twenty pounds a year in this way. The poor lady made no objection, though the proposal was something of a shock to her—not so much because of the loss of gentility involved, as because she distrusted her abilities in a new line of life. It was a comfort to her to think that her customers would be chiefly women. Men had such sharp, loud ways, and counted their change so quickly!

Miss Matty's sales during the first few days surpassed our most sanguine expectations, and her little shop was soon one of the features of Cranford. We had to watch her, lest she should turn her gains into losses by giving candy to every childish customer; but the year's profits came at least up to my father's predictions. I had almost forgotten my letter to the Aga, after my first chagrin when no answer came. It was over a year after the opening of the shop, when one afternoon, as I was sitting in the parlor with Miss Matty, I saw a gentleman go slowly past, stop for a moment and then come toward the door. It flashed across me all of a sudden that here was the Aga himself, for he was sunburned and his eyes were dark and piercing, while his clothes had a foreign cut. Miss Matty rose to receive him, but he stood opposite her, looking at her fixedly, for all the world as Miss Jenkyns used to do. Then he turned sharply to me and said:

"Is your name Mary Smith?"

"Yes," I answered, all my doubts of his identity set at rest at once. He seemed to be at a loss how to announce himself, when of a sudden something in his face seemed to strike Miss

Matty. She said: "It is—oh, sir! can you be Peter?" In a moment he had her in his arms, sobbing the tearless cries of old age.

I ran to put on the kettle for tea, leaving brother and sister together. They had much to say to each other, and something of what Miss Matty learned she told me afterward. Peter had been taken prisoner by the Burmese, and after his release his letters to England were returned with the ominous word "Dead" written across them. Believing that he was the last of his race, he had settled down as an indigo-planter and was so engaged when my letter reached him.

Mr. Peter has now become a settled feature of Cranford life. The shop is given up and the old house has resumed its former gentility. Mr. Peter is a favorite with the Cranford ladies, and though I was once afraid he was going to marry Mrs. Jamieson, my dear Miss Matty keeps her place in his brotherly heart. She is never lonely any more. As to Cranford, it is friendly and sociable as of old—which I am thankful for, because of my dear Miss Matty's love of peace and kindliness. Somehow we are all better when she is near us.

THÉOPHILE GAUTIER

(France, 1811–1872)

MADEMOISELLE DE MAUPIN (1835)

This "romance of love and passion" was written by Gautier at the request of his publisher at the age of twenty-five. The young man had achieved fame as a poet and writer of humorous romances, and was eager to enjoy the social prestige that this reputation was bringing him; so the composition of this his first extended work was irksome to him. It is related that his father used to lock him in his room every day until he had written at least ten pages of his great work.

MY DEAR GRACIOSA: You were quite right in dissuading me from my plan of seeing men and studying them thoroughly before giving my heart to any among them. I have forever extinguished love within me, and even the possibility of love.

The death of my uncle, my only relative, left me free to pursue this project, which, as you know, was the dream of my girlhood. I determined to disguise myself in masculine habiliments and go out into the world of men to learn their real natures, which they are careful to hide from women. I took great precautions to prevent any suspicion of my sex: I learned to shoot, to fence, and to ride. So earnest was my purpose that in a brief time I excelled even my teachers. These masculine exercises imparted to me a kind of masculine carriage and movement that was not without grace. I am a brunette, of clear-cut, regular features, such as are found in many Greek statues that from the head alone cannot be definitely assigned to either sex. I am tall and well built for a woman, but not noticeably so, while I am not conspicuous as a man for shortness of stature and slenderness. I schooled myself in self-control, lest I might betray my sex by impulsive feminine expressions of the voice and face.

So when I was prepared to depart upon my quest, having realized my property, and had donned man's clothing to go forth disguised into a strange world, my mirror reflected a cavalier who appeared to my impartial eyes as a finer specimen of the sex represented than the girl whom he replaced. Beautiful as a woman, I was still more beautiful as a man, for the term handsome, which was appropriate to my genuine aspect, was inadequate to characterize my counterfeit presentment.

It was with a singular heaviness of heart that I left the home of my girlhood. As I turned the key of my chamber it seemed I was locking a dear, dead self of me forever behind. "Here lies Madelaine de Maupin" might have been written on the door, for I was henceforth Théodore de Sérannes, and no one would call me more by the sweet name of Madelaine. And as I rode away down the alley of chestnut-trees, all the puerilities of my girlhood ran along by the roadside, blowing me farewell kisses from the tips of their tapering fingers. And one little spirit in white, in a clear, silvery voice, cried: "Madelaine, where are you going? I am your virginity, dear, but you look so fierce in your boots and hose, with your plumed hat and long sword, that I am not sure whether I should go with you."

I replied: "Go home, then, sweet, if you are afraid. Water my flowers and care for my doves. But in sooth you are wrong. You would be safer with me in these garments of stout cloth than in airy gauze. My boots prevent it being seen that I have a little tempting foot; this sword is my defense against dishonor; and the feather waving in my hat is to frighten away all the nightingales who would come and sing false love into my ear."

I put my horse to the gallop and rode on. Night fell. As I passed by a dark part of the forest, I heard the report of a poacher's gun, and started with fright. I spurred my horse, and then, ashamed of my feminine cowardice, reined him in. But I confess it was with relief that I saw the lights of a tavern ahead.

As I tilted back on a rush-bottomed chair before the fire in the Red Lion Inn, with my booted feet spraddling on the andirons and my hands swaggeringly thrust in my breeches pockets, several young men entered. Their dress and insolent ease of manner showed that they belonged to the upper classes.

They displayed that rude joviality which men have among themselves, but which they lay aside completely when in our presence.

I confess that I was almost ready to regret my petticoats when I saw what little attention they paid to me.

Finally one of them came up, clapped me on the shoulder, and invited me to sup with them. He introduced himself and his companions as gentlemen on their way from the court, which had been held on a neighboring estate. I told them I was a gentleman's son, leaving the university on a vacation, and going home by the students' road, namely, the longest to be found. At this they laughed.

"The young blade is not as innocent as he looks. I'll warrant he even has a mistress," said one. With this opening, it was easy for me, having regard to my purpose, to hold the conversation upon women, which, next to theology and æsthetics, is the subject on which men are the readiest to talk when drunk.

During the conversation a buxom serving-maid entered with a tray of dishes. One of the gentlemen sprang up as if to relieve her of her burden, and kissed her soundly upon each of her flaming cheeks. At the same time he uttered to the table the sentiment: "To the devil with lean women and lofty ideas! Gentlemen, I confess to you, under the seal of secrecy, I am so unfortunate as to have a flame, a virtuous woman—"

"Hear! hear!" derided the others.

"Do not laugh; why should I not have a virtuous woman? Here! you over there! I will throw the house at your head if you are not quiet."

"Go on!"

"She has a soul that, for those who care for such matters, is of the first quality. There are elevations, ecstasies, devotions, sacrifices, refinements of tenderness—everything that is most transcendent; but she has too much mind and too little flesh; and I've about concluded to leave her in the lurch. The devil! One can't love a sublimated mind alone. Pity me, fellows!" And, affected by the wine he had drunk, he wept maudlin tears.

Oh, pure and noble woman, waiting pensively with eyes on the road by which he is to return, what shame it were to thee if

thou didst know how the man to whom thou hast sacrificed everything, exposes thee to the drunken gaze of his comrades, and will forget thee for a greasy trollop!

The conversation lasted some time longer, and was the maddest, most shameless conceivable. Through it all ran a contempt for women, which was evidently thorough and sincere. I learned more to my purpose during that evening than by reading twenty cart-loads of moralists.

After supper we found that we were so many that we must sleep two in a bed. My bedmate, fortunately, was very drunk, and fell, in his clothing and in a stupor, on the outer edge of the mattress. Taking off nothing but my doublet and boots, I strode over his body and lay on the inner edge. I did not close an eye the whole night.

As I lay in the darkness, my mind was disgusted with the grossness of the situation, but, oh, shame! my body was agitated with quite other emotions, due largely, it is probable, to the wine I had drunk. I almost reached out my hand to waken the man, that he might discover I was a woman.

But Athene triumphed over Cypris.

My companion of the night became my companion of the day. We rode off together from the inn next morning, and before night we became such good comrades that he persuaded me to go home with him for a visit.

We were met at the gate by a beautiful young woman who sprang into my companion's arms. He hugged her bearishly, tousling her somewhat. As she disengaged herself, and brushed back her hair from her flushed face, she said to me: "Don't you think Alcibiades is a very rude brother?" and to him: "You ought to consider yourself fortunate to have such a d voted sister as I."

"It is, on the contrary, unfortunate," I said, "to be thereby excluded from the list of your adorers."

She smiled. Her brother introduced me. "Rosette, this is Monsieur de Sérannes, who will spend a while with us. See that his visit is so enjoyable that he will prolong it."

Rosette was a few years older than myself, a young widow whose bright eyes showed no trace of weeping, whose fresh and rounded cheek had no furrow down which the tears might flow,

whose silvery voice was unbroken by virtuous sighs. I suspect that she would have used the ashes of her Mausolus upon her white teeth in default of tooth-powder.

She very faithfully obeyed her brother's injunction to make my visit a pleasant one. I seized the opportunity thus afforded to practise mannish habits, and wooed her ardently. If she went riding, I held her stirrup; if walking, I took her arm. I hovered about her chair and quoted love-poetry in her ear. All this amused me greatly, and, when alone in my room, I used to burst into madcap laughter over the absurd things I had said and done with the most earnest tone and air in the world.

But poor Rosette took it all very seriously, and fell passionately in love with me. She responded to my false advances with every feminine seduction. Once she took me walking to a little pleasure-house in the woods. As we strolled along, she pressed close to my side and rested heavily upon my arm. When we reached the house, she brought out some cakes and wine, and pushing me down upon a lounge, began playfully to feed me. Soon I found myself in a reclining position with Rosette pressing her supple body along the length of mine.

My situation was very embarrassing and tolerably ridiculous. It was too advanced for compliments and love-verses. Yet to flee away like Joseph would have been too unmannerly for the cavalier I pretended to be. Besides, had I done so, I am not sure that Rosette would not have played the part of Potiphar's wife, and held me by the corner of my cloak. So I remained silent and blushing, as was, indeed, the case with Rosette.

Poor woman! she thought it was a schoolboy's timidity that restrained me.

Luckily, at this juncture Alcibiades's dog burst open the door and bounded into the room, preceding the advent of his master.

That evening at table I announced that I would have to proceed on my journey on the morrow. As I spoke, I carefully refrained from looking at Rosette, but I heard her gasp, and let fall the glass she was holding.

On retiring to my chamber I did not light my candle, but, seating myself at the window, I remained for some time looking

out on the garden beneath in the moonlight, and inhaling the perfume of flowers. As I sat there, my soul filled with strange longings, two soft arms, clad in thin, loose sleeves, stole about my neck from behind. It was Rosette, in her night-dress, who had crept softly through my door.

"Rosette!" I cried. "You here, at this hour!"

She placed her finger on my lips. "Sh-h-h! do not cry out; do not make a light; spare my blushes. I could not let you go away without your explaining your conduct. I was tranquil, almost happy, before you came. You arrived, brilliant and beautiful as Phœbus. You paid me the most assiduous and delicate attentions. A woman who had hated you would have ended by loving you, and I—I loved you at first sight. Why, then, are you leaving me? What mystery is behind your sudden coldness, your haste to depart?"

Making a great effort, I repeated to Rosette that she was compromising herself horribly, and ought to return to her room before her absence from it was detected.

Just then came in Captain Alcibiades at a critical point, this time unheralded by his dog. He entered the door, a lighted candle in one hand, a naked sword in the other.

"So, my virtuous sister," he said to Rosette, who had tried to hide behind a heap of bedclothes and pillows on the bed, "it appears that you have very thoroughly followed my advice to make Seigneur Théodore's stay with us agreeable. And you, sir," he said, turning to me, "you can respond by reconsidering your determination to leave us to-morrow, and by making your stay indefinite—as the husband of Rosette. If, however, you must leave us, I claim the pleasure of a passage at arms with you before you go."

"Mine is a singular taste," I said in reply. "Between a marriage and a duel I choose the duel."

Here Rosette uttered a gasping sob, and put forth her head from the pillows. Seeing my determined countenance she pulled it in again, as a snail draws in his horns when these are struck.

"It is not that I have any objections to Madame Rosette save that she is a woman, and I have reasons for not marrying any woman which, if you knew them, you would consider unassailable. It is due her to say that, despite present appear-

ances, your sister's virtue is intact. So, Seigneur Alcibiades, when do we fight, and where?"

"Here, at once," cried he, enraged at my vague excuse.

"What, before Rosette?"

"It is before her face that you have repudiated her. Draw, villain, and coward, or I shall assassinate you!" he cried, whirling his weapon around his head.

I drew my rapier.

Rosette attempted to climb from the bed to stop us, but, before she could do so, we were in the fiercest conflict. For want of space our blades clashed in short, quick strokes, like blows of a smith on an anvil. At first I sought only to defend myself, but soon I forgot every restraint in the lust of conflict. Finally, taking advantage of a false position of his sword, I made so close a flanconnade that I reached his side. With an "Oh!" he fell backward.

Alcibiades was dying, it seemed, upon the floor. Rosette was in a swoon upon the bed. I pulled the bell-rope like a fire-alarm, and the servants came pouring into the room. Leaving brother and sister to their attentions, I hastened to the stables, saddled and bridled my horse with a care that was singular at such a moment, brought him forth, mounted him, and rode away in the moonlight.

I resolved to keep away from susceptible ladies thereafter, and practise my gallantries only on serving-girls. I sought the companionship of roistering young blades, among whom I soon rose to be a leader both in their orgies and escapades. I became especially renowned as a duelist. I was so sensitive on points of honor that I pinked a man nearly every day. If no occasion for a duel offered, I was out of sorts until bedtime. I was considered more manly in person than Mars, and there were persons ready to swear that they had held children of mine over the baptismal font.

Through all this riotous life, I ceased not to pursue my original idea, the quest of a perfect lover. My plan was as follows: In my male attire I should make the acquaintance of a man whose exterior pleased me. I should live on familiar terms with him. If I found that his real self was as pleasing as his appearance, I should allege some journey, depart, prepare a

retired, voluptuous little house, and then return in woman's costume, ordering matters so that he would meet and woo me.

Such a man I found at last in Seigneur d'Albert, a young poet. He already possessed a mistress, but he did not love her—not owing to satiety or distaste, but because she did not conform to his ideals of love and beauty. Yet for fear of distressing her he simulated amorous passion, sacrificing himself in a most generous way.

He became enamored of me at once, despite my hose and rapier. Believing himself depraved in loving one of his own sex, he was horrified, and endeavored to forget me in passionate devotion of an orthodox kind to his mistress. Then he would come back to me more inflamed than ever. In time he suspected that I might be a woman, and finally became convinced of the fact in a romantic way. He took the part of Orlando, and I of Rosalind, in an amateur performance of Shakespeare's *As You Like It.* My various appearances, first in my proper garb as a woman, second, as a man, and last as a woman again, revealed the mystery of my attraction over him. His relief of mind rendered him the happiest, most ardent lover that ever trod the stage.

The next day I received from him a passionate love-letter. I did not answer it for a week, and then did so in person, suddenly appearing before him in the dress of the Princess Rosalind. A sudden change from despair to joy rendered him speechless for the moment.

"Well, Orlando," I said, "do you not recognize your Rosalind? Or have you left your love hanging with your sonnets on the bushes of Arden?"

"O Rosalind, what a week I have spent! Why were you so cruel?"

"First, because you, a poet, did not do me the honor that you pay your ideal love, of addressing me in dithyrambs. Second, because I was curious to see whether my silence would drive you to the pistol, poison, or simply to drink. Third, because I wanted to see how long I could hold out against my own desire."

With that I threw my arms about my lover's neck. He gave me many passionate kisses which I as warmly returned.

Seated on his knee, and passing my fingers through his hair, I said:

"My friend, I might have bargained with you for a long time, and grudgingly retailed what I am now granting you freely and at once. But there is no limit to my love, while I love. Its fulness, however, depends on its freedom. I do not require of you an oath of eternal love. I will not call you a traitor when you have ceased to love me. I ask as much of you in return. I shall be merely a woman who has ceased to love you."

My face must have grown very grave, for D'Albert said: "Sweet, why are you so very serious? I accept your conditions, and you have promised to forget all save love to-night."

I answered: "Although it is an incredible and ridiculous thing, I am a virgin, and I am grave as everyone is who is about to do an irretrievable thing."

In the morning D'Albert awakened to find himself alone. Upon the table was a note. It read:

"I have gone away from you forever. Do not try to follow me or to find me again. My precautions to conceal from you all traces of myself have been too well taken. Though absent, I shall often think of you, oftener than if you were with me; you will always be the man who opened up to me a world of new sensations—and this is a thing that a woman never forgets."

CAPTAIN FRACASSE (1863)

This book, which is considered by many critics as the finest example of Gautier's literary powers, although not produced till toward the close of his career, was projected thirty years earlier. It is a romantic novel in the school of Dumas, embellished with the best of the author's wealth of description and romantic fervor. Fracasse is a character of the old Italian comedy corresponding to Scaramouche (from *scaramuccia*, skirmish), who always characterizes a military poltroon and braggadocio.

ASTLE MISERY stood on one of those barren hills that dot the desolate expanse of the Landes in Gascony. Dating from the time of the Crusades, it was in the seventeenth century a dilapidated dwelling, inhabited principally by owls, bats, rats, and mice. Its master, the last of his race, was a melancholy youth, the Baron de Sigognac, who lived in his ancient halls alone with a retainer, Pierre, a cat, Beelzebub, a dog, Miraut, and an old horse, Bayard. Though the ancient domains had shrunk to the area of a few acres around the château, the Baron, poverty-stricken and forlorn, was still held in respect by the peasants, gentry, and nobility of the neighborhood.

On a stormy night in September, as the Baron was about to retire, he was aroused by a knocking at his great outer door by some person who demanded: "Hospitality, most noble Seignor; hospitality for myself and my comrades—princes and princesses, heroes and beauties, men of letters and great captains, pretty waiting-maids and honest valets, who travel through the provinces from town to town in the chariot of Thespis, drawn by oxen as in ancient times. This chariot is now hopelessly stuck in the mud only a stone's-throw from your castle, my noble lord."

The strolling band of players was welcomed by the Baron to such shelter as his château could afford, although the larder was empty. However, the chariot contained a goodly store of

provisions, including ham, a game pasty, and a dozen bottles of Bordeaux, so that an impromptu supper was quickly set on the table before a roaring fire in the old hall. The Baron did his best to make his guests comfortable. These consisted of the pedant, Blazius, who had asked hospitality; the tyrant, a savage-looking man with a gentle disposition; the bully, Matamore, a gaunt skeleton; Leander, the Adonis of the troupe; Scapin, the mischievous valet; Serafina, a beautiful woman of four-and-twenty, the leading lady; Isabelle, a lovely girl, considerably her junior, the *ingênue;* Zerbine, the soubrette, a beautiful girl of the gipsy type, sparkling and lively; and the duenna, Madame Léonard, the portly "noble mother."

The influence of the unaccustomed wine, wit, and beauty, though clad in tawdry splendor, was potent on the forlorn recluse. He sent the ladies to bed in his own chamber, with its tattered tapestries and enormous bedstead; and he and the men spent the night in great chairs around the big fire.

In the morning old Pierre managed to provide a huge omelet for breakfast; and, during a walk in the briar-tangled garden, De Sigognac was persuaded to leave his ancestral home and see something of the great world. There was a vacancy in the troupe, which he could fill as poet and recaster of plays. He could be of use, while preserving his *incognito.* The charm and beauty of Isabelle had considerable effect in reënforcing the persuasions of Blazius.

The inn at which the troupe stopped for the night was a vile hovel. The only person present besides the landlord was a poor, thin, unkempt, bedraggled, tattered little girl, who, though apparently asleep, soon slipped away. Her name was Chiquita. The frugal supper was interrupted by the advent of a belated nobleman, the Marquis de Bruyères, who recognized the Baron de Sigognac, but respected his *incognito,* seeing that he was enamored of the fair Isabelle. Being greatly taken with the charms of the soubrette, he invited the troupe to give a performance at his château.

Chiquita had gone out into the night and joined Agostino, a brigand, who was asleep in a clump of trees, and told him of the finery worn by the guests at the inn, particularly mentioning the necklace of false pearls worn by Isabelle. Agostino dug out of

his hiding-place half a dozen scarecrows, which he set up at the edge of the grove near the highway. When the ox-cart came along in the early morning, its occupants were startled by a shot, and were immediately confronted by Agostino, who demanded their money or their lives, pointing to the figures of his followers among the trees. The stratagem would have been successful had it not been for the courage of De Sigognac; and the actors were so much amused that Agostino received two pistoles and Isabelle earned Chiquita's undying gratitude by a gift of her necklace of false pearls. Chiquita vowed that she "would never, never kill Isabelle."

A very successful performance was given at the magnificent Château de Bruyères, and the actors were hospitably entertained by the gallant Marquis. Leander, the lady-killer, had the audacity to send a *billet-doux* to the Marquise, who had smiled approvingly on his part; but the letter was intercepted by the Marquis and Leander was lured to a summer-house in the garden, where he was unmercifully beaten by servants of the Marquis, who, though unfaithful to his wife, protected his own honor.

Thanks to the generosity of the Marquis, the comedians resumed their journey in a more commodious vehicle than the ox-cart. Late in the morning, at four cross-roads, some servants were noticed waiting with gaily caparisoned mules belonging to the Marquis. With an explanatory farewell to her companions, Zerbine mounted one of them, and having her belongings packed on another, joyously took her departure.

On the way to Paris, De Sigognac had many opportunities of private conversation with Isabelle, during which she confided the story of her past. Her mother had been a famous actress, who kept herself aloof from the attentions of the stage door. She had been highly regarded by the pedant. She had formed a morganatic connection with a prince, who later was forced to form a more aristocratic alliance, whereupon Isabelle's mother spurned all assistance and sought obscurity in the provinces. At the age of seven Isabelle had been left an orphan, with the knowledge of her father's name and an amethyst seal-ring as the only evidence of her origin. She had been carefully nurtured and trained by the pedant, whom she regarded with affection.

On the journey to Paris, the strolling actors met with hard luck. The four horses with which they had begun their journey gave way to a broken-down old hack, and the men were forced to walk.

The Bohemians bore up bravely under their hardships and disappointments. Finally during a heavy snowstorm, in which Matamore had lingered behind, the horse fell from exhaustion. The pedant, the tyrant, and the Baron went back to hunt for their companion, and found his gaunt frame frozen stiff under a tree. They buried him in unhallowed ground, since the Church did not admit play-actors into her cemeteries, and pressed forward with heavy hearts; but appeased their hunger by an unlucky gander, who inadvertently joined their company.

After this Hérode, the tyrant, called the whole company into consultation, because his office as treasurer was in imminent danger of becoming a sinecure. It was agreed that at the first village they should try to give an entertainment to the farmers and peasants, accepting provisions in payment. The rhodomontades of Captain Matamore would have been the very thing to suit rustic taste; but the loss of the hero rendered it impracticable. The Baron now came to the rescue, and offered to play the part and allow himself to be kicked all over the stage. The wig, mask, and red nose demanded by the character would still preserve his *incognito*. He concluded his address thus: "We will see whether, under a new name, I may not succeed in escaping from the ill fortune that has thus far pursued me as the Baron de Sigognac; henceforth, I take poor Matamore's place, and my name is Captain Fracasse." His offer was accepted enthusiastically.

His devotion to Isabelle influenced his decision.

That evening the poor horse died in his tracks; and Blazius discovered an old acquaintance at a neighboring farm, who hospitably entertained the company. In their absence, Agostino and Chiquita, following the same road, took refuge for the night in the abandoned chariot; and in the morning Chiquita's knife, with a Spanish inscription, was found and taken possession of by Isabelle. A play given in the big barn earned great applause for Captain Fracasse, and considerable profit for the company. Blazius's friends forced upon him a loan of a hun-

dred pistoles, which enabled the company to proceed in comfort to Poitiers, where they put up at the best hotel. The news of their arrival was soon noised abroad, and all the young gallants of the neighborhood were eager to entertain the beautiful *comédiennes*. The most important of these was the Duke Vallombreuse, a handsome and magnificent nobleman, who became deeply smitten with the charms of Isabelle and tried to force unwelcome attentions and splendid gifts upon her.

When the tyrant and the pedant had made all arrangements for entertaining the nobility and gentry of Poitiers, and were cursing the naughty Marquis who had robbed them of their paragon of waiting-maids, Zerbine herself arrived with her valets and mules. In spite of the Marquis's generosity and kindness, Zerbine had pined for her old wandering life; and the Marquis, good-naturedly, had allowed her to overtake the troupe on its way to Paris, whither he himself would shortly follow. The Duke of Vallombreuse enlisted the services of the landlord, notwithstanding the latter's advice that he should turn his eyes toward Serafina, as Isabelle's affections were evidently centered on a member of the troupe; but the Duke was obstinate.

In the green-room, before a dress rehearsal of the first play, when all the gallants were buzzing around the actresses, the Duke attempted to make an unwelcome addition to Isabelle's toilet, which was prevented by Captain Fracasse, who was threatened with a good cudgeling by the Duke's lackeys.

The rehearsal was successful. One of the most delighted spectators was the Marquis de Bruyères, who had followed his adorable Zerbine.

The furious Duke ordered four bullies to waylay Captain Fracasse and beat him to a jelly. After the performance, Hérode and Scapin, who anticipated attack on De Sigognac, accompanied him to the inn, and at the cry, "Kill! Kill! this for Captain Fracasse from the Duke of Vallombreuse," were of great use to De Sigognac in putting the ruffians to rout.

On the arrival of De Sigognac at the inn, there was heartfelt rejoicing over his safety.

He interrupted a *tête-à-tête* supper between the Marquis de Bruyères and Zerbine to ask a favor, which was readily granted; and the next day a duel took place between the Duke and De

Sigognac, with the Marquis, who had vouched for his nobility, as the latter's second. The Duke had his sword-arm run through.

The humiliated Duke was not deterred from the pursuit of the fair Isabelle, and revenge on her champion.

At the play in the evening Captain Fracasse received a great ovation; for the details of the affair had somehow leaked out. After the play, on returning to the inn, Isabelle tearfully implored De Sigognac not to take such risks any more for her sake. The lovers came to an understanding and De Sigognac learned that, though he was dearly loved by Isabelle, she would not, through a proud humility, accept his hand and title; for she was nothing but a poor little actress, though endowed with her mother's pride.

The Duke's next move was to send Isabelle a rich casket of jewels, which was indignantly returned. Before retiring, she saw in the courtyard a figure and heard the words, "She has not gone to bed yet," and lay down with many misgivings. Presently a tiny figure wriggled into her room through a small window, and on recognizing the terrified Isabelle exclaimed: "The lady of the necklace!" It was Chiquita, whose mission was to draw the bolt of Isabelle's door to admit Agostino and other agents of the Duke for her abduction. Chiquita, however, would not fulfil her mission. Moreover, on recognizing her father's knife on the table by Isabelle's bedside, she instructed the actress how to use it to the best effect, and departed by the same way she had entered. On hearing of the occurrence, the troupe decided it was high time to start for Paris.

At Tours and Orléans they stopped to give a few representations, which were as satisfactory to the comedians as to the public. No attempt being made to molest them by the vindictive Duke, Blazius's fears were allayed, though it required all Zerbine's affectionate sisterly ministrations to calm Isabelle. De Sigognac also, with his sword ever ready, was always at hand. On arrival at one of the best inns in Paris, the Baron was made uneasy by a glimpse of a sinister-looking personage who seemed familiar. When saying good night to Isabelle, he cautioned her to secure her door. Seeing suspicious shadows in the corridor, he sat with his own door open, writing to Pierre. Presently he

saw four fully armed men stealthily pass, and recognized them as the Duke's bullies. His readiness daunted them, and they quickly disappeared. The next morning Hérode, the tyrant, proposed to De Sigognac to take a stroll on the Pont Neuf and see outdoor Paris life. While there, a sudden tumult was excited by four armed men, who began to fight; but the caution of the Baron's companion kept him on the outskirts of the throng, whereby he escaped another trap. On the way home, De Sigognac barely escaped being run down by a furiously driven coach, which very nearly crushed him against a wall as he jumped aside. The occupant cursed his stars at another failure.

One of the assassins, being threatened by the Duke with being sent back to the galleys, whence he had rescued him, applied for protection to a friend, Lampourde, the best swordsman in Paris. This professional cutthroat lived at a low tavern, where Agostino and Chiquita were lodging, and insulted De Sigognac on the Pont Neuf. The latter drew his sword and worsted his astonished assailant, who thenceforth was his devoted admirer. Like Judas, he threw the blood-money in the Duke's face. Meanwhile, the Duke had bought the services of the duenna of the company. Her advice was to try fair means with the lady rather than foul with her lover. Therefore, with the help of the traitorous host, he gained access to Isabelle's presence and pressed his suit; and was prevented from actual violence only by the entrance of the tyrant, who, with his fellow-actors, had kept watch.

Meantime, the representations of the troupe had met with splendid success. Isabelle's modest grace and refined beauty, Serafina's more brilliant charms, the soubrette's sparkling vivacity and bewitching coquetry, the superb extravagances of Captain Fracasse, the tyrant's majestic mien, Leander's manly beauty, the grotesque good humor of the pedant, Scapin's spicy deviltries, and the duenna's perfect acting had taken Paris by storm, and their highest hopes were likely to be realized. Having won the approbation of Paris, nothing was wanting but to gain also that of the court; and it was rumored that they were shortly to be summoned to St. Germain, whereat all were highly elated. Meanwhile the troupe was often in requisition

to give private representations at the houses of various people of rank and wealth in Paris; and it quickly became the fashion among them to offer this very popular style of entertainment to their guests.

Thus it happened that the tyrant was not astonished to receive a visit from a dignified major-domo, who engaged the services of the company at a tempting price for a theatrical representation at the Château de Pommereuil, some leagues outside of Paris.

A guide was provided, but on the way Isabelle was abducted, notwithstanding De Sigognac's frantic efforts to protect her. The despairing actors learned that the Château de Pommereuil was a myth. The dupes, therefore, with the exception of the Baron, the tyrant, and Scapin—who determined to prosecute their search for Isabelle—returned to Paris.

Meanwhile the terrified Isabelle was carried on horseback and then transferred to a coach, which finally rolled into the courtyard of a magnificent château. There, in a lordly chamber, she was waited on with the utmost respect by servitors, who left her to herself after serving a delicate meal. The outer gates were so well secured that no watch was kept on her movements, and she was able to explore the galleries and grand apartments and even to penetrate to the courtyard and see in a guard-room the carousing of her brutal captors, including Agostino. On her return to her room, she found Chiquita disguised as a boy. She had, at least, one friend in her captivity. Chiquita found means to make her way out of the castle to find De Sigognac. Before going, however, she advised Isabelle to look well to the sharpness of her knife, as she might need it. The actress learned also from her that she was in the Château de Vallombreuse. She wondered at the Duke's absence. This was accounted for by his craft: he attended the King out hunting in the morning and played cards at court in the evening, thus establishing an alibi in the case of any trouble or inconvenient inquiries.

Early next morning the Duke arrived, and soon sought an interview with Isabelle, trying to move her alternately with threats and promises. Then his servants brought her gifts of flowers and jewels, which she indignantly threw out of the

window. In the afternoon Chiquita returned, and told her that her rescuers were near. In the evening, the Duke sought another interview; and, at the moment when Isabelle had to draw Chiquita's knife to protect herself, the window was broken in by the fall of a big tree across the moat. By way of a branch, De Sigognac and Scapin entered, followed by Lampourde, who had offered his valued services to his admired victor. The Duke's bullies were defeated; but in the mean while the Duke had succeeded in dragging Isabelle away and closing the doors, so as to leave the invaders prisoners. The doors were finally opened by Chiquita and De Sigognac was confronted by the Duke, sword in hand, behind whom lay Isabelle in a half-fainting condition. In a fierce and prolonged duel, during which Isabelle was again carried away by the Duke's retainers, the Duke was dangerously wounded and Isabelle was succored by her fellow-comedians. In the midst of the commotion, a tall, noble-looking man arrived, attended in great state by lackeys. He was a mighty prince, the father of the Duke, who had learned of what was going on and had hastened to prevent the accomplishment of a crime. He denounced his wounded son, and dismissed the author of his punishment with noble generosity. He also sternly dismissed, with lofty contempt, his son's tools, on their road to the gallows. Notwithstanding her devotion to Isabelle, Chiquita took leave of her affectionately, for she could not leave Agostino. What had happened on the arrival of the Prince is described in the tyrant's words to De Sigognac on their way back to Paris:

"What do you think, my lord, of all these wonderful events? It all ends up like a regular tragi-comedy. Who would ever have dreamed, in the midst of the *mêlée*, of the sudden entrance upon the scene of the grand old princely father, preceded by torches, and coming to put a little wholesome restraint on the too atrociously outrageous pranks of his dissolute young son? And then the recognition of Isabelle as his daughter, by means of the ring with a peculiar device of his own engraved upon it; haven't you seen exactly the same sort of thing on the stage? But, after all, it is not so surprising, perhaps, as it seems at first glance—since the theater is only a copy of real life. Therefore, real life should resemble it, just as the original

does the portrait, eh? I have always heard that our sweet little actress was of noble birth. Blazius and old Madame Léonarde remember seeing the Prince when he was devoted to Cornelia. The duenna has often tried to persuade Isabelle to seek out her father, but she is of too modest and gentle a nature to take a step of that kind; not wishing to intrude upon a family that might reject her, and willing to content herself in her own lowly position."

Blazius advised the Baron to return to his tumble-down château and await developments, so De Sigognac rejoined his faithful Pierre, Miraut, Beelzebub, and Bayard.

The Prince, who deeded to his beautiful daughter a fine estate, which carried with it the title of Comtesse de Lineuil, grew more and more fond of Isabelle during the convalescence of his reprobate son, whose narrow escape from death and disgrace rendered him repentant for his misdeeds. The Prince explained to Isabelle how, through long years, he had endeavored to trace the daughter of his early love, and at last had recognized her on the stage, by her resemblance to her mother. Conviction had come by means of the amethyst ring. Amid her new-found splendor, Isabelle pined for her lover, and the cause of her melancholy was well known to her father and repentant half-brother, to whom she endeared herself by her sweet disposition.

One day, as the melancholy Baron was finishing a sonnet addressed to Isabelle, Pierre announced that a visitor, who refused to give his name, demanded audience. At the sight of the Duke, De Sigognac sprang for his sword; but it was not needed. The two lords presently sat down to what the Duke said was the best meal he had ever eaten in his life. The next morning they set out fraternally for Paris.

On their arrival at the Place de Grève, their progress was obstructed by a dense throng gathered to witness an execution. Agostino was to supply entertainment for the multitude. But the executioner, at the last moment, was cheated of his task of torture, for an apparent youth scaled the scaffold, bent over Agostino, passionately kissed his forehead, whispered, "I love thee!" and plunged into his heart the knife that had been temporarily owned by Isabelle. The crowd made way for her,

and Chiquita was able to reach the coach, where she was recognized and harbored.

On the arrival of her lover and half-brother, Isabelle's happiness was unbounded. The surprise prepared for her by the Duke, with the sanction of his father, was speedily succeeded by a wedding. Chiquita received a glad welcome and protection as Isabelle's trusted maid.

The Castle of Misery was transformed into the Castle of Happiness by Isabelle's orders, and under her secret directions unknown to her husband. Architects, decorators, cabinet-makers, upholsterers, and other artisans restored the ancient splendors of the old château, its gardens and parks; and when Isabelle and her brother induced her husband to revisit the home of his ancestors, he, now being the governor of a province, had once again to thank the storm that drove the chariot of Thespis to his door.

ELLEN ANDERSON GHOLSON GLASGOW

(United States, 1874)

THE DELIVERANCE (1904)

Miss Glasgow's Virginian birth, together with her literary genius, has specially equipped her for dealing with the peculiar state of affairs in the South after the Civil War. We here present her own version of her masterpiece.

ON a bright June afternoon the Tusquehanna stage came to a halt beneath the blasted pine at the cross-roads, and Mr. Carraway, a lawyer from a neighboring town, stepped gingerly over the muddy wheel. He had been summoned to Blake Hall, an old-fashioned, once important, Virginia mansion, now owned by William Fletcher, the former manager and overseer for the Blakes, whose family had occupied the estate two hundred years.

As the lawyer followed the sunny road, which crawled like a river between the freshly plowed fields, he was joined by Sol Peterkin, a countryman, from whom he learned that the younger Christopher Blake, only son of the late owner of the Hall, lived in the former overseer's house on a little tobacco farm in the middle of Fletcher's estate. Blake Hall had been sold under foreclosure shortly after the war; but while it was generally believed in the neighborhood that Fletcher had stolen the money he paid for it from the estate, there was no possible proof, as the account-books had been burned, Fletcher said, during the war.

Near the Hall, Carraway saw Christopher Blake for the first time—a fair-haired young giant, with a high-bred brow and nose, but a mouth that bore with a suggestion of brutality upon the first impression of a fine racial type.

"He's the very spit o' his pa, suh," remarked Sol Peterkin, as they passed on.

A mile farther, as they followed the descending road, Blake Hall rose gradually into view, with its great oaks browned by the approaching twilight.

In the stately though crudely furnished drawing-room Carraway met Fletcher (whom he had not seen for eight years) and Fletcher's granddaughter Maria, a girl whose face and manner expressed the refinement she had acquired at a fashionable Northern school.

After supper it appeared, in a long conversation between the lawyer and the big, vulgar man, who sat puffing clouds of smoke into the air, that the desire of Fletcher's heart was set upon the little farm with the decaying frame house, where young Blake lived with his two sisters, his blind mother, and his uncle, Tucker Corbin, who had lost an arm and a leg in the Battle of Gettysburg.

"I'll give him three thousand down for that piece of land, though it ain't worth eight hundred!" exclaimed Fletcher, "but when the Hall goes to the boy [his grandson] I want it to go whole."

"Why not make the offer yourself, sir?" suggested Carraway.

"Make it? Why, if I so much as set foot on the tip edge of that piece of land, I'd have every lean hound in the pack snappin' at my heels."

The next morning Carraway walked over to the little farm of the Blakes, and after repeated unanswered knocks at the door, he opened it and stumbled into a room where a stately blind old lady, in a dress of rich black brocade, sat very erect in a massive Elizabethan chair. She began talking at once in a cordial though condescending tone, and he discovered presently that she was still absolutely ignorant of the rapidly fallen fortunes of her family. He found, later, that she, blind and paralyzed, had been brought to this little house twenty years before, on the occasion of her last ride in a wheel-chair about the grounds. Wonderful as it all was to Carraway, the most wonderful part was the intricate tissue of lies that her children had woven about her chair. To her, the Confederacy never had fallen, the quiet of her dreamland had been disturbed by no

invading army, and her three hundred slaves, who in reality had scattered like chaff before the wind, she still saw in her memory tilling her familiar fields. An hour later, when Carraway made his offer to Christopher, he saw the mother's spirit flash into the blue eyes of her son.

"If Fletcher offered me three thousand dollars for that broken wheelbarrow, he should not have it. The only thing I'll leave him free to take, when he wants it, is the straight road to damnation."

That day Christopher saw Maria Fletcher for the first time at the cross-roads, where he had gone to meet his sister Cynthia, who had taken her sewing into town. Her spirited figure in its closely fitting riding-habit lingered in his mind, and with something of a shock he learned a week later that the girl he had dreamed of for several nights was the granddaughter of the man he hated.

"Fletcher was talking down at the store yesterday, Jim Weatherby told me, about a rich man she is to marry," remarked Cynthia one day.

"Well, one Fletcher the less will be a good riddance," remarked Christopher harshly, as he returned to his work.

At sunset, when he was going home by a little path that followed the rail fence, he met the girl crossing from the end of Fletcher's new road, over the loosened rails, into his field. She asked where she could take the road again, and he answered:

"Only by going back to it. It doesn't cross my land, and—I beg your pardon—I don't care to have you do so. Besides staining your dress, you will probably bruise my tobacco. My hounds are taught to warn off trespassers."

"Am I a trespasser?"

"You are worse," he retorted boorishly. "You are a Fletcher."

She turned away from him, and he saw her organdy dress, colored like April flowers, pass under the great rose clusters of tobacco blossoms that swung to and fro in the gentle wind. He saw her but once again before she went away, and that was the evening before her marriage, when she came to thank him for stopping a runaway and saving her brother's life.

"I swear to you, if it was the last word I ever spoke," he

said, his fierce anger heightened, not softened, by her gratitude, "that I did not know it was your brother beneath the wagon."

"As if that mattered," she answered; "you risked your life for his. Grandpa saw it all, and the horses dragged you, too. But for you, he would have been killed, we all know it."

He stared at her moodily in response, and, after waiting a moment, she held out her hand with a pleasant, conventional smile.

"No, I won't shake hands," he said stubbornly, "what is the use?"

"As you please—only it's the usual thing at parting," she answered.

"All the same I won't do it. My hands are not clean." He held them out, soiled with earth and the stains from the tobacco.

For an instant her eyes dwelt upon him kindly.

"Oh, I sha'n't mind the traces of honest toil," she said; but as he still hung back, she gave a friendly nod, and went quickly homeward along the road.

As her figure vanished among the trees a great bitterness oppressed him, and picking up his hoe he went back to work.

A month later the boy came to see Christopher, who at first tried roughly to repel him. As Will persisted, however, saying that his grandfather believed him to be at his lessons and would be in a rage if he found him, the other yielded at last, and, moved by a sudden impulse, took him with him on a fox-hunt. On that day he saw the direction of his revenge, and as he stood in the little room behind Tom Spade's store at the cross-roads, he dared Will to toss off his glass of whisky as if he were a man. Fletcher's son Tom had died a drunkard; and as Christopher remembered him he felt that, although he had sold himself to the devil, he would still have his price. A year later when old Fletcher discovered the influence of Christopher over his grandson, he sent the boy away to school; but Will ran away before the month was up, walked back in a drenching rain, and awoke Christopher one night and asked for shelter in his barn. By morning the boy was in a high fever, and Christopher went for old Fletcher, who cursed him roundly, though he came at last and took his grandson back to the Hall.

For some years after this Christopher and Will met less

frequently, and when they did the man tried at last to check the boy's wild impulses, for he saw that he would end presently as his father had ended before him. At last, one August evening while he was at work in the barn, Will came to him and asked for the use of his horses to the cross-roads. He was over head and ears in love, he said, with Molly Peterkin, and would marry her or die before sunrise. Christopher remembered her at once, a pretty, trivial girl of the neighborhood, with a reputation for yielding a little too readily to her many lovers.

"We've got to be married," said Will, breathing heavily, "and I knew you'd help us. All this confounded talk about Molly has come near killing her."

"Wake up," returned Christopher, shaking him roughly; "you're either drunk or asleep, and you're going headlong in a race to the devil."

Turning away, Will unscrewed a small flask and raised it to his lips. "Will you lend me the horses?" he demanded, with renewed courage.

"Are you steady enough?"

"Of course—of course, and, besides, Molly drives like old Nick."

"Well, I'll see," said Christopher, and going to the window he flung back the rude shutter and looked out into the August night.

"May I take them?" Will urged again, pulling him by the sleeve.

With a laugh, Christopher turned back into the barn, and taking a dime from his pocket tossed it lightly into the air.

"Heads for me, tails for Fletcher." The coin spun for an instant in the gloom above him and then dropped noiselessly to the floor. When he lifted the lantern and bent over it, he saw that the head lay uppermost.

He did not meet Will for some months after the marriage, but on a windy afternoon in March, as he returned home beside his ox-cart, he saw Maria in a black dress walking ahead of him.

"So you have forgotten me," she said with a smile, as he reached her.

"You have dropped from the sky," he answered, and then, as she questioned him about the country, he told her that Fletcher had not spoken to Will since the wedding, though he had given him a little poverty-stricken farm upon which the boy and Molly managed to make a living. Then as she said, "Everything must come right now, since I am home again—I mean to make a friend of every mortal in the county, man or beast," he smiled at her a little wistfully, with a perplexed and troubled look.

"You'll do it," he rejoined. "You'll be everybody's friend but mine."

She caught and held his gaze, and responded quietly: "Let us see." Then, parting from him as they reached Fletcher's land, she passed on to the Hall. As he gazed after her he felt like one born blind whose eyes are suddenly opened. From mere brute consciousness a soul had evolved in him, and to meet her again seemed, when he thought of his sin, an affront to her womanhood. Yet a few days afterward, while he was plowing in an old field by the poplar spring, he heard his name called in a clear voice, and looking up found that she was walking over the upturned earth.

"I have just learned—just a moment ago—what you must have thought I knew all the time," she said.

As he fell back she saw that he paled under his sunburn.

"You have learned—what?" he demanded.

"The truth," she replied, "as much of the truth as one may learn in an hour: how it came that you are here and I am there—at the Hall."

"At the Hall?" he repeated, and drew a long breath of relief. "I had forgotten the Hall."

"Forgotten it? Why, I thought it was your dream, your longing, your one great memory."

Smiling into her eyes, he shook his head twice before he answered: "It was all that—once."

"Does it not make you homesick to stand here and look at it?" she asked. "Think, for more than two hundred years your people lived there, and there is not a room in the house nor a spot on the land that does not hold some sacred association for those of your name. Oh, look at the Hall and not at me while I

tell you," she continued breathlessly. "Blake Hall—I have just found it out—will come to me at my grandfather's death, and when it does—when it does I shall return it to your family—the whole of it, every lovely acre!"

She saw him grow pale to the lips.

"And what of Will?" he asked, as he raised his head. "Besides, it is too late—it is of no use now," he added with passion. "You can't put a field hand in a fine house and make him a gentleman. The place can never be mine again, I have ceased to want it. Give it to Will."

"I couldn't if I wished to," she replied, "and I don't wish to."

Catching the loose ends of her scarf, he drew her slowly around till she met his eyes.

"And I have said nothing to you—to you," he began in a constrained voice, "because it is impossible to say anything and not say too much. This at least you must know, that I am your servant now and shall be all my life."

Then he turned from her, and, laying his hand on the plow, went slowly across the field. But as he walked there in the open furrow his eyes were closed to the earth at which he stared, and he saw in his imagination the long days he had given to his revenge, the nights when he had tossed sleepless while he planned a widening of the breach with Fletcher. It was a human life that he had taken in his hand, he saw that now in the first moment of his awakening—a life that he had destroyed as deliberately as if he had struck it dead before him. Day by day, step by step, silent, unswerving, devilish, he had kept about his purpose, and now at the last he had only to sit still and see his triumph.

He was thinking of these things that night when at the rattle of pebbles on his window he looked out and discerned a man's figure in the faint moonlight on the walk. Taking it to be Will, he ran hastily down-stairs and unbarred the door.

"Come in quietly," he said. "They are asleep up-stairs. What in thunder is the trouble now?"

Will, who had shrunk dazzled from the flash of the lamp, now lingered to put up the bar with shaking hands.

"For God's sake, what is it?" asked Christopher, and a start shook him at sight of the other's face. "Have you had a fit?"

Closing the parlor door, Will crossed the room and caught at the mantel for support.

"I told you I'd do it some day. I told you I'd do it," he said in a frantic effort to shift the responsibility to stronger shoulders. "You might have known all along that I'd do it some day."

"Do what?" Christopher demanded. "Speak up. You're as white as a sheet."

"He struck me—he struck me first. The bruise is here," Will resumed in the same eager attempt at self-justification. "Then I hit him on the head with a hammer, and his skull gave way. I didn't hit hard. I didn't hit hard. I swear it was a little blow, but he's dead. I left him stone dead in the kitchen."

"Good God, man!" exclaimed Christopher, and touched him on the shoulder. "I told you not to drink again," he added sharply. "I told you liquor would make a beast of you."

"I'll never touch another drop. Get me out of this, and I swear I'll never touch another drop," Will groaned, still sobbing. "Take me away from here—hide me anywhere. I'll go anywhere—I'll promise anything—only they mustn't find me. If they find me I'll go mad—I'll go mad in jail!"

"Shut up!" Christopher rejoined angrily. "Here! are you too drunk to stand on your feet?"

"I'm sober—I'm perfectly sober," Will protested, and rising obediently he stood clutching at the chimney-piece.

Turning away from the wild entreaty of his eyes, Christopher walked slowly up and down the room. The night dragged on while he paced the floor with his thoughts, and Will moaned and tossed, a shivering heap, upon the sofa. When the first streak of dawn entered, Christopher came over, towering grotesquely in the pallid light.

"You must get out of this," he said, "and quickly. We've wasted the whole night in wrangling. Take this, and buy a ticket, and when you get where you're going sit still and keep your mouth shut. Everything depends upon your keeping a stiff front, remember that. And now go—through the back door and past the kitchen to the piece of woods beyond the pasture. Cut through them to Tanner's Station, and take the train there, mind, for the North."

With a short laugh he held out his big knotted hand in sign of farewell.

"Good-by," he said, "and don't be a damned fool."

"Good-by," Will answered, clinging to his outstretched arm. Then an ashen pallor overspread his face, and he slunk nervously toward the kitchen, for there was a sound of footsteps on the porch outside, followed by a brisk rap on the front door.

"Go," whispered Christopher, hardly taking breath, and he stood waiting while Will ran along the wooden platform and past the stable toward the pasture.

The rap came again, and turning quickly, he unbarred the door. As he flung it open the first rays of sunlight splashed across the threshold, and he was conscious of a strange exhilaration as if he were breasting one of the big waves of life.

"This is a pretty way to wake up a fellow who has planted tobacco till he's stiff," he grumbled. "Is that you, Tom?" He glanced carelessly round, nodding with a kind, friendly condescension to the little group. "How are you, Matthew? Hello, Fred!"

Tom drew back coughing, and scraped the heel of his boot on the topmost step.

"We didn't mean to git you out of bed, Mr. Christopher," he explained, "but the truth is, we want Will Fletcher, an' he ain't at home. The old man's murdered, suh!"

"Murdered, is he?" exclaimed Christopher, with a long whistle, "and you want Will Fletcher—which shows what a very pretty sheriff you would make. Well, if you're so strong on his scent that you can't turn aside, most likely you'll find him sleeping off his drunk under my haystack. But if you're looking for the man who killed Bill Fletcher, then that's a different matter," he added, taking down his hat, "and I reckon, boys, I'm about ready to come along."

WILLIAM GODWIN

(England, 1756–1836)

CALEB WILLIAMS (1794)

This story was written to enforce, in the form of fiction, the author's political principles, already set forth in his *Political Justice*, one of the strongest political essays in the language. It met with immediate popularity and furnished the foundation for the play called *The Iron Chest*, which was for many years one of the standard productions in the repertories of the old-time tragedians.

ORE than a century ago Caleb Williams, a peasant-born youth who had supplemented an imperfect education with much reading, was engaged as secretary by Mr. Ferdinando Falkland, the wealthiest and most respected country gentleman in his part of England. The young secretary, who had never before met a person of rank so elevated, observed him very closely and said of him:

"His manner was kind, attentive, and humane; he was compassionate and considerate for others, who nevertheless were restrained from attempts at familiarity by the unaltered dignity of his carriage. He avoided the busy haunts of men, nor did he seem desirous to compensate for this privation by the confidence of friendship. He appeared a total stranger to everything which usually bears the appellation of pleasure. There was a grave, sad solemnity in his air; sometimes he was hasty, peevish, and tyrannical; he entirely lost his self-possession; and his behavior was changed into frenzy. When he felt the approach of these symptoms he would suddenly rise and hasten into a solitude upon which no person dared to intrude."

Caleb learned in time to attribute the inconsistency of Mr. Falkland's manner to some sad experiences of his life. In

earlier years he had been the most brilliant member of the best society of the county, as well a gentleman absolutely without reproach. His popularity excited the envy and jealousy of a Mr. Tyrrel, whose good qualities were marred by frequent exhibitions of pride and arrogance. Falkland befriended some persons who had been cruelly treated by Tyrrel; the latter resented Falkland's action and berated him fiercely in public, although Falkland did everything in his power as a gentleman to appease his rival's wrath.

One day Tyrrel was found dead, through violence. Falkland, who apparently had greater cause to hate him than any other person, was questioned concerning the matter, in the respectful manner accorded at that time to all men of rank and position; but circumstantial evidence afterward pointed to an ex-tenant of Tyrrel's, a farmer named Hawkins, who confessed the crime, was tried and hanged. Falkland's sadness, seclusion, and infirmities of temper had begun at the time when he was under temporary suspicion of murder; to most men of his period reputation was far dearer than character, and to be defended by any fair means or foul that were within reach; any imputation against it was an insult and if unavenged it became a lasting disgrace.

When Caleb Williams learned of his employer's strange experience, his youthful imagination was so excited and his curiosity so aroused that strange suspicions began to form themselves in his mind. "Was it possible, after all, that Mr. Falkland should be the murderer? The reader will scarcely believe that the idea suggested itself to my mind that I would ask him. It was but a passing thought, but it serves to mark the simplicity of my character. I recalled the virtues of my master, almost too sublime for human nature; I thought of his sufferings, so unexampled, so unmerited, and chided myself for the suspicion. The dying confession of Hawkins recurred to my mind, and I felt that there was no longer a possibility of doubting. And yet what was the meaning of all Mr. Falkland's agonies and terrors? In fine, the idea having once occurred to my mind, it was fixed there forever. My thoughts fluctuated from conjecture to conjecture; but this was the center about which they revolved. I determined to place myself as a watch upon my

patron. The instant I had chosen this employment for myself I found a strange sort of pleasure in it. That there was danger in it served to give an alluring pungency to the choice."

Like many another country gentleman of his period, Mr. Falkland was a magistrate. One day there was brought before him for preliminary examination a peasant accused of murder. The circumstances were somewhat similar to those of the Tyrrel case and during the examination Falkland's manner was so peculiar that Caleb wrote: "This affair was no sooner concluded than I hastened into the garden and plunged into the deepest of its thickets. My thoughts found their way spontaneously to my tongue and I exclaimed: 'Mr. Falkland was the murderer! The Hawkinses were innocent. He is guilty. I see it. I feel it. I am sure of it. Guilty, upon my soul!' While from time to time I gave way to the tumult of my thoughts in involuntary exclamations I felt as if my animal system had undergone a total revolution. My blood boiled within me. I was conscious of a kind of rapture for which I could not account. In the very tempest and hurricane of the passions I seemed to enjoy the most soul-ravishing calm. I cannot better explain the then state of my mind than by saying I was never so perfectly alive as at that moment."

Suddenly Caleb became conscious that he was being shadowed by Falkland himself, who at previous times had startled his secretary by seeming to divine the thoughts which the younger man in his earnestness and simplicity could not conceal. Falkland's mistrustful manner became more noticeable as time passed; Caleb endeavored to take warning from it, but his own suspicion had become as absorbing as if it were a mania. Taking advantage of an alarm of fire he endeavored to force open a trunk which he believed contained evidence of Falkland's guilt; suddenly Falkland himself appeared, full of rage, and pointed a pistol at the rash youth, yet suddenly regained self-control and tossed the weapon through an open window. While Caleb was still trembling with terror, as well as with shame at having been so base as to believe his best friend, the most kind and noble of gentlemen, could be guilty of an atrocious crime, he was summoned into Falkland's own room.

"As I entered he looked up and ordered me to bolt the door.

I obeyed. He went round the room and examined its other avenues. He then returned to where I stood. I trembled in every joint of my frame. 'Williams,' said he, in a tone more of sorrow than resentment, 'I have attempted your life! I am a wretch devoted to the scorn and execration of mankind. I have been kept in a state of perpetual torture and madness, but I can put an end to it and its consequences, and so far at least as it relates to you I am determined to do it. I know the price and I will make the purchase. You must swear, you must attest every sacrament divine and human, never to disclose what I am now to tell you.' He dictated the oath and I repeated it with an aching heart. 'This confidence,' he continued, 'is of your seeking, not of mine. Look at me. Observe me. Is it not strange that such an one as I should retain the lineaments of a human creature? I am the blackest of villains. I am the murderer of Tyrrel. I am the assassin of Hawkins. What a story is mine! Insulted, disgraced, polluted in the sight of hundreds, I was capable of any act of desperation. I watched my opportunity, followed Tyrrel, seized a knife that fell in my way, came behind him and stabbed him to the heart. All are but links of one chain. My next business was to defend myself, to tell so well digested a lie that all mankind should believe it true. Never was a task so harrowing and intolerable. Fortune favored me; the guilt was removed from me and cast upon another; but this also I was to endure.

"'This it is to be a gentleman—a man of honor. I was the fool of fame. My virtue, my honesty, my everlasting peace of mind were cheap sacrifices to be made at the shrine of this divinity. But nothing that has happened has in any way contributed to my cure. I am as much the fool of fame as ever. Though I be the blackest of villains, I will leave behind me a spotless and illustrious name. There is no crime so malignant, no scene of blood so horrible, in which that object cannot engage me. Why is it that I am compelled to this confidence? From the love of fame. I had no alternative but to make you my confidant or my victim. It was better to trust you with the truth, under every seal of secrecy, than to live in perpetual fear of your penetration or your rashness. But do you know what you have done? To gratify a foolishly inquisitive humor you have sold

yourself. It is a dear bargain you have made, but it is too late to look back.' "

It soon occurred to Caleb Williams that a man thus passionate and unrelenting must sooner or later make him a victim. He discovered that although he was to be well cared for he was also to be watched and to be hedged in by so many restrictions that he would be practically a prisoner; so he improved an early opportunity to depart from the place. He was overtaken, arrested on false charges of great thefts and thrust into prison. He escaped, but was recaptured and loaded with chains; for at that time any thefts that were not petty were in England punishable by death on the gallows. Captured yet again, he was rearrested only to be released by one of Falkland's servants; it might have appeared to a man less harassed and fearful that his several escapes had been planned by Falkland to win his gratitude. In his helplessness he sank so low as to seek refuge among thieves who might have given him up for the large reward that was offered for his apprehension had not the leader of the thieves befriended him. Impelled at last by mortal terror he broke his oath to Falkland and made formal complaint against that gentleman for having murdered Tyrrel.

Falkland was asked by the magistrate to be present during the formal statement that was to be made; but his aspect was so haggard and ghostlike that the complainant, although he explained at length and honestly his reasons for making the charge, was so overcome by remorse at having brought his former friend and benefactor to so pitiable a condition that he spoke enthusiastically of Falkland's good qualities, and continued:

"I came hither to curse but I remain to bless. I proclaim to to all the world that Mr. Falkland is a man of affection and kindness and that I am myself the basest and most odious of mankind. Never will I forgive myself the iniquity of this day. In thus acting I have been a murderer—a cool, unfeeling, deliberate murderer.

"Falkland saw my sincerity. He was penetrated with my grief and compunction. He rose from his seat, supported by the attendants, and to my infinite astonishment threw himself into my arms!

"'Williams,' said he, 'you have conquered. I see too late the greatness and elevation of your mind. I have spent a life of the basest cruelty to cover one act of momentary vice and to protect myself against the prejudices of my species. My name will be consecrated to infamy, while your heroism, your patience, and your virtue will be forever admired. You have inflicted on me the most fatal of all mischiefs, but I bless the hand that wounds me. And now,' turning to the magistrate, 'do with me as you please. I am prepared to suffer all the vengeance of the law. You cannot inflict on me more than I deserve. You cannot hate me more than I hate myself. I am the most execrable of all villains. I have for many years dragged on a miserable existence of unsupportable pain; I am at last, in recompense for all my labors and my crimes, dismissed from it with the disappointment of my only remaining hope, the destruction of that for the sake of which alone I consented to exist. It is worthy of such a life that it should continue just long enough to witness this final overthrow. If, however, you wish to punish me, you must be speedy in your justice, for as reputation was the blood that warmed my heart, so I feel that death and infamy must seize me together.'

"He survived this dreadful scene but three days. I have been his murderer. It would have been merciful in comparison if I had planted a dagger in his heart; he would have thanked me for my kindness. But, atrocious, execrable wretch that I have been, I inflicted on him an anguish a thousand times worse than death. His figure is ever in imagination before me. He seems mildly to expostulate with me for my unfeeling behavior. Alas! I am the same Caleb Williams that a short time ago boasted that however great the calamities I had suffered, I was still innocent!"

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE

(Germany, 1749–1832)

THE SORROWS OF YOUNG WERTHER (1774)

When Goethe had acquired as much of the theory of law as could be learned in the schools, he studied the practise of law in the Imperial Courts of Justice at Wetzlar on the Lahn, the seat of such German empire as there was at that time. He was on friendly terms there with Charlotte Buff, some of whose experiences suggested and became the basis of *Werther*. The action takes place mostly in the country round about Wetzlar, and the time may be regarded as about the middle of the eighteenth century. Goethe wrote the story in 1772, when he was twenty-three years old, and it was published in 1774. It made him famous at once, and, more than that, convinced the Germans that they might have a literature. *Werther* is generally regarded as the most complete and perfectly developed work of art that Goethe produced, with the possible exception of *Faust*.

HE story of poor Werther has to be deduced, for the most part, from numerous letters written by him during a period of nearly two years to his friend Wilhelm. Such details as they do not contain have been supplied by patient examination of many persons with whom he was in more or less close contact during the latter part of his life. It appears from his early letters that he went to a district of great natural beauty for the purpose of exercising his artistic attainments, and that for some short time he sketched with serene content. He became acquainted with many of the common people, and was a favorite with the children, for his heart was ever ready with its sympathy for simple natures; this despite the fact that his mind was so finely trained that the conversation of educated but shallow persons afflicted him like so much poison.

Under date of May 26th he wrote as follows: "You know my way of finding amusement; how I select a cottage in some sequestered spot, and there put up with every inconvenience.

I have just discovered such a spot here, which possesses peculiar charms for me. About a league from the town is a place called Walheim. It is delightfully situated on the side of a hill; and by proceeding along one of the footpaths that lead out of the village, you can have a view of the whole valley. A good old woman lives there who keeps a small inn. She is cheerful and pleasant notwithstanding her age. The chief charm of this place consists in two linden-trees, whose enormous branches spread over the little green before the church, which is entirely surrounded by peasants' cottages, with their barns and homesteads. I have seldom seen a place so retired and peaceful"; and so the missive runs on, graphic in its descriptions of the physical beauty of the neighborhood and the interesting character of the humble inhabitants. Several letters in succession abound in pictures of his surroundings and his perfect content in them. Then there is a break. Days passed during which he did not write to Wilhelm. He had discovered Charlotte.

She was the eldest of eight children whose father, a judge, had retired, after the death of his wife, to a hunting-lodge about half a league from Walheim. Werther met her on the occasion of a ball at a country house to which he had been invited. He had been jokingly warned to beware of Charlotte, for she was betrothed; but the warning made no impression on him, and he fell profoundly in love with her at sight. When he resumed his letters to Wilhelm he wrote with the utmost frankness, setting forth all the facts, including her betrothal, but confessing his love more freely, perhaps, than would have been the case if there had been any reason to hope that she could be his. At first he was so overwhelmed with the very fact of loving that the thought of relinquishing Charlotte to another, if it occurred to him, did not cloud his exaltation of spirit. He loved! He gloried in the amazing uplift of the new sensation; he was unconscious of time; he knew not light from darkness. See what he wrote within a fortnight from the day he met her: "My days are as happy as those reserved by God for His elect; and whatever be my fate hereafter, I can never say that I have not tasted joy, the purest joy of life. You know Walheim. I am completely settled there. In that spot I am only half a league from

Charlotte, and there I enjoy myself and taste all the pleasure that can fall to the lot of man."

He called on her every day, and poured out his soul in raptures every night in letters to Wilhelm. Charlotte's young brothers and sisters certainly loved Werther, and from time to time he teased himself with fancied marks of her own interest in him. She undoubtedly was interested in him, but she never deported herself in a way that could possibly raise false hopes; and as often as he thought he detected signs of her affection for him, he laughed at himself and called himself a child. It is perfectly clear that he was not deceived, either by her or by his own infatuation. But he wrote, July 10th: "You should see how foolish I look in company when her name is mentioned, particularly when I am asked how I like her. How I like her! I detest the phrase. What sort of creature must he be who merely liked Charlotte, whose whole heart and senses were not entirely absorbed by her! Like her! Someone asked me lately how I liked Ossian."

So matters ran on for about two months, and then came Albert, Charlotte's betrothed. Werther perceived then that he must withdraw. "Were he the best and noblest of men, and I in every respect his inferior, I could not endure to see him in possession of such a perfect being." And yet he could not tear himself away. He continued his visits. He came to admire, esteem, yes, to like Albert, who apparently never resented Werther's manifest interest in Charlotte.

Meantime Wilhelm had been doing some urgent writing. Wilhelm appeared to understand his friend's weakness. He wrote: "Either you have hopes of obtaining Charlotte, or you have none. Well, in the first case, press on to the fulfilment of your wishes. In the second, be a man and shake off a miserable passion, which will enervate and destroy you." To which Werther replied that this was an easy thing to say. He had already abandoned his art work; he could occupy himself with nothing but thoughts of Charlotte. Wilhelm then tempted him with an offer of a post with a certain ambassador; but weeks passed before Werther would either accept or decline the position. Meantime he grew, as his letters show, steadily somber and melancholy. At last Wilhelm obtained the appointment

without awaiting his consent, and, his course thus decided for him, Werther left Walheim.

His letters show that Werther entered on his new relationships and duties with a considerable degree of courage. Official business kept his mind occupied for at least a part of every day, and he was keenly aware that this was good for him. No one could have been more sensible of his situation than was this unfortunate young man. He had as nice discrimination in the weighing of moral problems as he had fine perception of esthetic values. It was his desire, therefore, to do the right, and what is ordinarily called the sensible thing; it was his inherent weakness that he could not overcome either strong inclinations on the one hand, or strong antipathies on the other. It was the latter that wrecked his diplomatic career. The ambassador was a fussy, exacting person, more often wrong than right in his methods; and from the very beginning Werther was frequently in conflict with him. Indeed, all persons, subordinates or equals, who had to do with the ambassador, found it required finished diplomacy to get on with him. Werther, though he struggled manfully to endure the irksomeness of the ambassador's peculiarities, would have resigned long before he did if it had not been that one in very high place took occasion privately to commend his faithfulness and encourage him to persevere. It is evident from this that he had abundant capacity to justify hope of a successful diplomatic career. Moreover, he made friends, as he did everywhere, some of whom were quite as much relief to him as was his routine employment; but his extreme sensitiveness kept him in nearly constant mental suffering; and two or three unlucky incidents which brought him undeserved humiliation at length induced him to hand in his resignation. He had been in official employment but a few months, and yet such was the favorable impression he made on all, except the ambassador and a few who were plainly jealous, that the higher powers presented him with a considerable sum of money on his departure in token of the value they set on his services.

This money enabled him to choose his own course for a time; and it was still with the conviction that wisdom demanded that he keep away from Charlotte's presence that he accepted the offer of a young nobleman to go to his estate for the sum-

mer. In fact, Werther went so far as to try to enter the army; but his highly placed friends would not listen to this idea, and it was abandoned. Meantime he had a letter from Albert apprising him of the wedding that had been anticipated and dreaded by Werther for a long time. In the course of his reply to Albert he wrote: "I thank you for having deceived me. I waited for the news that your wedding-day was fixed, and I intended on that day, with solemnity, to take down Charlotte's picture from the wall, and to bury it with some papers I possess. You are now united, and her picture still remains here. Well, let it remain! Why should it not? I know that I am still one of your society, that I still occupy a place uninjured in Charlotte's heart, that I hold the second place therein, and I intend to keep it. Oh! I should become mad if she could forget. Albert, that thought is hell. Farewell, Albert; farewell, Angel of Heaven, farewell, Charlotte!"

Werther had been with his noble friend, a prince, but a few weeks when he wrote to Wilhelm: "I can remain here no longer. I am weary of it. The Prince is as gracious to me as anyone could be, and yet I am not at ease. There is, indeed, nothing in common between us. His conversation affords me no more amusement than I should derive from a well-written copy-book." A week later, having left the Prince, he wrote: "I think it would be well for me to visit the mines in ——. But I am only deluding myself thus. The fact is, I wish to be near Charlotte again, that is all. I smile at the suggestion of my heart and obey its dictates."

His first meeting with Charlotte and her husband threw him into such a tumult of sensations that his following letter to Wilhelm fairly stammered with incoherence. He imagined himself as her husband, and shuddered with joy at the thought; he was sure she would have been happier with him, that Albert was not the man to satisfy the wishes of her heart. His temper steadied somewhat, if one may judge by the more temperate expressions in the letters of the next few days; but after having been at Walheim nearly a month, he wrote: "My sensations are constantly changing. Sometimes a happy prospect opens before me; but, alas! it is only for a moment, and then, when I am lost in a revery, I cannot help saying to myself, 'If Albert were

to die? Yes, she would become—and I should be—' and so I pursue a chimera, till it leads me to the edge of a precipice at which I shudder." "I sometimes cannot understand how she can love another, how she dares love another, when I love nothing in this world so completely, so devotedly, as her, when I know only her, and have no other possession than her in the world."

Months passed, during which Werther fed the fire in his heart by frequent visits to Charlotte's house. His letters dipped gradually into melancholy; and Wilhelm again urged repeatedly that he betake himself elsewhere. Werther thanked him for his cordial sympathy and advice, and implored him to be quiet. The mental condition reflected clearly in his letters could not be concealed altogether in his demeanor; he became a gloomy companion, always unhappy and unjust in his ideas. Albert manifested extraordinary patience with him, for Werther's love for Charlotte was no secret. It was the occasion of no little remark, but the young man's character was as clear as crystal; Charlotte grieved for him; Albert himself esteemed and pitied him; and their efforts to let some gladness into his life were, under the circumstances, so difficult to manage without being obvious, that Werther presently began to accuse himself of having come between them. This thought added to his misery.

A fearful climax to his distress came when a peasant whom he knew quite well was arrested for murder. The unfortunate fellow had been employed by a widow at Walheim, whom he loved and by whom he had been rejected. She found a new employé. Werther's friend killed his successor to prevent the widow from marrying him. Werther entertained a strong degree of pity for the prisoner, and was seized with an indescribable anxiety to save him from his impending fate. He visited the judge and argued for the man, and was infinitely cast down when he saw that he made no impression on the man of law, Charlotte's father. Albert, too, who came in during the argument, took the cold view of society which cannot afford to scrutinize the motives of deliberate murderers and find extenuation in them. Werther felt outraged. A memorandum, not a letter, found among his papers, evidently was written with Albert in mind: "What is the use of my continually repeating that he is a

good, an estimable man? He is an inward torment to me, and I am incapable of being just to him."

Albert at last very gently suggested to Charlotte that she would better advise Werther to alter his deportment toward her and to visit her less frequently. "The world is censorious," he said, "and I know that here and there we are spoken of." Charlotte sadly undertook to comply with her husband's wishes, knowing them to be reasonable, being at all times perfectly content with her husband, but regretting unspeakably the pain she must inflict on poor Werther. Meantime his mind was in exquisite torment from learning that he was to be called as a witness against the peasant whom he had tried to save. His letters and fragmentary memoranda written at this period show that he had come firmly to the conviction that it would be better for him to quit the world. This was now the final object of all his hopes and wishes, but he was resolved that such a step should not be taken with precipitation, but with calmness and tranquillity, and with the most perfect deliberation.

Charlotte was preparing for Christmas, which was five days away. With charming delicacy she asked him not to call again before Christmas Eve; and when it was plain that he felt something more serious in her request than the mere keeping of a pretty holiday secret, she told him frankly, but with the utmost kindness, that they must not go on in this way; for her own peace of mind she begged him to remain away until the following Thursday, when he might be one of the general house-party. Werther was stunned. "You will never see me again," he muttered. Then she pleaded with him as a loving friend to come to his senses, to give up a hopeless desire, to find some other object for his affectionate nature, and to forget her; all that a wise and tender woman could say, she said; and at length Werther left her.

He went straight to his room, where he talked aloud and wept, and finally threw himself on his bed without undressing. On the following day, with many interruptions, he wrote a long, passionate letter of farewell to Charlotte. The interruptions were occupied with paying his small debts in the village, packing his boxes, and doing other things in preparation for a journey. At night he went to Charlotte's house. Albert was from home,

and she was frightened; but there was nobody whom she could summon to sit with her and thus curb any possible outbreak on Werther's part. It seemed the best part of tactfulness to her to distract her visitor's mind, and she persuaded him to read some of his own translations from Ossian which she had in the house. He complied readily, and read with intense feeling page after page of glowing verse wherein their fate was pictured in the misfortunes of Ossian's heroes, pages that stormed with passion and despair; and from it all Charlotte gained her first apprehension of his fatal project. Her senses were bewildered; she clasped his hands; he strained her to his bosom, and covered her trembling lips with passionate kisses. "Werther!" she cried, and again, "Werther!" struggling in his embrace. At last she tore herself away and fled from the room, locking the door behind her. He remained quite an hour before, after pleading vainly at the locked door for one more word, he left the house and returned to his room.

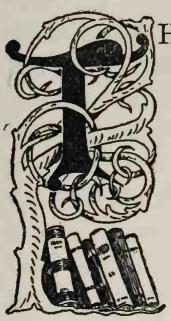
The next morning Werther sent his servant to Albert with a note asking for the loan of his pistols "for a journey." Albert told the servant to wish his master a pleasant journey, and asked his wife to get the weapons. Charlotte did so with a heart that ached with unquiet horror, but she was unable to utter a word. She waited in hourly dread of news of a catastrophe; but the day and evening passed, and none came. Werther was occupied not in hesitating on the fatal brink, but in completing preparations for his departure with nice exactness, to the end that as little trouble as possible should be caused to others. Almost the last thing he wrote was an appendix to his letter to Charlotte, rejoicing that the pistols had come to him from her hands. "I kiss them a thousand times; you have touched them!"

He shot himself at midnight. His servant found him at six in the morning. Life was not quite extinct; indeed, he lingered until noon, but he did not regain consciousness. When Charlotte heard the news she fell senseless at Albert's feet. Her life was despaired of.

Werther's body was buried beneath his favorite plane-trees. It was carried to the grave by laborers. No priest attended.

WILHELM MEISTER'S APPRENTICESHIP (1795)

The masterpiece of prose fiction, written by Goethe, *Wilhelm Meister's Lehrjahre* (supplemented in the author's old age by *Wilhelm Meister's Wanderjahre*), ranks among the great works of its *genre*, and was the fruit of his ripest intellectual activity, sharing this period of work with *Hermann und Dorothea* and *Faust*. Though not lacking in objective movement, its significance is found in the evolution of a young man of talent through its cruder manifestations into the serenity and self-culture of life in its settled convictions. It is assumed to have been largely derived from Goethe's own psychological experience. The story was dramatized and produced at the Leipzig theater many years ago without marked success. Its theme also furnished the libretto of Ambroise Thomas's beautiful opera, *Mignon*, which sustains a high rank on the musical stage. Several of Goethe's most beautiful lyrics, in which the novel abounds, are set to music in the opera.



HE attachment of Wilhelm Meister, a youth of rich burgher family, to the art of the stage, was greatly enhanced by his passion for Marianna, a beautiful actress. Out of this was begotten an ambition to establish, as his life aim, a national theater which should truly represent German ideals. He could no longer look forward with assent to that mercantile career which his father and his friends had mapped out for him as a desirable sphere of effort. As Marianna already had a wealthy protector, Norborg, it taxed the ingenuity of Barbara, her servant, to adjust the attentions of these two adorers, neither of whom knew the other. At last the inevitable *contretemps* came; and Wilhelm was stunned with the discovery of Marianna's apparent perfidy. The ruin of his youthful illusion made him ripe for the persuasions of his friend, Werner, who had penetrated the secret of his misery, the more as the factor of this adviser was the business associate of the elder Meister and a suitor for the hand of Wilhelm's sister. Some relief from suffering might be found in a temporary life of action. Armed with ample funds and business letters Wilhelm set out on his mercantile tour.

As time elapsed, however, the early predilection for the stage gradually returned with fresh interest. At Hochsdorf he finally met a company of traveling players and felt that he could easily have improved the entertainment alike in the piece and the acting. Another company which performed in the plaza, rope-dancers and tumblers, also excited his keen interest. His eyes were drawn to one special feature, the agile dancing of a little girl about fourteen years old, who, when she was questioned as to her name and parentage, answered, "Mignon," and "The great devil is dead." There was something so mysterious and charming about the child, that, when the chief of the rope-dancers vented his anger on her because she refused to perform the egg-dance, Wilhelm interfered, and threatened to prosecute him as a kidnapper. The brute at once succumbed and agreed to resign all his title to Mignon for one hundred crowns. To Wilhelm's new acquaintances, Laertes and Philina, the chief members of the theatrical troupe, which had disbanded, was thus added Mignon, and shortly afterward an actor, Melina, and his wife, whom Wilhelm had not long before extricated from trouble.

Philina, pretty, frivolous, and merry, formed a startling contrast to the brunette beauty, Mignon, for such she was when transformed from the filth, paint, and rags of her former life. A child just verging on precocious womanhood, she displayed in her person and her vague memories the signs of Southern extraction; and her passionate devotion to her new master, though he looked on her as ward rather than as servant, amounted almost to jealousy. Melina, ambitious to become a theatrical manager, incessantly besought Wilhelm to furnish the funds for the enterprise; and as the principals of the company were at hand, the young enthusiast was finally persuaded to accede. An aged and poverty-stricken harper whom Melina had stumbled on in the town, and who soon evinced an intense devotion to Mignon, became the musician of the company, though his vagaries sometimes bordered on insanity; his great skill, which appeared almost inspired, his endless store of song and ballad, his strange appearance with his long white beard, called forth Wilhelm's pity and sympathy. But with him, as with Mignon, it was impossible to find any clues to the mysteries of the past except in obscure hints, allied to dementia in the case

of the harper, if they did not point to remorse for unforgetable crime, for which there could be no amnesty nor reprieve.

An opportunity soon arrived for the employment of the reorganized theatrical company. Count ——, the proprietor of the neighboring castle, was about to entertain the Prince of ——, who filled a high military command, and his Stallmeister was rejoiced at this opportunity of enlivening the enjoyment of the exalted guest. The Count and Countess soon arrived in their traveling carriage, and on being introduced to the company cordially ratified the project, the Countess, a charming woman, being specially drawn to Wilhelm, who was the dramatist and stage director, and to the vivacious Philina. A relative of the Count, Baron ——, who was praised as an accomplished critic, arrived after a few days and with him a program was laid out. Wilhelm congratulated himself that he would in his studies of human nature have the opportunity of observing the higher ranks of society. The first experiences at the castle were not pleasant, as no preparation had been made for them and there were many guests; but as they were made a little more comfortable they were too busy in preparing for the entertainment of welcome to care for minor inconveniences. In the retinue of the Prince who anticipated his arrival was Major Jarno, his intimate confidant, who had held many high diplomatic positions. It was through him that Wilhelm had the magic new world of Shakespearian drama, at that time scarcely known in Germany, opened to him. It was also through Jarno's close friend, the Baroness, that he became more tenderly acquainted with the Countess in meetings which stimulated a warm communion of sentiment and esteem between two kindred souls.

Philina became a great pet of the titled ladies, whom she amused by her pert vivacity; and it was through a trick of the actress and the Baroness that a *tête-à-tête* was arranged between Wilhelm and the Countess on an occasion when the Count was to have been absent hunting. He was inducted into the Count's dressing-room and persuaded to put on the velvet cap and dressing-gown of the nobleman while waiting for the Countess. Suddenly the Count, who had returned unexpectedly, entered with a light in his hand and was dumfounded on seeing his own double. He hastily retreated, and the Baroness appeared

in great alarm to hurry the intruder away by devious passages and corridors. The baffled interview, intended in all innocence by two who were on the verge of loving each other, whatever may have been the hope of the others, was destined to have a strange psychological effect, as the Count was highly superstitious and believed he had seen his own *doppelgänger*. He behaved no whit differently to Wilhelm, and, when the allegorical play welcoming the Prince was enacted, expressed great admiration for the genius and skill with which Wilhelm had arranged the material he had given him; and when the Prince departed Melina's company benefited by a handsome honorarium.

As war operations were active, Major Jarno offered Wilhelm a position in the military service, which might eventuate in rapid promotion. While they were walking in the forest discussing this tempting proposition, an officer of striking aspect rode up and gave Jarno papers. What amazed Wilhelm was the action of the stranger, who leaped from the saddle and embraced him with great ardor. "I find you in honorable company," said he, "follow the counsel of a friend, and at the same time fulfil the wish of one who, though a stranger, is deeply interested in your welfare." But Wilhelm's tastes and sense of obligation to others whom he had permitted to become dependent on his coöperation kept him firm to resist more glittering lures. His farewell to the Countess, who was greatly agitated at the parting, touched him more closely.

The journey of the company to their next stopping-place was interrupted by a serious misadventure. They were attacked in the forest by a band of ruffians, the company scattered, and Wilhelm and Laertes, who made a braver resistance, were wounded, the former the more seriously. Fortunately, however, a cavalcade accompanied by a troop of hussars rode up, and Wilhelm received the medical assistance he needed. A beautiful Amazon accompanied by an elderly gentleman seemed to head the rescuers; and her charming face and figure made a deep impression on the wounded youth. But having given all possible assistance and provided for his carriage by litter to the next town, they departed, nor would the surgeon who remained behind to dress Wilhelm's wounds or the huntsman give him any clue to the identity of this guardian angel, who had also left

for the despoiled party a considerable sum of money. Wilhelm was nursed by Philina, much to the chagrin and suffering of Mignon, who, he learned, was also the victim of a broken arm, as the girl had seized a sword in the fray and fiercely attacked one of the bandits. Yet when he lay bleeding from his wounds, she had wiped the blood away with her long black hair, evincing in every way her ardent attachment.

Melina with the other members of the company went away during Wilhelm's convalescence to seek their stage fortunes, though Mignon and the harper persisted in remaining with him who had been their faithful friend and protector. He pondered dreamily over recent events, and there came to his memory a strange resemblance between the amiable Countess and the unknown Amazon, and allied to it was the fact of a likeness in the writing of the former in an original song she had given him, and that of a scrap he had found in a cloak the *incognita* had flung over him in the forest. He determined to seek his old friend the actor-manager, Serlo; and accompanied by Mignon and the harper he set out on his journey, though not yet strong. Serlo received him with open arms and the full current of his tastes flowed strongly again. Shakespeare became the subject of their discussion, and Wilhelm expressed a great desire to understand the character of Hamlet, of which he had formed an interesting theory.

"It is evident," said he, "that Shakespeare meant to describe a great duty imposed upon a soul unable to perform it. And in this sense I find that the whole play is conceived and carried out. An oak-tree is planted in a costly vase, which should only have held beautiful flowers—the roots expand and the vase is shattered."

Aurelia, Serlo's sister, who was present, seemed to be overcome by reflections on the unfortunate love of Ophelia, and when alone with Wilhelm, burst into tears, as if a deep anguish could no longer be restrained.

Philina unexpectedly arrived with the news that Melina's troupe were also there. Her malicious gossip revealed the cause of Aurelia's sorrow. She had had an affair of the heart with a neighboring nobleman, who had deserted her, and, as Philina intimated, a beautiful child about three years old, who was

the idol of her heart, pointed suspicion with the logic of time and condition.

Several weeks elapsed in which Wilhelm Meister, who had not in his peregrinations altogether neglected the business affairs of which he was the trustee, kept in touch with home by transmitting considerable sums of money. His duty, indeed, pulled two ways; but an offer of Serlo determined him. That was the assumption of the work of chief actor with which went also engagements for Philina, Laertes, and the Pedant (an eccentric old man), possibly, too, a little later, for the other members of the company in whom the kindly Wilhelm took an interest. A letter from his friend Werner apprised him of the death of his father and of his own accession to a handsome fortune. The natural grief begotten by this missive, however, did not shake his purpose to follow the life he had proposed to himself, and he determined to leave his property in the hands of his friend, Werner, for administration, to Serlo's agreeable disappointment, who had dreaded that the changed responsibility would divorce Wilhelm from his histrionic ambition. The latter had made it a condition with Serlo that *Hamlet* should be staged as soon as possible with himself in the hero rôle. Preparations were pushed as rapidly as possible and daily rehearsals absorbed all of Wilhelm's time and thought. Report buzzed far and wide concerning the new experiment and the extra pains taken for its success. On the last night of rehearsal he went to his room late and on entering it he saw a small pair of woman's slippers lying on the floor by the bed. He cried out angrily: "Philina, what can this conduct mean?" No answer coming, he opened the curtains to find the bed undisturbed, a trick which greatly disturbed his mercurial temperament.

His self-possession in the first act of the performance was considerably shaken by a novelty in the changed personality of the Ghost, whose brilliant eyes, shining like stars through the bars of the helmet, stately figure and vivid elocution proclaimed a splendid substitute. The mystery remained unsolved, for after the performance, which carried a large and critical audience with raptures of approval, specially with the fine rendering of Wilhelm, everybody seemed puzzled, even Serlo. All that could be learned was that two figures cloaked in white had found

entrance by an obscure side door and had emerged thence again.

At the banquet after the performance, when there was some joking as to the spirit, Mignon said mysteriously: "I do not fear him; if he comes we can rise. He is my uncle and will not injure me." This childish enigma was like that which had led her to call her reputed father "the great devil." She was now in an ecstasy of excitement in the games, which followed the feast, and in a frantic dance seemed like an ancient mænad as figured on some classic monument.

When Wilhelm retired to bed and was dreaming half-consciously of the mysterious ghost, he felt himself suddenly locked in the embrace of two tender arms, his mouth was sealed with a shower of passionate kisses and he felt a bosom pressed against his own. Yet when he awoke to find his bed unshared, he had a strange conviction that it was not Philina who had been his nocturnal visitor. He was surprised at the appearance of Mignon, too, who seemed to have grown suddenly taller and nobler.

A strange episode just before his retirement that night was an alarm of fire. The building seemed to be in flames, and Aurelia rushed in with "Only save the child," throwing the little Felix into his arms. Placing the child in the charge of the harper, he hastened to assist in extinguishing the fire. In this he was interrupted by Mignon, who told him the harper down in the stone basement was mad and trying to kill little Felix. He found that a fresh fire had been started below by the crazy harper, with the child crying on the ground, almost stifled by the smoke and singed by the flames. The harper had first drawn a knife as if to immolate Felix, when Mignon snatched the boy and gave the alarm. This prompted Wilhelm to provide for the insane man, for whom he and Mignon had a strong affection, by placing him in charge of a clergyman who had acquired reputation as an alienist by his skilful and rational treatment of minds disturbed from causes not purely physical. "Excite their personal activity," was his theory. "Accustom them to order, show them that their own existence and fate are the common lot of millions of their fellow-creatures, that extraordinary talents, the greatest prosperity, and the deepest misery

are but slight variations from the general lot; and no mental derangement will make its appearance, or, if it should, it will gradually disappear."

Wilhelm, becoming fond of little Felix, with the consent of Aurelia took principal charge of the child, who became the inseparable companion of Mignon. Wilhelm found time amidst the pressure of his work to visit the little asylum where the harper was under the charge of the minister and the doctor, with both of whom he became intimate. The physician told him of a curious case of monomania which had overcome a distinguished personage. The victim, returning home suddenly, fancied he saw his own double in his wife's dressing-room, and it had driven him into an incurable melancholy, believing it a warning from heaven. He was about now to join the sect of Herrnhuters, to whom he would give all his fortune. The Countess had had an innocent *tendresse;* and it was the appearance of this admirer which had deluded the husband. The lover on bidding farewell had embraced the Countess and driven a diamond ornament into her bosom, leaving an effect which her fear exaggerated into a cancer. Wilhelm, by a little cross-examination, identified facts and persons and experienced the keenest reproach and anguish.

Other things conspired to shatter Wilhelm's peace of mind. He had seen Philina in the company of a young officer in uniform whose face was turned from him, but whom the laughing coquette declared to be a woman in disguise. The figure reminded him of Marianna, and he sought to solve the mystery, when Philina and the officer vanished from the neighborhood, leaving a harrowing doubt undissipated. Aurelia, too, for whom he had a strong friendship, and who had been gradually failing in strength under the influence of the great emotional shock in her past, succumbed to her sorrows. She gave him before dying a paper which she pledged him to deliver to Lothario, the nobleman who had broken her heart. As Wilhelm had been drifting apart from Serlo, over whom Melina had acquired a strong dominion through the sympathy of common views, he dissolved his connection with the company and was once more free.

With tender farewells to Mignon and Felix, whom he entrusted to the care of Madame Melina, Wilhelm set out to obey

the dying injunctions of Aurelia and in due time reached Lothario's castle. The Baron, a man of handsome presence, welcomed him with courtesy, and receiving the message passed into another room, after turning over the visitor to a clergyman, who had also just arrived, for entertainment. The Abbé, evidently a familiar of the castle, extended the Baron's hospitality. Wilhelm saw no more of his host till he beheld him brought back the next morning wounded, in the company of a friend whom he recognized as Jarno, and who had just been the Baron's second in a duel. Subsequently, in conversation with Jarno, Wilhelm learned that Lothario was the brother of the charming Countess, who with her husband had suffered so grievously by his folly. To draw the threads of destiny closer, he also recognized in the surgeon who attended the Baron the same who had dressed his wounds in the forest when the Amazon flashed on his vision, and in the physician who also came the philanthropic rector of the asylum. From the latter he learned some revelations which the harper had made of the causes of his madness—that as a priest he had seduced a lady, a near relative, of whom a child was born, and he suffered from the delusion that some innocent child would be the cause of his death.

At Jarno's request, Wilhelm was induced to escort Lydia, a young lady whose stay at the castle was not deemed desirable at that time, to the residence of a friend, Theresa, whom he had heard described by Jarno as an Amazon. She was not his beloved image, but the graces of her mind and person made a strong impression on his susceptible heart. In subsequent correspondence an engagement was arranged between them, in spite of her acknowledgment that she still greatly admired her former lover, Lothario. This affair had ceased when the latter discovered that he had once in his travels been in love with Theresa's mother, a frivolous coquette. At last Lothario broke his silence about Aurelia, whom he had indeed addressed in the language of love, but without sincere purpose. As for Felix, that charming child could not have been his nor Aurelia's. Wilhelm returned to town and there found old Barbara, Marianna's quondam servant, who solemnly declared that Felix was the child of his amour with his first love, and that, unjustly de-

serted, the young mother had died of a broken heart. The babe had been placed in Aurelia's charge.

The death of Lothario's uncle had brought him large estates, and Wilhelm consented to assist in their business settlement. Felix accompanied him to the castle and Lothario arranged to have Mignon cared for by his sister. When after a time news came of the young girl's sickness, Wilhelm, though dreading to meet the Countess, journeyed thither with Felix. Arrived at his destination, he found the beautiful Amazon of the forest, who was another sister of Lothario, Natalia, and felt a transport of joy at the discovery.

Mignon became rapidly better with his presence and that of Felix; and from the physician, that frequent sick-bed confessor, came the revelation that it was the precocious child's love and jealousy of Philina which had occasioned the erstwhile visit to his bedchamber on the famous *Hamlet* night. Jarno arrived, as on a hasty mission, and told Wilhelm that Lothario had found proof that Theresa was not the daughter of her putative mother. At once his old passion for Theresa had revived; and Wilhelm was adjured to consider this in his relations with that lady. Theresa also arrived suddenly and then Lothario and the Abbé. The result of a protracted consultation was the formal disrupture of Theresa's engagement.

Wilhelm's sense that there was something factitious in that episode was perhaps assisted by what he saw in the eyes of the charming Amazon. Yet he felt outraged, and seriously considered taking his departure with his little Felix from all these perplexing scenes. Natalia alone bound him fast. The death of Mignon, who had suddenly relapsed, filled him with grief that hardly anything could assuage. The arrival of the Marquis di Cipriani, an old friend of the Abbé, solved the mystery of the unhappy girl. The Marquis had got trace of her and only arrived to find her dead. Mignon was the offspring of his brother Augustine, a priest, and his own sister, whose relationship he refused to believe till too late. The father had fled, a maniac, the mother died in a convent, and the child, brought up in an obscure family, had been stolen by a rope-dancer. A comparison of notes identified the old harper with the unfortunate man, who had been betrayed by his own wild passions

into double crime, and the Marquis sent for his brother. But the attempt to poison Felix, of whom the harper seemed to have an insensate dread, soon after his coming, indicated the ineradicable force of mental disease. A newcomer on the scene appeared in the shape of Friedrich, brother of Lothario, who had been a stranger to his family. This handsome young scapegrace had led a vagabond life; Wilhelm remembered him as having from time to time attached himself to the theatrical company out of love for Philina. Indeed she had eloped with him and was then living with him, as Friedrich confessed. In the entanglement of cross-purposes, which confused the situation, it was the careless humor of this novel factor which solved it. He made Natalia confess that she had resolved to accept Wilhelm's love, if Felix should recover; and furthermore that she had promised Theresa, if the latter would consent to marry Lothario, that she herself would compensate for the affront to Wilhelm's pride and sentiment. Thus the complications of love were unraveled by the union of Lothario and Theresa and that of Wilhelm with Natalia. The victim of many strong currents of sentiment found at last in his fascinating Amazon the consummation and ideal of all the experience through which he had traveled, experience no less varied than that of his mental development.

ELECTIVE AFFINITIES (1809)

Goethe was a scientist as well as a poet; hence the choice of a scientific phrase current in his day for the title to a romance that has to do with human relations when conventional circumstances bar mating according to the dictates of pure passion. It was written when the author was well advanced in years, and it abounds, therefore, in his maturest wisdom. The scene lies in rural Germany, and the time might be any two or three years in the second half of the eighteenth century. The work has some historical importance, as it stands at the beginning of the romantic school of German literature, the founders of which were at the time of its writing in the most intimate circle of Goethe's admirers and therefore much influenced by him.

DWARD, as we shall call a wealthy nobleman, and his wife, Charlotte, were married after they had passed their first youth, but while they were still in their early prime. It was not his, or her, first marriage. Each, in fact, had been the other's first love, but circumstances which need not be recalled now had separated them and brought about two marriages from which genuine love was absent. Edward's wife died not long afterward, and his mother's death, soon following, left him the undisputed owner of a vast estate. He spent years in travel, and about the time of his return Charlotte's husband died. The man's early desires were rearoused, and he sought, with all the impetuosity of his nature, to gratify them. Charlotte was not so sure that marriage was now their best destiny. She had the tenderest affection for him, and was by no means unmindful of her former love and disappointment; but she doubted whether they could now come together quite as if nothing had happened. Indeed, far from thinking of a second marriage for herself, she had hoped that Edward would be interested in her niece, Ottilie, a beautiful young girl who, though highly connected, was an orphan without a shred of property. But Edward had eyes and thoughts for Charlotte alone; he was totally unaware of her hopes with regard to Ottilie, knew merely that the girl existed,

nothing more; and he pursued his second courtship so ardently that at last Charlotte yielded. They were married, and lived in perfect content in the great castle on his estate.

There was much congenial work for each of them to do in the management and improvement of the property, but neither was fitted by special training to accomplish their ends with the highest success. It was not, however, consciousness of any defect in their operations that induced a change in their lives, but rather the kindly interest which both had in the fortunes of others. Edward had a friend, the Captain, whose brilliant gifts and attainments were just such as a great landlord would wish to command; and the Captain was wasting his genius in unwelcome idleness. Edward, solely for the Captain's sake, wished to bring him to live at the castle and set him to work in a way that would call his best gifts into activity. Charlotte appreciated her husband's disinterestedness, and was herself an admirer of the Captain's genius; but she doubted the wisdom of introducing a third person into their lives. They had the friendliest arguments on the subject, Edward laughing gently at her fears, and urging his plea almost to the degree of making it a personal matter.

At length Charlotte confessed that she, too, would like to add a member to the household if she could convince herself that it would be right and wise to do so. Her niece, Ottilie, was not happily situated at her school, and how to do the right thing for the girl was a most anxious problem. Edward gaily acclaimed this confession as the key to the difficulty. "You have Ottilie, and I'll have the Captain," he cried; and thus, after further discussion, in which there was not a shadow of acrimony on either side, it was arranged.

Ottilie came and took charge of the routine management of the household, showing herself singularly capable and assiduous from the beginning. The Captain came and plunged with untiring zest and energy into working out the problems concerned in beautifying the estate and making it more remunerative. He had his own apartments, and Ottilie hers; but in the evenings all four were together for social amusements, such as the practise of music, in which all were more or less proficient, or instruction, which consisted in reading and discussing technical

and scientific works that bore on the plans for the property in which all were interested. This left Charlotte much more time than she had had before to go about the estate and supervise those details which were her especial interest; but Ottilie was so good an executive that she, too, was often out with the others in the daytime.

Altogether life at the castle proceeded delightfully. To a casual observer it would have appeared idyllic; for here were four cultivated persons, all holding affectionate regard for one another, who were engaged, in beautiful surroundings, in doing that which they liked best and which contributed most to the further development of refinement and the possibilities of happiness. But, from the very arrival of Ottilie, Edward felt a special interest in her, which, as time went on, ripened rapidly into ardent love; and Charlotte insensibly came to have a profound affection for the Captain. As for Ottilie, the fact was that she had loved Edward from the time when she was a little child and he had been a hopeless suitor for Charlotte; and the Captain immersed himself with even greater assiduity in his work that he might conceal, if he could not suppress, his love for Edward's wife.

With persons of such character as these four, anything approaching even the shadow of intrigue was impossible. It was equally impossible that the situation should remain long unconfessed, for each could not fail to observe the others' states of mind. The affair was brought to a crisis by a visitor to the castle who had, perhaps, keener discernment into human relations than wisdom for amending them. She was a personage of high rank; and through her influence the Captain received an offer of great advantage to himself in that it provided a wider field for his genius, higher remuneration, and a promotion to the grade of major. He knew that he must accept it, not more, or so much for his own sake, as because honor demanded that he should withdraw from the household wherein he had become a disturbing element. Knowledge of this offer revealed Charlotte's passion to herself. Until the Captain's departure was imminent she had not fully realized how firmly her heart had fixed itself on him.

There were then frank discussions from which Ottilie alone

was excluded. Her case differed from the others in that she was young, inexperienced, and absolutely under their protection and guidance. The conclusion was that the Captain should go, and from this there was no dissent; but when Charlotte declared that Ottilie, too, should leave the household and go to a place that, providentially it seemed, had opened for her in a noble family living at a distance, Edward rebelled. He took the attitude that Ottilie not only deserved but needed their protection; and he enforced this attitude by threatening, if Ottilie should be removed from the castle, to omit no effort to make her his own. He agreed, if Charlotte would keep Ottilie with her, not to make any attempt to win the girl, or to hold direct communication with her. Without waiting to learn the effect of his threats, and without bidding Ottilie good-by, he left the castle himself, and took up his residence in a cottage at a considerable distance from his estate. He kept his promise while he dwelt there, but took various measures to be informed of what went on at the castle.

Charlotte was bound to accept the situation created by her husband's threats. Her affection for Ottilie was not tainted by the slightest flavor of jealousy. On the contrary, it was more tender, if possible, than before; for she regarded the child as an irresponsible victim of a natural passion; and there had been nothing in Ottilie's conduct that could be called in question. The two dwelt most amicably together, but Ottilie dreamed ever of Edward's return, while Charlotte hoped ever that time would restore the old order. For Charlotte firmly put the Captain, or Major, as he had now become, out of her life, and she wished that Edward would do the same with regard to Ottilie and return to her at last a loyal husband if not a sincere lover. In this ambition, if so it may be called, she was encouraged presently by discovering that she was about to become a mother. She found means to communicate this fact to her husband, who, so soon as he understood the message, made his will, providing for Ottilie, for Charlotte, and the unborn child, for the Major and the servants, and betook himself to the war.

In due course a son was born to Charlotte, in whom she took the keenest delight. He was a special comfort to her in that she could not but regard him as a pledge of her husband's eventual

return if he should escape the perils of war in which, long after Edward's departure, she learned accidentally that he was engaged. There was this peculiarity about the boy: some saw in him a remarkable resemblance to the Major; others as strong a resemblance to Ottilie. Thus was the ruling passion of each of his parents manifested and perpetuated. Ottilie was no less devoted to the child than Charlotte herself, but she was old and wise enough to perceive that he constituted an insuperable bar to the attainment of such union with Edward as she might have dreamed to be among the possibilities of the distant future. The child throve, and life at the castle continued in a peaceful routine. Such, then, was the situation when the war ended; and Edward, having failed to meet the death he courted, returned to his cottage.

His passion for Ottilie was unquenched. He rather derived from his continued existence, after subjecting himself to all possible perils, that fate had determined that Ottilie should be united to him. He was therefore determined on a separation from his wife, and to this end he sent for the Major to advise and assist him. The Major listened to his statement of his desires and convictions, and opposed to them all the considerations which honor and respect for social conventions could suggest. Edward brushed everything aside. He had thought of all these things, in battle, in bivouac, on the march, at all times and places. "I know that you love Charlotte," said he, "and she deserves it. I know that you are not indifferent to her. Take her at my hand and give Ottilie to me."

The Major suggested that the reputation of two men, hitherto unsullied, would be blasted by such a strange proceeding.

"Our very characters being what they are," replied Edward, "gives us a right to take this single liberty. A man who has borne himself honorably through life makes an action honorable which might appear ambiguous in others. After all these trials, I feel entitled to do something for myself. For you and Charlotte, that part of the business may, if you like, be given up; but neither you nor anyone shall keep me from doing what I have determined."

This being his unalterable decision, the Major, in loyalty to his friend, could do nothing but accept the mission imposed on

him, that he should go to Charlotte and make overtures looking to a legal separation. Edward was so sure that Charlotte would meet him half-way, and he was so impatient at unnecessary delay, that he accompanied the Major as far as the village near the castle where he agreed to await word of the outcome; but he could not sit still, and after the Major had left him, he made his way into his park by paths known only to hunters. Thus he came to the lake that lay between him and the castle, and so found Ottilie, who had gone out that afternoon for a walk along the shore. The boy was with her, sleeping peacefully on the ground while she read a book. Edward threw himself at her feet. He explained briefly the Major's errand to Charlotte. At that moment their destiny might be decided. He had never doubted her love; she assuredly had never doubted his; he begged for her consent. Ottilie pointed down to the child.

Edward looked at it and was amazed. "Great God!" he cried, "if I had cause to doubt my wife and my friend, this face would witness fearfully against them. Is not this the very image of the Major?"

"All the world say it is like me," Ottilie replied.

At that moment the child opened his eyes, and Edward then saw the resemblance to Ottilie. He understood the significance of the double resemblance, and it strengthened his conviction that those who truly loved should not be kept apart. Ottilie listened but begged him to return to the Major. The momentous problem could properly be solved only by Charlotte. Edward agreed reluctantly, but he quitted her, and she hastened to return home. It was a long way around the lake, and she decided to shorten the time it would take to get to the castle by crossing the lake in a boat which she was accustomed to handle without difficulty. On this occasion, having the child in her arms, and being excited, she lost her footing as the boat glided from shore and fell on the seat. The baby went over the rail, and Ottilie was so entangled that she could not get to his aid quickly enough to save him; and when she finally pulled him into the boat, the child was dead.

Charlotte was from home at this time; she had not seen the Major. When she returned there was a period of sad activity, a physician extending his useless efforts to restore the child's

animation in order, if possible, to lessen the shock to the mother, and Charlotte herself having to give such attention as she could to reviving Ottilie, who had fallen in a deathly faint at her feet. She lay with her head on Charlotte's knees, seemingly unconscious, when the Major arrived. He had heard the tragic news in the village. All through the night these three remained without stirring or speaking. At daybreak the Major, in simple terms, communicated Edward's message.

"Say to Edward," said Charlotte, "that I consent to the separation. I will subscribe whatever paper is submitted to me, but do not ask me to think about it or give advice."

The Major bowed and withdrew, and then Ottilie suddenly arose. She had been for hours in a condition of trance, hearing and understanding everything, but utterly unable to stir. Now she expressed herself unreservedly. "I will never be Edward's wife," she said. "In a terrible manner God has opened my eyes to see the sin in which I was entangled. I will atone for it, and let no one think to move me from my purpose. Send for the Major and tell him that no steps must be taken. Do not seek to move or deceive me. At the moment at which I learn that you have consented to the separation, in that same lake I will expiate my errors and my crimes."

Some time passed. Ottilie's attitude was made known to Edward, and by it he was restrained from any further immediate efforts in the direction of his desires; but it was a question now whether Ottilie should remain indefinitely at the castle; and under the circumstances it seemed as if Edward's former threats to seek her if she left it might be disregarded, since the situation now was so vitally different from what it had been when the threats were made. Ottilie herself wished to go. A situation as a teacher had long been open to her, and in a vocation where she could give every effort to helping others she saw the only possible recourse for herself. Charlotte arranged, therefore, for her departure; but she advised Ottilie that if her renunciation of Edward was absolutely sincere, she should promise never to speak to him if he should try to force himself upon her.

Ottilie did not hesitate a moment; she gave the promise, and one morning shortly afterward set forth in Charlotte's coach

for the school, intending to pass the night at an inn where she was well known. Serious illness prevented her maid from accompanying her, and as there seemed to be no danger, and delay was not to be thought of, she traveled alone.

An old friend of the family, who was in the confidence of both Edward and Charlotte, undertook to convey the fact of Ottilie's departure to Edward and to persuade him to take no steps toward approaching her. Edward received the news calmly and apparently coincided with the views laid before him; but as soon as his friend was gone, he fell to pacing up and down. He knew every mile of the road Ottilie must travel; knew that she must put up at the inn for a night; knew that by riding hard he could arrive there before she left it. He mounted his horse and rode so hard that he arrived at the inn ahead of her. The landlady gave him her best room, but he informed her that a young lady was coming to pass the night there, and asked that a room be made ready for her in the same suite as his own. One could be reached from the other by way of an anteroom.

Edward debated whether he should take Ottilie by surprise, or prepare her for meeting him. Deciding upon the latter course, he wrote her a letter, begging her to see him and consent to become his. He finished just as he heard her carriage roll into the court. Hastily addressing the letter, he left the room, but found that he had forgotten his watch and seals, which lay on her table. She must not see these first. He hurried back to get them, and then found that he could not leave her room before she entered it, for he had closed the door of the anteroom. It locked by a spring, and the key was on the other side. He tried to burst the door open, but it would not yield. So he hid his face against the panels and waited.

The landlady came in with Ottilie, but withdrew when she saw Edward. He turned. Ottilie looked at him calmly and earnestly, but without advancing or retiring.

"Ottilie!" he cried, "let us break this silence. It is by an accident you find me here. There is a letter for you. Read it, I implore you, and then determine as you will."

She read it without a change of expression and laid it down; then she regarded Edward with such a look that, eager as he

was, he was compelled to renounce everything he wished or desired of her. He hurried from the room in despair.

After a sleepless night he sought her again. He entreated her to speak, to tell him what she desired; he swore he would obey, but she remained silent. He asked tenderly if she would be his, and she shook her head to a gentle No. Did she wish to go on to school? Again a movement that indicated no. Did she wish to return to Charlotte? And to this she inclined her head. He went at once to the window to give directions to the coachman, and when his back was turned she fled from the room and hid herself in the carriage.

It was with the utmost surprise that Charlotte saw the carriage drive up with Ottilie, and Edward at the same moment ride into the courtyard. She ran down to the hall. Ottilie alighted and approached her and Edward. Violently and eagerly she caught the hands of the wife and the husband, pressed them together, and hurried to her room. Charlotte found her there in a dead faint. Restoratives were supplied and Ottilie returned to consciousness, but she would not speak. Charlotte returned to her husband, who was all tears but unable to explain. From his valet Charlotte learned enough to understand in a general way what had happened. Edward's old rooms were ready for him, and he took possession. The three appeared again to fall into some sort of relation with one another, but Ottilie persevered in her silence. The Major was summoned, and to him Edward poured out his heart, and from him Charlotte learned all details that had been lacking. She spoke with the utmost tenderness to her husband, and asked nothing of him but that, for the present, he would leave the poor girl to herself.

Edward seemed possessed by a species of insanity. He insisted that Charlotte should promise to marry the Major, and to soothe him, she promised to do so if Ottilie consented to become his wife. They observed presently that Ottilie was eating little or nothing, and then she took to having her meals sent to her room. Meantime, though she never broke her silence, she apprised her friends by a letter that she wished to be allowed to work out her own problem in her own way, and they, not dreaming what that way was, respected her wishes. The poor

girl in truth was starving herself. At her command her maid ate all the food that was taken to her room and held her peace about it. One day Ottilie chanced into the drawing-room just as a familiar visitor was declaiming rather oratorically his views about the sanctity of marriage. She listened, with heightened color for a moment, and then departed hastily. A moment later her maid rushed in with the frantic announcement that she was dying.

It proved to be so. Medical attendance was forthcoming quickly. The doctor saw naught but symptoms of exhaustion, and his sharp inquiries elicited the truth from the frightened maid. It was apparent that Ottilie was determined to die, for she refused to take what the doctor ordered for her. Then Edward cried: "Very well, I will follow you yonder!"

At this, Ottilie broke her silence. She pressed his hand with all the strength she had; with a tender effort of affection she called out, "Promise me to live," and then fell back immediately.

"I promise! I promise!" he called to her; but he cried only after her; she was already gone.

At Edward's insistence, Ottilie was placed in an open coffin, the vault in which she was laid was covered only with glass, and a lamp was kept burning there. But Edward did not venture to look at her. He lived mechanically; he seemed to have no tears left, and to be incapable of further suffering. His appetite gradually failed, and it was not very long after Ottilie passed away that they found him dead in his chair. The end had evidently come unexpectedly to him. He had kept his promise and lived as long as his broken heart would permit.

Charlotte gave him his place at Ottilie's side and arranged that thenceforth no other person should be placed with them in the same vault.

NIKOLAI VASILIEVITCH GOGOL

(Russia, 1809–1852)

DEAD SOULS (1842)

This novel was projected by Gogol as early as 1835, the theme having been given to him, it is said, by the famous poet, Pushkin, who had originally intended to use it himself. Most of the first volume was written in Rome, in 1839–1840. In 1841 the author went to Russia to bring it out, but encountered such difficulties that it was not published until 1842. After this volume was printed the Moscow censors refused to authorize the publication, because of its title. "How," said they, "can immortal human souls be called dead?" Gogol took the book to the censors of St. Petersburg; but they would sanction it only with great alterations and then only by virtue of mediation on the part of influential friends of the author. At last it appeared (in Moscow) under the title *Tchitchikoff's Peregrinations: or, the Dead Souls.* The second volume, which never received its finishing touches from the author, was written under the ever-increasing cloud of mysticism and asceticism that deteriorated his powers from about the date when the first volume appeared.

A SMALL *britchka*, of the kind used by middle-class gentry, drove into the courtyard of the inn in the capital city of a certain province in Russia. While he ate his dinner, the traveler catechized the waiter. First he inquired about the inn, the landlord, the yearly income, and other trifles; then he passed on to more serious questions, asking in detail about the governor, the judge, the procurator, and all the officials of the local government. He inquired with even greater minuteness about all the important landed proprietors of the district—how many "souls" (*i. e.*, male serfs) each possessed; and whether there was much sickness in the Government—epidemic fevers and the like—with an interest which savored of something more than the mere curiosity of a chance traveler. "Collegiate Councilor Pavel Ivanovitch Tchitchikoff, landed proprietor, traveling on his own business," was the description of himself that he jotted down on a scrap of paper for registry with the police.

On the day after his arrival Tchitchikoff called upon all the dignitaries in town, beginning with the Governor, and made himself extremely agreeable, modestly avoiding definite details as to his own affairs. That same evening he presented himself at the Governor's weekly reception, and there he was introduced by the Governor himself to many landed proprietors and ladies, all of whom he fascinated by his charming manners. Two of these estate-owners with whom he played cards, Maniloff and Sobakevitch, gave him cordial invitations to visit them, which he immediately accepted.

The next evening he dined with the Chief of Police, and made acquaintance with a landed proprietor named Nozdreff, who addressed everyone as "thou," and whose play was keenly watched by the Chief and the Procurator as soon as the stakes grew large. For more than a week Tchitchikoff remained in town. Then he decided to pay the promised visits, and set off first for Maniloff's estate, thirty versts from town, and Maniloff, a good-looking man of pleasing manners, received Tchitchikoff effusively. He agreed with everything everybody said, and never occupied himself with the affairs of his estate, and his wife was as happy-go-lucky as himself. Tchitchikoff and the Maniloffs vied with each other in chanting the praises of the Governor and all the officials of the town.

Having ingratiated himself by petting the children at dinner, Tchitchikoff requested a private interview with his host, and asked Maniloff how long a time had elapsed since a revised official list of his serfs had been made, and how many serfs had died since then. "A good many," said the manager, when summoned; and he was ordered to make out a detailed schedule, with the names. Tchitchikoff explained that he wished to purchase some serfs. "With land?—or without land, for transportation?" asked Maniloff. Tchitchikoff explained further that he wished to purchase the "dead souls"—that is, the male serfs who still appeared on official lists as legally alive and were taxed as such, and hence were susceptible of being legally transferred. Maniloff, dumfounded at first, eventually offered to give the "souls" to Tchitchikoff, and assume the expense of the deed of sale. Then Tchitchikoff insisted upon setting off straightway to visit Sobakevitch, and managed to get away,

after large doses of flattery to his hosts and promises of toys to the children.

The coachman took the wrong turning, and suddenly a furious thunder-storm broke over them, and Selifan managed to overturn the carriage and hurl his master face downward in the mud. The distant barking of dogs soon guided them to a village, where hospitality for the night was accorded by the owner of the dogs, Madame Korobotchka. This lady was the kind of elderly, petty landed proprietress that is forever bewailing the bad crops. It appeared that Tchitchikoff had gone so far astray that Madame Korobotchka could not direct him, and she proved a most troublesome person to deal with. He was compelled to explain in detail that he did not intend to dig up the dead souls; that henceforth she would be relieved of the tax on them; that he would pay for the deed of sale, and so forth. Her obstinacy and suspicions at last angered him to such a degree that he banged a chair violently upon the floor, and swore. This, and his pretense that he would purchase from her large quantities of supplies for the Government, finally induced her to sell the dead souls. He drew up for her signature a letter to the son of her priest, who served in the courts at the town, and who was to act for her; and she dictated to him, from memory, a list of the souls, fed him well, and sent a small peasant girl to guide him to a tavern at the cross-roads.

Tchitchikoff halted there, ordered a hearty meal, and catechized the waiter about everybody, as usual. Presently new guests arrived: Nozdreff and his brother-in-law. Instantly recognizing Tchitchikoff, Nozdreff insisted that the latter should give up his visit to Sobakevitch, and visit him. Nozdreff, at the age of five-and-thirty, was exactly what he had been as a boy. He continually uttered the most unnecessary and incredible boasts and falsehoods—such as that he had drunk seventeen bottles of champagne at a sitting; that he owned a pink or a blue horse; and that he had caught a hare in full flight, by its hind legs. He cheated at cards; and hence a game not infrequently wound up with his being thrashed with boots, or having his luxuriant whiskers pulled out by the handful. In a short time he would meet the people who had thrashed him exactly as if nothing had happened; and usually they met him in the same

manner. He never was present at any gathering that some row did not result. He had a peculiar mania for calumniating those with whom he was most intimate; of setting in circulation about them some stupid but cleverly calculated scandal, which had fatal effects. He had also a mania for proposing an exchange of dogs, horses—anything that happened to be at hand—for anything else he chanced to think of.

Tchitchikoff, although aware that the man was dangerous, thought it might be worth while to risk a visit to his estate. Noticing at dinner that Nozdreff was very abstemious, though he plied his guests with liquor, Tchitchikoff slyly emptied his glass on the floor. After dinner, when the brother-in-law had departed, Tchitchikoff asked Nozdreff to transfer to him all his dead souls. Nozdreff demanded an explicit explanation, and Tchitchikoff, hard-pressed, invented several fairly plausible explanations, all of which Nozdreff promptly pronounced false. Long and complicated bargaining ensued. Nozdreff endeavored to persuade Tchitchikoff to buy various useless articles at exorbitant prices, the dead souls to be thrown in for good measure, but Tchitchikoff refused. Nozdreff then proposed various games of cards, and when Tchitchikoff firmly refused, called him opprobrious names. The next morning Nozdreff again proposed that they stake the dead souls on the cards. Tchitchikoff, after renewed refusals, perceived that Nozdreff was becoming dangerously excited, and consented to a game of checkers, in which (as he thought) no cheating could be done. But Nozdreff cheated immediately, and when Tchitchikoff refused to continue, called in two servants and ordered them to thrash him. At this critical moment the rural Chief of Police providentially arrived, and arrested Nozdreff for having, in a drunken fit, caused a fellow landed proprietor to be beaten.

Tchitchikoff made his escape, and drove off at top speed, finally reaching Sobakevitch's estate. Sobakevitch, who resembled a medium-sized bear, both in figure and in movements, received him well; but, to Tchitchikoff's amazement, spoke evil in a very vigorous manner of all their common acquaintances, the officials, from the Governor down. He proved to be very difficult to deal with, as to the dead souls. He began by demanding one hundred rubles apiece, and lauding their efficiency

as artisans, as if they were alive. At last, three and a half rubles apiece was agreed upon, and Sobakevitch promised to go to town on the morrow to register the deed.

Incidentally, he had mentioned a neighboring proprietor, Pliushkin, a miser possessed of eight hundred souls who had been dying off like flies, and Tchitchikoff determined to visit him. He found Pliushkin's village large but wofully dilapidated, and the huge manor-house was equally dilapidated. In the amazingly dirty courtyard a person whom he took for the female housekeeper told him that the master of the house was not at home, but, when business was mentioned, invited him in. The furniture was decrepit, broken, and collected in piles. Heaps of every kind of rubbish filled the corners of the drawing-room. The "housekeeper," reappearing, proved to be Pliushkin, a wretched, beggarly object. He had once been a thrifty proprietor, with thriving serfs, and flour, cloth, and linen mills. When his wife died, and he undertook the housekeeping, he degenerated from the practical man and happy father of a family into a wretched miser, who picked up and hoarded every implement left in the village streets by his serfs, every scrap he could lay his hands upon. One daughter eloped with an officer, and never was forgiven. The other died.

Foreseeing that he would be starved in this house, Tchitchikoff made haste to transact his business. He bought one hundred and twenty dead souls, and seventy-eight fugitives, for a few kopecks apiece, in cash, and Pliushkin named his old schoolfellow, the Judge, as his representative, in order to avoid going to town himself.

Tchitchikoff drove back to town in the best possible spirits, and indulged in a long night's sleep. He now seemed to possess nearly four hundred serfs, and he gloated over the list of his acquisitions. At noon on the following day he dressed himself with his customary care, took his documents, and set forth for the registry of deeds to complete the legal details. By a little bribing of minor officials, and the Judge's good-will, the papers were promised for that day. As Tchitchikoff had apparently purchased souls to the amount of nearly one hundred thousand rubles, the Judge and others paid him proper respect, and declared that he should not depart on the morrow as he intended.

The Judge asked only one embarrassing question: How did Tchitchikoff come to be buying serfs without land? Was it with the purpose of transfer? Tchitchikoff replied that it was; he had land in the Government of Kherson.

The formalities having been completed, the Judge undertook to give the banquet of celebration himself, by the simple expedient of having the Chief of Police (who was "a worker of miracles") merely wink, as he passed the fish-stalls and wine-cellars. Never had Tchitchikoff been in such an exhilarated frame of mind, especially after the dinner and the champagne, when he fancied himself already a landed proprietor, and dreamed of acquiring the plump, fair-haired wife and the family to which he was fond of alluding as already in existence.

His purchases speedily became the subject of conversation in the town. It was the general conclusion that he was a millionaire, and some of the women now wrote him romantic notes. One even appointed a meeting at the ball for which the Governor had sent out invitations. Tchitchikoff's entrance into the ballroom was a triumph. Everyone tried to engross his attention. The Governor's wife presented him to her daughter, a pretty, fair-haired girl just home from boarding-school. He quickly attached himself to this pretty girl and her mother, and righteous indignation raged within the breasts of his quondam admirers.

At this juncture Nozdreff made his appearance, and Tchitchikoff, catching sight of him from afar, instantly prepared to flee. But Nozdreff espied him, and hailed him in stentorian tones: "Hey there, landowner of Kherson!" Then he proceeded to explain to the Governor and the company in general that Tchitchikoff dealt in dead souls. Next he called Tchitchikoff a beast, and declared that he would not budge from the spot until he had found out why Tchitchikoff bought dead people—though he loved him better than he loved his own brother; and wound up by insisting on kissing him. Everyone knew that Nozdreff was an atrocious liar; and, moreover, he was speedily ejected from the ballroom, at the demand of the ladies, because of his outrageous behavior. But it suited them to circulate his remarks.

Tchitchikoff, much perturbed, went home early. Mean-

while, Madame Korobotchka had become so uneasy over the possible results of his transaction with her, shortly after his departure, that she had driven up to town in her antediluvian equipage, and had betaken herself to the house of Father Kyrill, the father of the young man to whom she had entrusted the legal formalities connected with the sale. The priest's wife repeated Madame Korobotchka's version of the tale to one of the idle ladies, and the town was soon buzzing with the news and stark with horror. The gossips promptly decided that the dead souls were merely a pretext; the fact was, Tchitchikoff was plotting to elope with the Governor's daughter, and Nozdreff was to help him in the abduction. There had not been a fresh morsel of gossip in town for three months, so everyone eagerly welcomed this choice bit, improved upon the details, and passed it on. When at last it came to the ears of the Governor's astounded wife, she treated her daughter to a painful scene, and ordered the door-porter never to admit Tchitchikoff again. The officials hit upon the happy thought of questioning the persons from whom the dead souls had been purchased as to the meaning of the term, and Tchitchikoff's intentions and character. The sum total of their discoveries was, that absolutely nothing was known about him. Resolved to find out whether he was a man who ought to be seized and detained as a suspicious person, or whether he was a man who could do that to them, they assembled at the house of the Chief of Police, and enticed Nozdreff to spend the evening. The assorted falsehoods, with multifarious interesting details, about the life of Tchitchikoff, "the friend of his childhood," were so wildly preposterous and incredible that the officials gave up in despair. The Procurator was so affected by all this gossip, and the conflicting rumors, opinions, and accusations, that on his return home he took to thinking, and suddenly expired.

Of all this Tchitchikoff knew nothing, being confined to the house with a cold. He was surprised that none of his official friends called to inquire after his health; whereas formerly the carriage of one or another of them was always to be seen in front of the inn door. At last he could venture into the icy air; and arraying himself for conquest, he drove to the Governor's house. The lackey said, "Not at home!" and looked impudent. It was

the same everywhere; the officials either did not receive him, or talked in such an incomprehensible manner, uttered such nonsense, that he began to entertain doubts as to their sanity. He tried to discover the cause, but in vain.

As he was pouring out his tea, Nozdreff presented himself and asked for a cup. He told Tchitchikoff that there was no reason for being angry over the game of checkers; that everyone in town was against him; they thought he made counterfeit banknotes (this was one of the falsehoods that Nozdreff himself had told the officials); and he added the information that the Procurator had died of fright; that everyone was afraid of the new Governor-General, who was expected at any moment, lest some trouble should arise out of Tchitchikoff's affair; and he suggested that Tchitchikoff was engaged in a very risky business—the abduction of the Governor's daughter. However, he was quite ready to lend his assistance, if Tchitchikoff would lend him three thousand rubles. Tchitchikoff comprehended that it would be best for him to leave the town as speedily as possible, and on the way he met the Procurator's funeral procession (an omen of good luck) and the carriage of the new Governor-General.

Tchitchikoff's history had been varied and interesting. He was born of poor parents of the petty nobility, had shown remarkable powers of self-control and acquisitiveness even in his school-days, and had, with difficulty, obtained a miserably paid post in the government service. Eventually, by dint of unfailing courtesy, neatness, scheming, and cold-blooded self-seeking, he had been appointed on a building commission, the labors of which lasted six years. The large government building projected remained invisible; but a commodious, well-built house sprang up for each member of the commission, in different parts of the town where the soil was evidently better than on the plot selected for the government edifice. Presently a new chief was appointed, who demanded an accounting, and an explosion ensued. Tchitchikoff was utterly unable to recover his footing, and after long endurance of privations he succeeded in entering the customs service, which had long been the goal of his ambition, as he was fond of fine linen, porcelain, scented soap, and other foreign articles. Here he proved himself so clever at de-

tecting smuggled articles that he speedily drove the whole band of Polish Jew smugglers to despair, and was appointed to the command of a detachment of officials. He was now in position to exact a very heavy bribe, in an undertaking to smuggle Brabant lace which involved millions, and which without his aid could not have been managed. He made half a million rubles, and there was more to come, when he quarreled with a brother official, who sent in a secret denunciation of Tchitchikoff. He was ruined himself, but had the pleasure of dragging down Tchitchikoff in his fall. All that the two men had acquired was confiscated, and they were turned out of the service. All that Tchitchikoff had left was ten thousand rubles, which he had contrived to secrete, two dozen fine shirts, his *britchka*, and two serfs, Selifan and Petrushka. While awaiting something better, he occupied himself with the calling of solicitor, an avocation held in scorn in those days. In mortgaging several hundred serfs to the government bank for a spendthrift nobleman, he mentioned to the secretary of the bank that half the serfs were dead. The secretary remarked that there was no reason for apprehension; they were all on the revision lists; one died, another was born; so it came out even. This remark suggested to Tchitchikoff a way to make money rapidly. He would buy dead souls, say one thousand of them, cheaply and then mortgage them to the government bank for two hundred rubles apiece. As it was forbidden to buy serfs without land, he would buy them for transfer to some of the land in the Tauris and Kherson Governments, which was being given away on condition that it should be colonized.

Some time after he had escaped from Nozdreff and the enraged officials, Tchitchikoff made his appearance on the estate of Tentetnikoff, looking somewhat older and more seedy. Tentetnikoff was a man of thirty-three, who had abandoned the government service and settled on his fine estate, with the sincere desire to devote himself to the welfare of his peasants, but had become thoroughly discouraged by the difficulties he encountered. Cordially welcoming Tchitchikoff, he gave him the services of his blacksmiths and wheelwrights, which the condition of the traveler's carriage demanded; and Tchitchikoff, weary of his roving life, settled down for a considerable stay.

He contrived to effect a reconciliation between his host and the wealthy General Bertischeff, in the neighborhood, and to bring about the marriage of Tentetnikoff to the General's lovely daughter, which the quarrel had broken off. Telling the General a touching tale about his hard-hearted old uncle, who insisted upon his acquiring three hundred serfs of his own before allowing him to manage the estate that must come to him as sole heir, he induced the General (much amused by the clever joke on the supposititious uncle) to say that he might "take the whole graveyard."

When he set out on his travels again he met other types of landed proprietors: Pyetukh, who had mortgaged his estate because others had mortgaged theirs, consequently it must be profitable; Platon Platonoff, a handsome, healthy young man, who was so prosperous that life in general bored him to death; and Colonel Koshkaroff, who was obsessed with a bureaucratic mania, and had all his farm buildings labeled with pompous official titles, and every act of life inextricably entangled in red tape.

Platonoff took Tchitchikoff to the estate of his brother-in-law, Kostanzhoglo, "the finest agriculturist in Russia," who suggested that Tchitchikoff should purchase, at a third of its value, the estate of a neighboring spendthrift, Klobueff. Accepting the offer of Platonoff and Kostanzhoglo to lend him half the money required, Tchitchikoff bought the estate. Incidentally, Klobueff mentioned his aged aunt, worth three million rubles, who gave liberally to convents and churches, but was stingy to her relatives, especially to him, her nearest heir. Tchitchikoff stored this remark in his memory for future use, and soon found the opportunity.

During Platonoff's absence from home, his brother, who managed their joint estate, had been annoyed by the high-handed action of a neighbor newly arrived from St. Petersburg. This Governor Lyenitzin had seized some of their land. Written remonstrances had proved unavailing, and neither brother would go to him in person. Tchitchikoff offered his services. From Lyenitzin he obtained a number of dead souls, after which he went to the town where Klobueff's aged aunt resided, and engaged with Lyenitzin in a daring enterprise. He got into the

good graces of this Madame Khansaroff, and forged a will, which another woman (arrayed to personate her) signed after the old lady's death. He was still lingering in the town, waiting for the winter roads, when another will was discovered, dated five years previously. The witnesses of this will were men of unimpeachable integrity; and Tchitchikoff had forgotten to insert in the forged will a clause annulling all previous wills. He perceived that trouble was impending, and engaged a crafty lawyer.

Meanwhile, unknown to Tchitchikoff, a multitude of complaints against him were pouring in to the authorities from all quarters; and Murazoff, the philanthropic peasant multimillionaire, after setting Klobueff on his feet financially once more, inquired of him what sort of man Tchitchikoff was. Klobueff explained about the will and various other matters; and it ended in Tchitchikoff's being summoned by a gendarme to the Governor-General. The Prince used the plainest of language to Tchitchikoff, who, he said, had probably never committed an illegal act in his life, yet every kopeck he possessed had been acquired in the most dishonest manner, for which he deserved the knout and Siberia. He should be sent at once to prison with the worst criminals and robbers, there to await the decision as to his fate. He was infinitely more vile than the peasant malefactors.

Tchitchikoff wept rivers of tears and appealed in vain, as he groveled and clasped the Prince's feet, even enduring a kick in the face. Two stalwart gendarmes wrenched him away at last. At the door he met Murazoff and piteously besought him to save him from prison and death. Murazoff promised to do his best, but the Prince, he said, was too just to let him go absolutely scot-free. His crafty lawyer wrought miracles; he spirited away the woman accomplice, and contrived so to confuse the whole affair, and involve in it every public and private scandal in the province, that the official appointed to make an abstract of it nearly lost his mind, and was utterly unable to grasp the thread of the case and discern who was accused of what. Bribes to certain officials (to the amount of thirty thousand rubles) completed the lawyer's work. Murazoff appealed to the Prince, at this juncture, to save Tchitchikoff from a public flogging;

and the Prince consented to release the scoundrel on condition that he should leave the town immediately and go as far away as possible.

Murazoff, in announcing his release to Tchitchikoff, informed him that the man who had instigated the affair was known, and could not possibly escape condign punishment. He advised Tchitchikoff to make all possible haste to depart, otherwise a catastrophe was inevitable, as he himself was leaving town on the morrow.

Tchitchikoff had his *britchka* placed on sledge-runners, and one hour after Murazoff's departure on the following day he drove away, the mere wreck of the former sleek and confident adventurer.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

(England, 1728–1774)

THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD (1766)

Tradition has it that when Goldsmith had finished the manuscript of this famous masterpiece he was virtually being held prisoner in his lodgings by his landlady for long arrears of unpaid rent; that he sent for his friend, Dr. Samuel Johnson, to help him out of this predicament; and that the Doctor did so by taking the precious manuscript and selling it for sixty pounds. With its publication Goldsmith's literary reputation was established. Of this work Washington Irving said: "The irresistible charm this novel possesses evinces how much may be done without the aid of extravagant incident to excite the imagination and interest the feelings. Few productions of the kind afford greater amusement in the perusal, and still fewer inculcate more impressive lessons of morality." A dramatic setting was given to the story early in the twentieth century, which was successfully presented in England by the late Henry Irving, and also in the United States.

WAS ever of opinion that the honest man who married and brought up a large family did more service than he who continued single and only talked of population."

So declared the worthy Dr. Primrose, the famous Vicar of Wakefield. Guided therefore by this practical view of life, he had hardly taken orders when he chose a wife precisely "as she did her wedding-gown, not for a fine glossy surface, but for such qualities as would wear well." Her literary accomplishments were of the slightest, but she was emphatically what the Germans call a good *hausfrau*, loved her husband with tenderness and respect, and fulfilled the chief end of matrimony by bringing him six handsome and dutiful children, four sons and two daughters. Providence had endowed them with an ample fortune, and in their elegant rural home the good Vicar was a fit exemplar of the typical English country clergyman. He and his handsome family dwelt together with great happiness, en-

joying nature, and entertaining guests with a charming, guileless simplicity that their freedom from the anguish of poverty could not allay. Nor did the humbler members of the good pastor's flock fail of receiving equal kindness and urbanity with the rich, from himself and from all his family.

In addition to his theory concerning matrimony, Dr. Primrose held to a hobby, which his wealth enabled him to indulge by publishing pamphlets on the subject and devoting much time to discussing it, although it must be admitted that sometimes he must have made himself somewhat of a bore. He was a fanatic on monogamy. The Vicar evidently did not see that his theories conflicted. For, supposing one's wife to die childless, by declining a second marriage one would be obliged to forego the obligation of increasing population. Many was the wordy battle the good Vicar waged on this unimportant subject.

Mrs. Primrose and her growing family concerned themselves but little about theoretic matrimony. Practise and not theory occupied their thoughts. In good time, therefore, the eldest son, George, a handsome but disingenuous graduate of Oxford, and intended for a profession, fixed his affections upon the daughter of a neighboring dignitary of the Church, who, like most such dignitaries, possessed a comfortable fortune. The personal charms of Arabella Wilmot were commensurate with her fortune. In this alluring combination of circumstances there was naturally no opposition to the match on either side. During a charming courtship, the life led by the lovers, and in fact by both families, was altogether quite Arcadian. The young ladies, when not devoted to music and hunting, spent the hours in dressing and studying; they usually read a page, and then gazed at themselves in the glass, which, even philosophers might own, often presented the page of greater beauty.

But in the midst of this idyllic life, and while the preparations for the wedding were at hand, a most unexpected change came over the scene. The Vicar was engaged in a heated discussion with the future father-in-law of George Primrose on his favorite hobby. This was the more indiscreet because the Reverend Mr. Wilmot was at that very time courting a fourth wife. The dispute had reached a point where the intended alliance was actually put in jeopardy.

At this critical moment the Vicar was informed that the agent who had charge of his property had absconded to avoid the bankruptcy law, and the Vicar was, in all probability, reduced to penury. This disaster brought the discussion on monogamy to a prompt conclusion. As the world goes, it also brought a temporary and probably a permanent blight upon the matrimonial plans of George Primrose and Arabella Wilmot. The lovers were to continue to love, that was understood, but Mr. Wilmot took the worldly view of the question, and the Vicar was too proud and too sensible to fight the inevitable.

The Vicar was now unable to support the style in which he had lived so long. He was thankful, in the circumstances, to find a small curacy with a thatched cottage of four rooms, twenty acres, and a stipend of fifteen pounds a year. To this he could add about four hundred pounds in hand, the remnant of his fortune. Considerable of this he exhausted in settling debts, imprudent benevolence, and in sending his son George to London to seek his fortune. The ladies of course contrived to preserve most of their fine gowns; and one of the new curate's duties was to instruct his family to practise common sense, and to avoid arousing the sneers and jealousy of their lowly parishioners by ill-timed display of finery that was out of keeping with their new station.

Much of the time of the good Vicar (for thus we shall continue to designate him) was given to the culture of his twenty acres, on which depended much of his living. His devoted family often shared with him in this pursuit.

Among the visitors to the Primrose cottage who discovered and appreciated the sterling worth of this simple-minded and virtuous family was a Mr. Burchell. He was a blunt, straightforward, but sensible man, who, although apparently of moderate means, was evidently a gentleman of observation and culture. At an inn where they had stopped on the journey to their new house, the Primroses first had met Mr. Burchell in a curious way. Hearing boisterous voices in the adjoining room, the parson learned that a lodger, who proved to be this Mr. Burchell, was about to be arrested for lack of money to pay for his lodging, having, as he alleged, imprudently paid out what he had had on hand to aid another poor man in a somewhat

similar difficulty. With equal guilelessness and charity, the good clergyman immediately lent him the required sum out of his own slender resources.

When the family resumed their journey Mr. Burchell volunteered his company, proceeding on foot, and thus had the opportunity to return the kindness of the good curate in a most touching manner. While the travelers were crossing a rushing stream, the horse of the gentle Sophia lost his footing and bore her into deep water. The greatest alarm seized the entire party, which was relieved only when Mr. Burchell flew to the rescue, and, at the risk of his life, dragged the horse and the fair rider safely to the bank. Nothing could exceed the gratitude of this afflicted family; but it was especially noticeable that Sophia clung with peculiar confidence to the strong arm of her rescuer, as if she felt instinctively that there at last was the haven of hope and rest to which one of her sex and temperament naturally looks forward.

As they neared their new home, the road skirted the extensive grounds and magnificent country-seat which Mr. Burchell explained to them belonged to Sir William Thornhill. Of this nobleman he had this to say, that the curacy was in his gift, or rather in that of his nephew, who occupied the place as holder under sufferance; for Sir William, as he added, was an eccentric man, much given to roving, and willing to be free of the direct charge of such an estate.

As they approached the cottage, Mr. Burchell was cordially invited to accept their humble hospitality. Greatly to the evident regret of Sophia, and apparently of the others, he declined this invitation, being bound in another direction; but he promised to visit them from time to time while he continued to be in that neighborhood.

It happened one afternoon after the occurrence of these events that the pastor and his family were seated in their arbor sipping their tea. Suddenly a great blare of horns, barking of hounds, and hue-and-cry of hunters jarred on the still air. Immediately thereafter a troop of horsemen in gay livery burst over the hedge, without so much as asking leave. They were led by a rider of distinction, a young man of handsome but dissipated and haughty look, qualified to repel a modest and retir-

ing maiden, but to attract if not to win one of a romantic nature. Everything about him indicated one not accustomed to hear a refusal from any he sought or addressed. Approaching the family with offhand manner, the stranger offered to salute Olivia and Sophia in a more intimate way. To this they both instinctively objected; but when he announced himself as Mr. Thornhill, lord of the manorial estate adjoining, Mrs. Primrose was greatly impressed, and her lovely daughters proved more compliant. On leaving, the Squire promised to repeat his visit often. In the analysis of his merits after his departure, Mrs. Primrose was loud in his praise; with all her simplicity and worth, she was still a sycophant. The estimate of Olivia coincided with that of her mother; while Sophia inclined to agree with her father, who was exceedingly suspicious of the character and aims of Squire Thornhill.

Often after this was the cottage visited by the gay Squire, accompanied by his minions, including a questionable companion whom he called his chaplain. The Squire showed persistent attention to Olivia, but carefully avoided the proposal of marriage sought by her and her mother by artifices not uncommon among marriageable young maidens and managing mammas.

Matters had reached this point when one day Mr. Thornhill introduced two showy, loud-mouthed young ladies to the Primrose cottage, whom he introduced as Lady Blarney and Miss Caroline Amelia Skeggs. Their conversation, confined chiefly between themselves, was entirely of fashion and people of rank, with whom they seemed to be perfectly familiar. They came repeatedly without the Squire, and gradually suggested procuring for Olivia and Sophia situations in London as governesses and companions in noble houses, where their fortunes would be made.

With heads quite turned by this suggestion, and practically showing the door to Mr. Burchell, who evinced a very poor opinion of these noble visitors and offered most unpalatable advice, Mrs. Primrose and her daughters proceeded to consider how to fit themselves more suitably for the brilliant society that appeared to open its arms to receive them. Of course this would require more money than they possessed. Strongly

against the judgment of the good Vicar, Moses, the second son, was sent to the fair to dispose of an aged horse called a colt because younger than its mate. Moses fell in with sharpers, and came home without the colt, and with nothing to show for it but a gross of green spectacles with copper frames, which had been palmed off on him in exchange as silver.

That misfortunes never come singly may not be always true, but it turned out so with the Primrose family at this time. A copy of a warning letter in a pocketbook was picked up near the cottage. It was addressed to the distinguished ladies mentioned above. They fled Thornhill Hall at once for the city, but not without leaving a sting behind them. It was this way: the Squire informed the Primrose daughters that, owing to some scandal circulated about them, it was impossible for them to hope for the situations that had practically been promised to them.

But Mr. Thornhill continued to visit the cottage, urging his suit with the fair Olivia more and more boldly, but careful to imply no matrimonial intentions.

The situation became more tense daily, until it reached a climax in a way least expected by all the Primrose family excepting the good Vicar himself. During this interval Olivia had an offer of marriage from Mr. Williams, a good and wealthy farmer. Although playing the coquette between the Squire and the farmer, she finally yielded to her father's urgency, who feared other results and decided in favor of Farmer Williams. The wedding-day was set.

And now Dick Primrose came running in with the terrible news that he had seen Olivia carried off in a post-chaise by two gentlemen; but that, although weeping, she seemed not to make much resistance. The blow was crushing. But the Vicar set out at once on foot to rescue his beloved daughter, toward whom his devotion never failed, even when her mother was disposed to abandon her to her fate. First he repaired to Thornhill Castle, not without reason suspecting the Squire. But the latter showed such well-feigned amazement at the news that Dr. Primrose was disposed to think the abductor might have been Mr. Burchell. And, learning that the chaise had been seen proceeding toward Wells, he bent his steps for that

town. He never suspected that he might have been purposely misdirected.

Failing to find his poor, missing child, the sad father set out for home. But his sorrows and fatigue were too great. He fell ill at a wayside inn, seventy miles from home, and lay there several weeks. His money had, in the mean time, come to an end. Out of this fearful predicament he was rescued providentially by meeting at the inn Mr. Thomas Tripp, his former publisher, who kindly lent him sufficient money for his present needs.

Dr. Primrose's next adventure was to fall in with a man, plausible, well dressed, and intelligent, who was interested in a troupe of traveling players preparing to give an entertainment. Always ready to converse and argue, Dr. Primrose was soon engaged in a warm discussion on politics and liberalism. As evening drew on the stranger pointed to a magnificent country-seat and asked the clergyman to dine and pass the night there. The doctor gladly agreed to the plan, and soon was seated in an elegant dining-hall. Several ladies graced the board. The discussion was resumed with ardor. Suddenly a servant announced that the master had unexpectedly arrived. Instantly the company at the table, who proved to be servants of the house, arose in confusion as Mr. Arnold, the actual proprietor, entered the dining-hall. With the guests who accompanied him were Mr. Thornhill and Miss Wilmot, who ran joyfully to greet Dr. Primrose. His son George was also there, whose presence was explained by the fact that the lovely girl had discovered him with delight among the players, and urged him to join them at the hall. Mr. Arnold's generous hospitality included them all, and Dr. Primrose remained there some days.

Mr. Thornhill met him with apparent cordiality, and showed a seeming friendship by using his influence to procure George a commission as lieutenant in a regiment just ordered to go abroad. It is more likely, as the sequel will show, that his zeal was due less to kindness than to a desire to remove him as far as possible from the presence of Miss Wilmot, to whom the young Squire was now paying suit.

After resting several days the Vicar resumed his journey on a hired nag, for he was ill able to continue on foot. His heart

was heavy, for his search for the lost daughter had been in vain. While still twenty miles from home, he put up for the night at a little roadside hostel. The hostess was all smiles to guests with the wherewith to pay, and as flint to the penniless. Perceiving her character, the Vicar offered to drink her health in a glass of wine. But a few minutes later he heard her abusing a lodger on the floor above, who piteously begged for mercy, saying she was left destitute and alone, and that death would soon relieve her sufferings. The Vicar instantly recognized the voice of his poor, ruined child, Olivia. He flew to her rescue, while the woman was dragging her to the door by her hair. He caught the dear, forlorn creature in his arms, crying: "Welcome, anyway welcome, my dearest lost one—my treasure—to your poor old father's bosom! Though the vicious forsake thee, there is yet one in the world that will never forsake thee; though thou hadst ten thousand crimes to answer for, he will forget them all!"

"Oh, my own dear"—for minutes she could say no more—"my own dearest, good papa! Could angels be kinder?"

After the first burst of inexpressible sorrow and joy, they accepted better apartments, which the double-faced landlady now offered them. Olivia then gave an account of what had actually occurred, which astounded her good father. She said that it was not Mr. Burchell, as her family assumed, who had seduced her; on the contrary, he had warned her, over and over again, against Squire Thornhill, and he it was who had seduced her on the pretense of a false marriage. The supposed priest was a villain who had already pretended to marry the Squire to several girls whom he had thus betrayed. In a few days, being weary of her, Thornhill left Olivia in the society of the two ladies he had taken into the pure home of the Primrose family to beguile her away to her ruin. As the reader has doubtless already surmised, they were merely two women of bad character.

The reunited father and daughter proceeded the next morning toward home. When within five miles of that sacred spot, he left her at an inn, where the horse was to be given up, and went forward on foot to prepare the family to greet the wanderer with a glad welcome. It was midnight when he discerned the humble abode where his family were peacefully sleeping. As

he drew near, the faithful mastiff came running to welcome his master. The Vicar raised his hand to knock on the door, when he perceived a burst of flame pour out from the roof. Instantly his happiness was turned to untold agony. He gave a convulsive outcry and fell on the pavement insensible. Nature could endure no more. That cry awoke his son, who, seeing the darting flames, awoke the family, and all ran out half naked and wild with terror. In a few moments the father revived, and the neighbors rushed to the rescue. But all was of no avail, for, spite of all they could do, the cottage burned to the ground, while the Vicar and his family clung together rejoicing amid their anguish that they were all saved to one another. Among the goods lost was the little hoard the father had saved as portions for his daughters. Nothing could exceed the kindness of the neighbors in their efforts to relieve the wants and distress of their pastor and his family.

While the good Vicar and his wife and children were still lodging with the neighbors, casting about how to rise above these misfortunes, and never losing their faith in God, which was indeed a marvel, their landlord, Squire Thornhill, appeared in his sumptuous coach and four. Olivia had just sung with exquisite pathos a tender, melancholy air, while all the family listened with fond sympathy. The Squire alighted from his chariot, and proceeded to greet with brazen assurance the family he had injured. But he was met by the venerable Vicar with stern yet grand rebuke and upbraiding that, however indiscreet in the circumstances, was but too well deserved. With haughty indifference to the high language of the injured father, Mr. Thornhill threatened to leave him to the mercies of his attorney (for Dr. Primrose was unfortunately a debtor for rent unpaid), and defied him to break the Squire's proposed marriage with Miss Wilmot.

Ere long Mr. Thornhill's steward appeared and drove off and sold the Primrose cattle for half their value; and soon after came two officers of the law who led the poor Vicar and his stricken family to the county jail, eleven miles distant, a most distressing walk through mire and snow. On reaching their destination, the Vicar installed his dear ones in as comfortable rooms as could be had in an adjoining hovel and then proceeded

to his quarters at the jail. These consisted of one large room, damp and noisome, and already full of a crew of abandoned wretches. At first they received him with jeers and ribald songs. But his lofty bearing, his calm resignation to the will of Providence, his gentle exhortations to his fellow-prisoners to repentance and duty soon wrought a wonderful change in their conduct.

Events in this domestic drama now thickened and drew rapidly to a climax. Fortune must at last relent in its seeming persecution of this devoted family.

Exasperated rather than remorseful for the just wrath displayed by the injured father, Mr. Thornhill caused an attempt to be made to abduct Sophia, in order to ruin her as well as her sister. Mr. Burchell, being in the neighborhood, heard her screams, and, swift of foot, flew to the rescue. In this escapade the postilion was injured, and George Primrose was arrested and thrown into the same prison with his father, by order of Squire Thornhill, for attempted murder and for seeking to right the family wrongs by sending a challenge.

In the mean time Mr. Burchell restored Sophia to her distracted parents. But when George cast his eyes on Mr. Burchell he was like one stupefied, for he recognized in him the great and good Sir William Thornhill, the uncle of the Squire, whom he had seen at Mr. Arnold's country-seat. Disguise being no longer possible, Sir William soon made it evident to the now embarrassed family that to them he was still the good, kind friend, "Mr. Burchell," however dignified and stern he might be to others, as occasion might require of him as proprietor, nobleman, and magistrate.

Sir William's nephew, the Squire, was now announced, in search of his uncle, who, he learned, was at the jail. With his usual insolent assurance, Mr. Thornhill expected to carry all before him. But one by one his iniquities were unveiled and thoroughly exposed. One of his precious associates, Mr. Jenkinson, turned witness against him. He testified that, for reasons of his own, the license and the priest he procured to marry Olivia and the Squire were genuine, instead of the false substitutes the latter intended; and thus he was actually married at the very time that the day for his marriage to Arabella Wilmot

was set. So he had lost both his intended bride and her marriage settlements.

Driven at length to bay, stripped of all his fine airs, and reduced to beggary, Mr. Thornhill fell on his knees and begged for mercy. Sir William spurned the prayers of his villainous nephew, and turned him off with a mere pittance, barely sufficient to sustain life. To Olivia, on the other hand, Sir William gave a third of the fortune expected by his nephew. He then offered himself to the sweet Sophia, who, already in love with him as plain "Mr. Burchell," had abandoned all hope when she saw him transformed into the wealthy and powerful nobleman. It is needless to say that she did not long hesitate when she heard him exclaim, as he caught her to his bosom: "My loveliest, my most sensible of girls, how could you think your own Burchell, even though Sir William Thornhill, could ever cease to admire a mistress that loved him for himself alone? I have for some years sought for a woman, who, a stranger to my fortune, would think that I had merit as a man. After having tried in vain, even among the pert and the ugly, how great at last must be my rapture to have made a conquest over such sense and such heavenly beauty!"

The dear, good Dr. Primrose married the two happy couples amid the rejoicing not only of those immediately concerned, but of the whole countryside. To cap the climax of this extraordinary change of fortune, it was now learned that the villain who had absconded with the Vicar's property had been caught, and most of the stolen pelf was recovered.

SARAH GRAND

(England, 1854)

THE HEAVENLY TWINS (1893)

This curious tale was published in 1893, and was the first work of the author that gave her a wide reputation. It concerns itself with the higher education of women, and upholds the necessity of establishing the same standard of virtue for men as for women.

EVADNE FRAYLING was the eldest of six girls; she had an inquiring mind: she wanted to know.

Mr. Frayling was a portly man with a place in the country, a town house, a comfortable income, and a narrow mind. He was ignorant of the moral progress of the world, and opposed to change of any kind. Most particularly was he opposed to any change in the situation of woman.

"Women should confine their attention to housekeeping," he once remarked. "It is all they are fit for."

Evadne and her father were much together, but instead of adopting his views she soon learned to disagree with him on almost every question that arose; but she kept her views to herself. She read a great many books, and wrote her opinion of them in a "commonplace book."

When Evadne was eighteen she was presented at court. Soon after this a young clergyman asked her to be his wife, but she refused him for the reason that she had not thought of him as a man, but as a priest, and to her it would be a sort of sacrilege to marry a priest. After this she began to think of marriage, and one morning in church she prayed for some sign by which she might know the man who was to be her future husband. She glanced across the aisle and met the earnest gaze of Major Colquhoun, a big blond man, about thirty-eight years of age.

He was an acquaintance of her father, and Mr. Frayling invited him to pay a visit to Fraylingay. He remained a few weeks, and before he went away Evadne and he were betrothed. Mr. Frayling told his daughter that he was perfectly satisfied with her choice; the Major was a fine, manly fellow, and would make her an excellent husband. Mr. and Mrs. Frayling knew that the Major had been wild in his youth, but they considered that of no consequence, as it was long ago. Six weeks later they were married in London.

As Evadne was about to leave her room for the carriage that was to take her and her bridegroom to the train, she took up some letters addressed to herself that had just arrived. One was in an unknown hand and signed by a stranger. Evadne read it through to the end, and then went down and took her seat in the carriage. When the carriage reached the railway station Major Colquhoun got out to look for seats in the train, and when he returned for Evadne she had disappeared. He went back to the Fraylings' house at once. Evadne was not there. A telegram from her came to her father, saying she had received information about the Major's past life and character which did not please her, and she was going to make further inquiries.

Mrs. Orton Beg was a sister of Mrs. Frayling. She was a widow, sympathetic and religious, and lived at Morningquest close to the Cathedral. She was very fond of Evadne, but could not go to her wedding because of a lame ankle. On the third day after the marriage Evadne came to her and asked to be allowed to stay a few days. The letter that Evadne had received she handed to Mrs. Orton Beg to read.

"What are you going to do?" her aunt asked.

"Decline to live with him," Evadne answered, adding that she had ceased to love him. And she expressed herself in strong terms as opposed to the custom of marrying innocent young girls to men steeped in vice.

Letters were exchanged between Evadne and her mother, Mrs. Frayling urging her to return to her husband, and Evadne refusing. Finally Mrs. Frayling went to see her daughter and succeeded in persuading Evadne, for the sake of appearances, to live in the same house with the Major, even if only as brother

and sister. Mr. Frayling refused his forgiveness to his daughter until she should "come to her senses." He tried to stop all communication between Evadne and her mother, but Evadne wrote that if he forbade their interchange of letters she should write to the newspapers and get the opinion of the public on his conduct. At this he railed at the "higher education of women," and Mrs. Frayling said she should continue to write to her daughter.

Major Colquhoun was ordered to Malta, and he called to see Evadne in order to make arrangements for her to follow him by steamer. The interview was embarrassing and formal. He promised that he would never persecute her with attentions, and he kept his word.

When Evadne arrived in Malta, Major Colquhoun met her and took her to the house that he had prepared for her. He had done all he could to make it comfortable and attractive. Evadne enjoyed Malta; she selected as friends those people who were best worth knowing, and adhered to her resolution to do whatever she thought right, and to associate with those persons of whose conduct she approved. She had no sympathy with, nor liking for, the flippant and vulgar, shallow and insincere women and men she met. And they in their turn neither understood nor admired her. They were shocked at her advanced views as to what a woman should know, and at her assumption of a right to act according to her knowledge and her feelings, regardless of custom and convention.

Mrs. Beale and Edith Beale, the wife and daughter of the Bishop of Morningquest, came to Malta shortly after Evadne's arrival, for Mrs. Beale's health. Edith and Evadne were old friends. Edith soon became engaged to Sir Mosley Menteith, a man she had known at intervals for several years. Evadne, knowing that he was a bad man and that he had lived a dissipated life for a long time, begged Edith not to marry him. The Major, also, thought it was a pity that Edith should marry Menteith. But Mrs. Beale was very much pleased. Shortly after the engagement was announced the Beales left for England, and Edith was married in the Cathedral at Morningquest. She soon learned the character of the man she had married, and was very unhappy. A little more than a year later, she

returned to Morningquest to visit her parents, bringing her baby, an ugly and feeble child. She was in wretched health, and suddenly went insane and died.

Mr. and Lady Hamilton-Wells lived at Hamilton House, Morningquest. They had twin children, Theodore (usually called Diavolo) and Angelica. These twins were always in mischief or plotting it. They were very clever, and held advanced views on every subject. The family was intimate with the Fraylings and frequently visited at Fraylingay. Lady Hamilton-Wells was a daughter of the Duke of Morningquest, and a sister of Lord Dawne.

The twins went to visit their grandfather, the Duke, and as soon as they were safely installed at the castle their parents started on a trip around the world and were absent a year. At Morne there was much high talk of doing good and living for others, to all of which the twins listened attentively. They were sixteen years old now, and one day Angelica declared to her Aunt Claudia that she wanted some long dresses. So they went shopping together, and Angelica appeared metamorphosed into a young lady. But as Diavolo cried at her appearance she promised him that she would be just as naughty as ever in her long dresses. A few days later she declared she was tired of the routine of getting up in the morning and going to bed at night, with an interval of exercise between; she wanted to do something for somebody.

When Mr. and Lady Hamilton-Wells returned from their tour around the world they decided that Diavolo was to be sent to Sandhurst, and that Angelica should be presented at court as soon as possible Diavolo said *he* didn't mind, but Angelica was irritated, and went to walk off her irritation in the grounds alone. There she met her fast friend of many years' standing —Mr. Kilroy of Ilverthorpe. She had said she liked to talk and that he was a good target to talk at. He was riding in to lunch at the castle, and when he saw her he dismounted. Angelica snatched the whip from his hand and gave the horse a vicious slash with it, which set him off at a gallop into the woods.

"What is the matter, Angelica?" Mr. Kilroy asked, in his peculiarly kindly way.

"Marry me!" said Angelica, stamping her foot at him. "Marry me, *and let me do as I like.*"

Colonel Colquhoun made Evadne promise that during his lifetime she would not take any part, publicly, in the social questions in which she was interested. After giving this promise she ceased to read, and by degrees there grew upon her a perfect horror of disturbing emotions. She burned any of her books that contained anything unpleasant, and removed from her walls any picture that represented storms or grief. Her mind grew sluggish, her bodily health decreased, and she became seriously ill with fever. As soon as she was able to travel, Colonel Colquhoun sent her to England, and went off to a small war that had just broken out. Mrs. Orton Beg met Evadne on her arrival in England, and took her home with her. Mrs. Frayling did not go to see her daughter, as Mr. Frayling told her she must choose between himself and Evadne: if she preferred the latter she might go to see her, but she could not return to him.

Colonel Colquhoun was absent a year: he was made a C.B. and promoted. He was further honored by being appointed to the command of the dépôt at Morningquest.

A tenor was needed for the Cathedral, and one day a distinguished-looking stranger appeared and offered himself for the vacant post. His preliminary effort was successful, and he was engaged. After a private talk with the dean he was introduced as Mr. Jones. The new Tenor had a marvelous voice, which attracted a great many people to the services. He took a small house and decorated the rooms himself. For two years he lived a quiet, peaceful life in Morningquest, and the sadness that had overshadowed him on his arrival seemed to be passing away. Then he began to grow restless. One afternoon he was to sing the solo in an anthem, and as he waited for the note he absently fixed his eyes on a lady in the canon's pew. When the first clear notes of his voice rang through the building she looked up in surprise, and their eyes met. The Tenor awoke from his lethargy, faltered, stopped, and then went on again. That night his restlessness increased. It was moonlight and he walked out into the city, and reached the market square. A tall, slender

boy stumbled against him and apologized. A few nights later the Boy and the Tenor met again in the same place, and entered into conversation. It was some weeks before they met again, and during the interval the Tenor thought often of the Boy. There was something unusual in his manner and appearance which would have attracted attention even if his conversation had not been significant. The Tenor did not try to find out who the Boy was, but he divided his thoughts between him and the young lady in the canon's pew.

When next they met the Boy teased the Tenor about breaking down in the anthem because the young lady looked at him. The Tenor scrutinized him closely; then the puzzled look passed from his face.

"I know what it is," he said. "You are exactly like her."

The Boy laughed. "I meant to keep it a secret. I might as well confess that there are two of us, twins. They call us the Heavenly Twins."

"What, signs of the Zodiac?" said the Tenor.

"No, signs of the times," said the Boy.

After this they met frequently, but always at night. The Boy went regularly to the house of the Tenor, who left a window open so that he might get in whenever he pleased. Their relations were friendly and informal, the Boy indulging in various kinds of nonsense, according to his moods. The Boy brought his violin to the Tenor's house, and often played, for he was a fine musician.

The Tenor soon perceived that the Boy was not all mischief, romp, and boyishness. Having formed a favorable opinion of the Boy's abilities, the Tenor began to make plans for his future, and the selflessness of the man's nature showed itself in nothing more clearly, perhaps, than in the consideration he gave to the lad's career. He saw in the girl an ideal, and had found soul enough in the laughter-loving Boy to make him eager to befriend him. And the Boy talked to him of Angelica, and insinuated that she cared for the Tenor.

"And I should like to see Angelica safely settled with you," he said. "A man with a voice like yours is a match for anyone. There are obstacles, of course; but they can be got over—if you will trust to me."

At last the Boy succeeded in making the Tenor believe that Angelica thought of him.

No matter how much the Boy's mischief displeased the Tenor, the lad always managed to bring about a reconciliation before they parted. He often spoke of his sister in a way that made the Tenor seriously angry. One day he told the Tenor that Angelica always called him Israfil in private, and that he should call him by that name thenceforth.

The Tenor became more and more fond of the Boy, and denied himself some of the necessaries of life in order to buy Burgundy, for the Boy liked to sip it after he had eaten supper, which he cooked for himself and the Tenor every night. The Boy asked him who he was, for gossip was rife, and the Tenor told him the truth: he did not know. But the Tenor was making plans: he was determined to go and take his place among the singers of the world.

One night the Boy told him that Angelica wished him to sing a certain piece the next day at the afternoon service. The Tenor complied. Angelica brought an *impresario* to hear him, who immediately called upon the Tenor and made him offers that were at once accepted. The Tenor was to enter upon his new engagement in one month's time. He felt now that this step he was about to take would not lead to the separation he dreaded, but rather to the union for which he might at last, without presumption, venture to hope.

When he and the Boy were on the river a few nights later, and heard the Cathedral chime, the Tenor told the Boy when he had first heard it. He was a lad, and had been working in a colliery, but the work was too hard for him, and he was coming up the river on a barge to try to get some lighter work in one of the towns. He could neither read nor write, and never had heard of Christ; but he loved music, and he caught up the notes and sang them with all his heart. In the outskirts of the city an old gentleman hailed them and told him that if he would go away with him he would have him taught, and would make a great singer of him. So he went with the gentleman, who was a rich bachelor. This friend tried to find his parents, but could not. All that was known of the Tenor's birth was that, in the place whence he came, a collier on returning to his home one

night found a baby asleep on his bed, with no clue to his identity except the name "David Julian Vanetemple" written on a scrap of paper in a woman's hand. He added that he had accidentally shot and killed his benefactor one day while out hunting. His heirs were kind to the Tenor, and asked him to live with them, but he could not; and one day he fancied he heard again the chimes of Morningquest, so he had gone there and offered his services as tenor.

The next night the Boy came again, and again they went rowing. As they rose to change seats the Boy lost his balance and plunged head foremost into the river. The Tenor plunged in after him, and with much difficulty brought him to the surface and carried him to his house. When this was reached the Tenor loosened the Boy's clothing and laid him, still unconscious, on the sofa, and then lighted a lamp. His amazement was unbounded when he saw that the Boy was a woman—Angelica herself!

Angelica soon revived. She tried to explain that her object in masquerading as she had was a search for excitement; she desired to know something of life. She expressed sorrow for the trick she had played him, for she had learned his real worth, and he had roused in her a real love for her fellow-creatures. She had come that night to confess and explain and apologize. She had wished to undeceive him earlier, but he maintained an attitude so high that she was afraid, and she did not wish to give him up. When the Tenor asked her whether she loved him she nearly fainted, and exclaimed: "No, no! The charm has all been in the delight of associating intimately with a man who did not know I was a woman." When she casually referred to her husband, Mr. Kilroy, the Tenor was aghast. He told her there was no excuse for her, whereat she expressed repentance and sorrow, and asked his forgiveness. It was raining, and the Tenor found an umbrella and took Angelica as far as her gates.

From time to time as her friendship progressed, Angelica had related to her husband the story of the Tenor and the Boy, and when he arrived from London the next day she told him the recent developments, and asked his advice as to what she should do next. Mr. Kilroy took the whole story as a romance, never suspecting that there was any truth in it; and treating it

accordingly, he advised her to go to the Tenor and make peace. At the end of a week Mr. Kilroy returned to London. Left alone again, Angelica began to think with remorse of the Tenor, and suddenly remembered that he had walked home with her in his wet garments, and had returned in the rain, leaving his umbrella with her. She walked down to his house and knocked at the door. It was opened by the housekeeper, who told her that the Tenor was dead and had been buried the day before. Angelica was so grief-stricken, so remorseful, that on her way back to Ilverthorpe she was just on the point of jumping into the river, when her Aunt Fulda overtook her, and they drove back to the castle for the night. The next day Angelica went to her husband in London. She told him that the story of the Tenor and the Boy was true. Mr. Kilroy uttered a low exclamation and hung his head as if in shame. The color fled from his face, leaving it ghastly gray, like that of a dead man. When he learned that the Tenor was dead and that Angelica had not been in love with him, he was relieved. After a long silence he said:

"If you could care for me a little, Angelica!"

Angelica was relieved and amazed. She threw herself into her husband's arms.

RELATED BY DR. GALBRAITH OF FOUNTAIN TOWERS

When the Colquhouns settled in Morningquest, Evadne spent much of her time at home. She seemed to take no interest in anything, and went into society as little as possible. Lady Hamilton-Wells, who was abroad, wrote to me asking me to make her acquaintance, and to try to take her out of herself. I first met her at a dinner-party. One day I was driving and met her walking; I asked her to get into my carriage, and I drove her to Mrs. Orton Beg's, where she unexpectedly met her mother. It was the last meeting, for Mrs. Frayling died a few months later.

Diavolo was with his regiment at Morningquest, and became a frequent visitor at the Colquhouns', reminding the Colonel that he was the first to propose to Evadne, and that he meant to be her second husband.

For a long time Evadne had refused to listen to any tale of suffering or to look at any unpleasant sight. But when small-pox broke out in the regiment, and tents were erected on the common for the patients, she volunteered as nurse and remained on duty until she broke down.

About a year later I found that she was suffering with hysteria. She complained of pain in her head, and expressed a desire to commit murder. I had learned accidentally of her relations with her husband, and I felt great sympathy with her. I never saw her treat him with anything but the greatest politeness and consideration. When I heard of his sudden death I feared for Evadne, until I learned that the cause was heart disease. Evadne went abroad immediately with the Wellses. We became engaged soon after her return and our marriage quickly followed. The night before her first child was born she tried to commit suicide, "to save my daughter from Edith's fate," as she wrote in a note to me.

After the child was born Mr. Frayling condescended to go to see his daughter, and allowed her brothers and sisters to do the same.

Evadne still refused to hear or look at anything unpleasant, but when I asked her to take charge of the flowers in my private hospital, and to take our healthy boy to see the invalids there, she consented cheerfully.

A second child came to Evadne, and her health seemed fully restored. She was happy in the life she had planned for herself, while there was nothing to remind her of awful needless suffering.

Calling one day on Mrs. Guthrie Brimston, whom she had known in Malta, Evadne met Mrs. Beale and Edith's boy, and on her return home she went into a paroxysm of grief, weeping over the "awful needless suffering" and wishing she had never been born. Late that evening she came to me and asked what she had done that had annoyed me. I told her she had not annoyed me, but that she had hurt me.

"Come, my sweetheart," I said, gathering her up close in my arms, "so long as you will let me be a comfort to you, you will not be able to hurt me again; but if at any time you will not listen to my words, if nothing I can do or say strengthens or

helps you, if I cannot keep you from evil, that it may not grieve you, then I shall know that I have lost all that makes life worth having, and I shall not care how soon this lamp of mine goes out."

She looked up at me in a strange, startled way, and then she clung closer; and I thought she meant that, if she could help it, I should not lose the little all I ask for now—the power to make her life endurable.

JAMES GRANT

(Scotland, 1822–1887)

BOTHWELL (1851)

This story is one of a long series of historical romances by this author, illustrative mainly of the events incidental to the history of Scotland and of the achievements of the Scottish people.

ONE morning in the year 1556 Mary, Queen of Scots, sat on her throne in the Parliament Hall, with her husband Darnley beside her, and around her were grouped the members of her Privy Council, who had been asked to collect an armed force to suppress some border disturbances of which complaint had been made by Mary's jealous and suspicious cousin, Elizabeth, Queen of England. Scotland's nobles were brave warriors all; each of them had many armed retainers and longed to distinguish himself, but when the Queen demanded a leader for the expedition there was no response. Aside from their jealousies of one another as courtiers, the Reformation had divided them into two parties, which hated each other for religious reasons; although all were as unscrupulous as men of no religion whatever, each was reluctant to send out his retainers under a leader of a different faith, each doubtful of loyal service from men not of his own belief.

While the Council was wrangling in a manner disgraceful to its members and insulting to the Queen, the great Chamberlain suddenly silenced all voices by shouting:

"Place for the noble lord, James, Earl of Bothwell!"

Bothwell, who had been secretly summoned by Mary, advanced to the throne, bowed over her Majesty's hand and touched it with his lips. No sooner was the business of the

Council resumed than Bothwell, who was the youngest and most brilliant of the Scottish nobility, and whose armed vassals outnumbered those of any other, flung scorn and defiance at all the lords about him and claimed the honor of leadership by virtue of his rank as Lord High Admiral of Scotland.

Mary accepted his offer joyously, dismissed the Council, and with Bothwell as escort went to the palace grounds. Freed for the moment from cares of state, which she detested, and from the presence of her husband, whom she despised, her spirits became buoyant with the delight that was natural to her; the gaiety that was inherent in her French blood and breeding, the brilliance of her wit and the winning vivacity of her manner welled forth in all their power. Her eyes alternately swam and sparkled with joy, her cheek flushed, and her merry laugh rang like music in the ears of Bothwell, who walked by her side.

Unknown to her, Mary was Bothwell's first love, in the days when he was a young gallant at the French court, where she was soon to wed the Dauphin of France. Now, incited by the love that lingered from those days, the demons of a more dangerous ambition than he had ever dared to dream of began to pour insidious whispers into his ear. He had no right to revert to his early regard for Mary, for within a year he had become doubly married—first to a beautiful Norwegian girl, whom he quickly deserted and imprisoned that he might for politic reasons wed a sister of the Earl of Huntly. Even while he was at Mary's side his second wife was insane from having learned of her husband's relations with the fair Norwegian. The Queen was a loyal wife to Darnley, although the Protestants and Catholics at court united in loathing him for the supineness and lack of dignity to which continuous dissipation and profligacy had reduced him. If outraged nature did not soon consign him to the grave, other means for his taking-off might and probably would be devised by his enemies; after that, whom in all Scotland would Mary be more likely to wed than Bothwell, her handsomest, most accomplished, congenial, and powerful subject and noble? Other fiercely ambitious men might oppose him—the Earl of Moray, brother of the Queen; Morton, the Lord High Chancellor; Maitland, Secretary of the Kingdom—

all versed in statecraft and destitute of any virtues that might stand in the way of self-advancement; but the hope of winning Mary's heart and, through her, of ruling Scotland, would enable him to meet them with unending craft and courage.

Personal hatred of the King (as Darnley was called by courtesy) soon added fury to Bothwell's incentives, for at a knightly encounter before Mary and her court, when lance-points were supposed to be covered with wooden balls, so that no harm might be done with them, Darnley's lance pierced Bothwell's face; the wounded man drew his sword, and the King's life was saved only by the interposition of several armed nobles.

Bothwell's raid on the marauders of the border was so successful that Mary, with her Council and officers and a large escort of armed men, rode southward to Jedburgh, near the border, to hold a court of justice that should dispose of Scottish disturbers of the peace of Elizabeth's realm. Meanwhile, Bothwell was wounded in a contest with the only remaining raider-chief that had eluded him. He was carried to his own castle of Hermitage. Word reached the Queen that he was dead, and she immediately rode with some of her knights and ladies through the rudest and most dangerous part of Scotland to learn for herself whether the report were true; so one day while the wounded Earl was dreaming on his couch of Mary and his early love for her, he awoke and saw Mary herself before him with all the witchery of her laughing mouth and merry eyes.

"Oh, Madame!" Bothwell exclaimed, as he arose and stared at her as if she were a vision, "you overpower me. I never deemed you otherwise than something angelic, and so I find you now."

As he gazed upon her he told himself that never was there a being more beautiful and glorious. Her attendants had withdrawn to the farther end of the apartments, as was court custom whenever royalty conversed with a person of high rank. Mary, always indiscreet, soon spoke impetuously of the faults of her court and nobles, so different from the *entourage* of the French court in which she had been reared, but suddenly she changed her tone to that of a friend and said:

"Good my lord, let us talk of whatever is most pleasing to yourself."

"Then, Madame, I must talk of thee," Bothwell replied gallantly as well as from his heart.

The conversation became personal on Bothwell's part, full of raillery and repartee on Mary's, until the Earl, carried away by the gush of his old and long-cherished love, sank on his knees and pressed to his lips the hand of Mary, over whose face a blush of anger passed as she said, with a hauteur that froze him:

"Rise, my lord! Thou art in a dream."

"It was indeed a dream," Bothwell said sadly—"a dream of other days. Oh, Madame, I pray you pardon me."

Mary smiled calmly as she replied: "I do pardon thee. But," she added significantly, "I think 'tis time we were riding from Hermitage."

Calling her party together, she hurried away, yet when next they met where they could converse without being overheard, Bothwell's words turned again to love—first love. Mary replied gaily, for similar talk had been common at the French court while she was there; but when Bothwell sang a tender stanza of Ronsard's Mary exclaimed:

"*Mon Dieu!* I last heard those lines—"

"At the palace of Tournelles, in France?—under your window?"

"Then—Mother Mary!—thou knowest the singer?"

"'Twas I!" said the Earl, with a low voice, and Mary colored deeply. "'Twas I," he added, "on the night before your marriage with the Dauphin."

"My lord, thou hast really a voice?" said Mary, unwilling to perceive the implication in his words.

"Love will achieve anything when it desires to please," said he.

Mary again had recourse to raillery, but Bothwell persisted and declared that his heart had ached "ever since I first beheld thee, adorable Mary, a smiling maiden of seventeen, standing beside the Dauphin as his affianced bride."

"Silence!" said the Queen, trembling. "Thy words are full of sin. One whisper of this to Darnley, and thou art a lost man." Yet when she dropped her bouquet Bothwell seized it, pressed it to his heart, believed that she loved him secretly, and, as she could not be expected to make advances, it was

his duty, as a man of courage and gallantry, to act, and at once.

"The die is cast!" he exclaimed. "To this will I devote my life, my soul, my existence. Thrice cursed be Darnley, who bars my path to rapture and power!"

"Pho! Hast thou not thy dagger?" asked a friend who had overheard him.

From that moment Bothwell nerved himself to the undoing of Darnley. Fortune favored him, for a few of the nobles formally plotted that Darnley should be disposed of, and to assure success and meanwhile to guard themselves against betrayal they bound themselves in writing over their signatures. They talked of means and tools; but at the appointed hour it was Bothwell's own hand that did the deed, and Bothwell who carried the news to the Queen. Mary looked through his eyes into his heart and exclaimed:

"My lord, this is thy doing—*thine*!"

On his oath he protested his innocence; but Mary's belief in his words was merely an incentive to further crime. She had been a widow hardly a month when by foul violence Bothwell humiliated her into marrying him. Then his confederates, unwilling that the Queen should be counseled and guided by so powerful an enemy to themselves, succeeded in driving him into banishment. His estates were confiscated, his fortune was gone, no one would stoop so low as to befriend him; so he took to the sea with a few vassals and a brother rogue who had long been his familiar, and his life was that of a pirate until he was captured by a warship. He was taken ashore, a prisoner, to a castle belonging to the King of Denmark, and was startled at finding that the castle's custodian, a woman, was the fair Norwegian whom he had married and deserted many months before. She sent him to her sovereign, who loaded him with chains and immured him in a dungeon, where he spent the ten remaining years of his life with no companionship but that of his own conscience.

ROBERT GRANT

(United States, 1852)

UNLEAVENED BREAD (1900)

This is the story of a superficially clever woman, born and brought up in an obscure Western village, whom circumstances bring in contact with various phases of American society. The action begins a few years after the Civil War, and the scene changes from the Middle West to New York City and Washington. We present here the author's own version of his story.

ELMA WHITE, daughter of a country physician, had been teaching school for a year in an inconspicuous village before she became acquainted with Lewis Babcock. She was then twenty-three, and all her life had been spent in the country. Her outlook was unsatisfactory, for she felt that the narrow range of activities in Wilton was unworthy of her, and she cast longing eyes toward Benham, a thriving town of seventy-five thousand people, which represented, to her, the greater world. There were no influential friends to give her the right kind of introductions by means of which she might have established herself there, and what should or could be her next step forward, therefore, was not obvious.

Patriotism was a strong color in her thoughts, if not in her character. To be an American meant to be more keenly alive to the responsibility of life than any other citizen of civilization, and to be an American woman meant to be something finer, cleverer, stronger, and purer than any other daughter of Eve. Under the agreeable but sobering influence of this faith she had grown to womanhood. Her mission in life had been recognized by her as the development of her soul in an individual way, and when Babcock, a prosperous varnish-maker of Benham, proposed marriage, she asked: "Would you let me do

things?" He had no faint conception of what she meant, for Babcock was not an idealist. "Do something worth while," she tried to explain. "Be somebody. I've the idea I could, if I ever got the chance."

Babcock had all the honest lover's conviction that his sweetheart would outshine any and all women in creation; so his assurances that Selma would "be somebody" in Benham were positive and exuberant. She accepted him, and three months later they were married. Babcock as a bachelor had not been exactly a model of propriety; he had been somewhat addicted to drink, had absented himself from church, and had disregarded conventions; but Babcock the married man was only too glad to turn his back on the past and live circumspectly. He took his wife to the Episcopal church, and rented a pew. Thus they enlarged their circle of acquaintances, and presently, when the rector and his more active parishioners were seeking for new workers, the Babcocks were suggested. This gave Selma precisely the opportunity she craved, and it was recognition of her personal worth. She was made a member of the committee charged with arrangements for building a new church, the congregation having outgrown its present edifice, and her husband was invited to become junior warden.

Selma's committee work brought her into close contact with Mrs. Hallett Taylor, a woman as earnest as she, and much more refined. The newcomer soon perceived that she had things to learn not only as to the manners and customs of society, but in the matter of taste. Until she had visited Mrs. Taylor's house, the furnishings and decorations of her own had been quite satisfactory. Now she felt, rather vaguely, that something was wrong. She was careful not to confess her weakness in this and similar regards, taking, rather, the attitude that those who indulged in fine things and fine ways were un-American. She never ceased to condemn frivolity, or to plead for an earnest, serious view of life, but, as she studiously observed the broader life of Benham, she found abundant reasons for modifying her manners and surroundings. In the matter of dress, for example, fine raiment had seemed to her hitherto almost repellent; but it was obvious now that anything which enhanced her effectiveness could not be dismissed as without value.

Benham had grown too fast to think of architecture and architects. The general feeling of the Episcopal parish was that the new church should be built by a local carpenter, and Mrs. Taylor, who knew better, undertook to effect a revolution. She was on the building committee, and she proposed that architects be invited to submit plans in competition. Three of the seven members of the committee were known to favor the local custom of depending wholly upon home talent; two were ready to side with her; so the decisive vote lay with Selma. Mrs. Taylor argued tactfully with her, and Selma was won by the moral principle involved. Haste inevitably resulted in slipshod architecture; art was a matter of slow growth; the young men of the country who had taken up art as a calling deserved to be encouraged to do their best; such encouragement was to be found in the system of competitions; and Selma, who, until she grasped the entire argument, had feared that there was something un-American in the proposition, voted with Mrs. Taylor.

Of the seven plans submitted, by far the best were those of a young New Yorker, Wilbur Littleton, and his the committee accepted. The work was pushed, and Littleton, coming frequently to Benham to supervise it, became well acquainted with the members of the committee, including Mrs. Babcock. The tense expression of earnestness, never absent from her features, attracted him at once. He saw there the indications of unusual spiritual beauty, and he was deeply gratified with her interest in his work, her appreciation of art, and her eagerness to be informed about it; for Selma could safely take the pose of pupil with this genius from the metropolis. She had joined a woman's club, where at first she recited poems as her share in the literary proceedings. From this echoing of others' greatness she passed quickly to expressions of her own thoughts, and, with the aid of the reference books in the public library, she evolved essays which were regarded as the cleverest productions that had yet been laid before the club by one of their own members. She persuaded Littleton to deliver before the club a lecture on art, and her own papers on the subject were greatly benefited by perusal of the books that he brought to her from New York. Her acquaintance with Littleton was by far the most valuable and uplifting experience she had yet had, and when the church

was finished, and he no longer had occasion to journey to Benham, they kept in touch by correspondence.

It was inevitable that in course of time there should be a Congress of Women's Clubs at Chicago, and that the Benham club should send delegates. Selma was elected one of the six. When she told her husband about it he immediately suggested accompanying her, as there were matters of business to justify his visit to Chicago. But this was not to be thought of. The delegates wished to go as untrammeled American women; a husband on such an occasion would be in the nature of an encumbrance, and although Selma did not put it in just that way, she did make unmistakably clear to Babcock that she chose to glory in her independence, and that he was not wanted. He submitted gracefully enough, although it was plain that he did not understand her, and Selma went away to be gone a week.

Time hung extremely heavy on the simple-minded fellow's hands. He loved and admired his wife, and he had become thoroughly domesticated. He had taken to heart the recent death of their baby, which had been seized with croup one afternoon while his wife was out walking with Littleton. The loss had been mitigated for Selma by the thought that she would be more free hereafter to develop her esthetic tastes. How to kill time was the problem for Babcock. He remembered that the county fair was about to take place, and he decided to visit it. Just then a former companion of his bachelor days, a commercial traveler, appeared on the scene, and they went to the fair together. On the first day Babcock managed to conduct himself in such a manner as to maintain his self-respect without becoming a spoil-sport. But the bachelor conception of a good time consisted in beginning with whisky and keeping it up. On the second day Babcock lost account of his conduct, and by the late afternoon was sauntering with his friend among the booths in the company of two suspicious-looking women. With these same women the revelers drove off in a top buggy at dusk.

Babcock returned to his home twenty-four hours later like a whipped cur. He was disgusted with himself. It seemed to him incredible that he should have fallen so low. Before his wife returned, the woman who had been his companion at the fair called at his office. He repelled her advances harshly,

offended such pride as she had left, and when she threatened to expose him to his wife, turned her out instead of handing her over to the police. The woman made good her threat. She confronted Selma on the day of her return from Chicago, and in the evening Selma confronted her husband with the story. Babcock protested his penitence, his mortification, his firm intention not to err again. Selma was unmoved. Her American womanhood had been outraged, and there was nothing to do but leave him, which she did at once. Under the tutelage of a club member she began writing for the local newspapers to support herself, and a divorce soon followed, obtained quietly through the shrewd management of James Lyons, one of Benham's rising lawyers.

About six months afterward, Littleton had to revisit Benham for the purpose of consulting with the church committee about some interior decorations. He had not been apprised of the change in Selma's condition. She herself told him while they were walking in the outskirts of the city. Littleton was all sympathy, and before that walk was over he had proposed to Selma. Here, manifestly, was her ideal. This man always had appreciated her. With him she could work out her soul's destiny in the highest manner, for his associates would surely perceive her earnestness and worth at once. There was no occasion for delay. An obliging clergyman of a liberal denomination helped in getting the necessary license, they were married at once, and a few hours after the proposal they started for New York, husband and wife.

Selma suffered many disillusions in New York. She discovered that the wife of a sincere and respected artist is not necessarily a social leader. It was a revelation to her, and one that she never fully understood, that Society does not recognize art, literature, brain-work generally, as cards of admission to its inner precincts. Was she not as good as those ladies who lived in pretentious houses on Fifth Avenue? Then why did they not open their doors to her? Littleton's own friends, artists, editors, authors, failed to recognize her superiority at once. They were cordial enough, they welcomed her with manifest sincerity, but they did not ask her to do things. Indeed, if one were to judge by their demeanor as she saw them at her

husband's little receptions, they were not serious persons. They actually joked, indulged in badinage, and neither recited poems nor read essays to one another. All this was very difficult to understand, equally difficult to accommodate oneself to, but Selma had profound admiration for her husband. He was patient, loving, and indubitably happy in her companionship and sympathy, and she was content for a time because of her supreme confidence that his genius would eventually be recognized. With that would come the recognition for herself that she knew she deserved. It became her immediate mission now to help him in his career.

When she had been Mrs. Babcock there had been no occasion to take the cost of things into account. There was a difference now, for Littleton's income was not yet large. His wife learned, under his tuition, to discriminate between the tawdry and the tasteful with some measure of certainty; but when it came to furnishing their house, she had to let many things go unpurchased and be content with others of less money value. Littleton showed her that what they did get was artistically irreproachable, but that did not wholly atone for the necessity of going from shop to shop to find articles within their means. Selma thus came to a clear appreciation of the usefulness, not to say the moral worth of money, while she still declaimed sternly on the un-American spirit that prevailed on Fifth Avenue.

Early in their married life they became acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. Gregory Williams, who had been married about as long as they had. Mr. Williams was senior partner in a stock-brokerage concern which had more audacity than capital. His wife, Florence, or Flossy as everybody called her, was frankly ambitious to be a "swell." However un-American and frivolous such an ambition might be regarded, her frankness won Selma, and they became fast friends. They exchanged dinner invitations, and Selma simply could not try to emulate the lavishness of Flossy's table. She had to content herself with the conviction that Flossy was sincere in her expressions of pride that she was on intimate terms with such "literary people" as the Littletons. Selma admired the enterprise and push of Mr. Williams, and, as time went on, and her husband's material progress was slow, she began to urge him to a bolder course. She wanted him to

build something that would make people talk! Also she constantly suggested that he take advantage of Mr. Williams's frequent tips on the stock market.

Littleton was not to be moved from his sincere attitude toward his art, but eventually he did yield to the pressure and authorize Williams to speculate for him to the extent of a thousand dollars. He perceived his wife's desire for the larger rewards of life, and, after the manner of all sensitive men, castigated his soul because he could not supply them. It was not that she made him unhappy. On the contrary, her faith in his ultimate success seemed undiminished, and he interpreted her pleas for more enterprising methods as designed in his own interest. Williams handed him a check for two thousand dollars, representing his profits, within a fortnight of the day when he authorized the speculation. Littleton bought his wife a long-desired horse and carriage. When his original thousand had won him another profit, he accepted the broker's suggestion that he ought to look after his own business, and thereafter stock quotations became his first consideration. This continued for a while with sufficient success to enable Selma to add sundry luxuries to her life, but, with a man like Littleton, there had to be an end to it. He told his wife one evening that he had withdrawn from the market because it demanded too much of his attention.

Selma was sadly disappointed. She exclaimed against the inconvenience to which she would be subjected, having become accustomed to a comparatively lavish expenditure. When he made it clear to her that it was a matter of conscience with him, she promptly assured him that she would not have him do anything against which his conscience revolted, but she insisted that he recognize the inconvenience to which he put her. Littleton did recognize it, and applied himself with all the more assiduity to his profession in order that he might satisfy the larger demands upon life that his wife made from year to year.

Meantime Selma was really working for him in her own way. Through Flossy Williams she had become acquainted with Silas Parsons, an uneducated man whom native shrewdness and luck had made a millionaire. His wife and daughter, having dragged him all over Europe, had persuaded him to settle in New York. He bought a plot of ground on Fifth Avenue with

the intention of erecting a magnificent house thereon. Selma cultivated his acquaintance for the purpose of procuring for her husband the commission to serve as architect. She succeeded and consequently was jubilant. At last her husband would succeed. She had placed him on the pinnacle of his career. He would build such a house as would command the admiration of all other wealthy men, and large commissions would come to him unasked.

Wilbur Littleton was genuinely grateful for his wife's efforts and went to work with deep enthusiasm. When he submitted his plans he found that he had to reckon with Mrs. Parsons and her daughter. Mr. Parsons left decisions to them. The serene beauty of Littleton's design appealed to them as plain. They showed him photographs of public buildings they had seen in Europe, some Moorish, some Gothic, others something else, and wanted "something like that." Naturally the architect could not provide it. He tried patiently to please them with new plans, and when he refused to make alterations such as they suggested, they thought him impertinent. At last he resigned the commission. He reported this to Selma, explaining that he could not consent to make his art ridiculous, and expressing his regret at the outcome, because he knew she had set her heart on his making a success of this opportunity.

"Yes," she responded, "I had set my heart upon it. Yet you preferred to give up this fine opportunity to get business worth having rather than sacrifice your own ideas as to how a house should be built to the ideas of the women who were to live in it. I dare say I should agree with them, and that the things which they wished and you objected to were things I should have insisted on having."

Littleton could hardly believe his ears. Selma gave little heed to his protests, and talked on. "You would be content to have us remain nobodies all our days. You do not care what becomes of my life provided you can carry out your own narrow theory of how we ought to live. . . . I know that you do not love me as you did. . . . I am determined not to let you spoil my life. You forget that in marrying you I gave up my own ambitions and my hopes for your sake. You said you needed me, and I was fool enough to believe it."

About the same time a breach occurred between Selma and Flossy Williams. The latter and her husband had been socially recognized by some of the smart people, which so rankled in Selma's breast that she accused her friend of putting on airs.

"So it appears," replied Flossy, "that you were envious of me all the time—poor me! that while you were preaching to me that fashionable society was hollow and un-American, you were secretly unhappy because you weren't invited too. . . . You're one of those American women—I've always been curious to meet one in all her glory—who believe that they are born in that complete panoply of flawless womanhood; that they are by birthright consummate housewives, leaders of the world's thought and ethics, and peerless society queens. All this by instinct, by heritage, and without education. . . . You're pretty and smart and superficial and—er—common, and you don't know it. I'm rather dreadful, but I'm learning."

"Yes," retorted Selma, with a wave of her arm, "I am one of those women. I am proud to be, and you have insulted by your aspersions, not only me, but the spirit of independent and aspiring American womanhood."

In the end Littleton was forced to express the conviction that Selma and he had been mistaken in one another. As Selma held her ground stubbornly, nay, with righteous indignation, it became clear that such a thing as reconciliation was impossible; for this was no vulgar quarrel; it was the recognition of a definite gulf between natures that neither could bridge. Outwardly their relations continued as before, and Littleton plunged into work with the greatest intensity possible, his pride being aroused to supply his wife with all that she demanded.

The consequence was that he exhausted his vitality so that when he contracted a cold it developed speedily into pneumonia. He had no reserve strength with which to meet the disease, and the doctor had hardly installed the nurse before Littleton was dead.

Selma had only her husband's insurance, five thousand dollars, with which to face the future. She thought of writing for the magazines, going on the lecture platform, or the stage; there was no doubt in her mind of her entire capacity for success in any of these lines of activity; but the necessity of choosing

her career was averted by an accident in which Mrs. Parsons and her daughter were killed. Selma's campaign with Mr. Parsons had succeeded so well that they were firm friends, and their afflictions naturally brought them closer together than might otherwise have been the case. Mr. Parsons abandoned all his plans. Utterly at loss how to spend the rest of his life, he had his attention attracted to Benham, and he bought a house there. He offered Selma the position of housekeeper on liberal pecuniary terms. "I am an old man," he said, "and my health isn't what it used to be. I need someone to take care of me, and I like your chatty ways. If you can endure the dulness for a time I sha'n't interfere whenever you feel that you want to amuse yourself."

This appeared to Selma as an ideal opportunity. Her benefactor's wealth would give her a commanding position in Benham, and her experience in New York would be invaluable in accomplishing leadership in the city where, as Mrs. Babcock, wife of a varnish-maker, she never had been recognized for what she really was. Accordingly she accepted the offer, and, a few months after Littleton's death, she was again settled in Benham, and this time in a large house in the fashionable quarter. Her former associates in the woman's club welcomed her, and she plunged at once into the work they were then engaged in, which happened to be school reform. The people in society did not flock to her at once, and she felt a little disappointment, but said to herself that as a leader in the intellectual life of Benham she would be able to show the frivolity of the exclusive set in its proper light. Her former attorney, James Lyons, had come to have considerable influence, and she renewed his acquaintance. Mr. Parsons retained Lyons to draw his will, and this afforded her opportunities for becoming better acquainted with him.

Lyons had long been a widower, but he was not too old to look again at a woman, and Selma attracted him. She had not considered the possibility of marrying again, and yet, when at length Lyons proposed, there seemed to be good reasons for accepting his offer. Among others was the fact that the lawyer had been mentioned as a candidate for Congress by the Democrats of the district, which was so evenly divided politically that a popular Democrat always had a chance of winning. Even-

tually Selma told Lyons to renew his offer when he had been elected to Congress. In due course he was nominated, there was a campaign that thrilled Selma's soul, and Lyons was elected by a large majority. They were married shortly before he went to Washington to begin his legislative duties.

At this time Selma was sure that she had attained a position where recognition of herself would be a matter of course. She had to learn by observation and experience that the wife of a member of the House of Representatives is very much of a nobody in Washington. There, as it had been in New York, it proved to be necessary for a woman to win her spurs. This was so bewildering that she decided to return to Benham, where, as the Congressman's wife, she would command influence ready made. A friend of her husband's, Horace Elton, enlightened her on the social customs of the capital, and from him she acquired the information that a senator's wife really amounts to something. So, when she went away, she said to her husband: "I don't want to return to Washington until you are a senator."

Lyons made a good impression in Congress, and when the Democrats of his State were considering candidates for the governorship, he was often mentioned. Elton contrived to have him nominated, although Elton himself was not a politician. He was a business man with very large interests, and he had in mind the consolidation of all the gas companies of the State into one organization. He wanted as governor a man who would not veto the bill granting the charter. Elton showed Lyons a draft of the proposed bill, and Lyons, though generally opposed to monopolies, could not see anything in the measure that conflicted with the public interest. He promised, if elected, not to veto the franchise bill. At that time Lyons was in very serious financial straits, owing to a shrinkage of values in Wall Street, and Elton advanced him money enough to save him.

The election resulted in Lyons's favor, and not long after his inauguration one of the senators from his State died. It was recognized by the politicians that the Governor could have the senatorship if he wanted it. Just then along came the gas bill, with a hue-and-cry against it because it was a monopolistic measure. The Governor's enemies within the party managed to put him in a position where, if he failed to veto the bill, he

could not hope to be elected to the Senate. Lyons outlined the situation to Selma, who, knowing nothing of his promise or obligations to Elton, had supposed that he would exercise the veto as a matter of course. By that time the obligations, so far as they concerned Elton's advance of money, had been wiped out, but the promise remained, and the Governor felt that in honor he must sacrifice his opportunity for political advancement. "What!" cried Selma, "will you let an old-fashioned theory of honor make you a traitor to our party cause and to the sovereign people of our country?"

Lyons groaned, and admitted that she had shown him that there were two sides to the question.

"I wish to think of my side," she responded pathetically. "If you yield to this false notion of honor, you will interfere with the development of my life no less than your own. As you know, I became your wife because I felt that as a public woman working at your side in behalf of the high purposes in which we had a common sympathy, I should be a greater power for good than if I pursued my career as a writer and on the lecture platform. Do not snatch the cup of happiness from my lips just as at last it is full."

"I will veto the bill," said Lyons. "My point of view was old-fashioned. Superior ethics permit no other solution of the problem. Superior ethics would not justify a statesman in sacrificing his party and his political conscience in order to keep a private compact."

The bill was vetoed; Elton said nothing, because he was not a man to waste words; and Lyons was elected to the Senate. He concluded a speech to his fellow-townsmen with the words: "Still leaning on the God of our fathers, to whom our patriot sires have ever turned, I take up the work which you have given me to do, pledged to remain a Democrat of the Democrats, an American of the Americans."

Selma heard this speech with a sense of ecstasy. She stood gazing straight before her with her far-away, seraph look, as if she were penetrating the future, even into Paradise.

FELIX GRAS

(France, 1844–1901)

THE REDS OF THE MIDI (1896)

Many of the characters in this story are drawn from life. There is a vivid picture of the famous Marseilles battalion, "who knew how to die," and a glimpse is given of Napoleon. This work, written in style quite different from any previously done by the author, is pronounced his best, and has brought him fame from all over the world. Curiously enough, the story, translated into English, was published in the United States and then in England before its appearance in either Provençal or French. It passed rapidly through six American editions and four English, and was highly praised by Gladstone within the year. In France, on the other hand, the Provençal edition made hardly any stir; and, though the French version appeared in *Le Temps* as a *feuilleton*, in itself a certificate of literary excellence, it achieved but moderate success.

FAR down in the south of France, about midway between Spain and Italy and so close to the Mediterranean that the springs come early and the autumns linger late, and the spirit of the people is as warm and restless as the sea-breezes that drift over them, lived not many years ago old Pascal, who, while still so young that he was called Pascalet, accompanied the famous Marseilles battalion of "Reds"—Republicans that at a critical period of the French Revolution entered Paris singing the *Marseillaise* and took part in the storming of the Tuileries. In his ninetieth year old Pascal, sitting night after night in the shoemaker's shop of his native village not far from Avignon, once the city of the popes, told how he marched with the men of Marseilles to besiege King Capet in his castle; he also told why he marched:

"It was poverty; just poverty. Nowadays each peasant has his own corner of earth. He who has earth has bread and he who has bread has blood. But I was twelve years old before

I had seen bread-hutch, oil-jar, or wine-keg—things owned nowadays by the poorest peasant in the land. My people baked bread but once a year: when the day for making it came my father and mother went down to the village and there, husks and all, kneaded the coarse flour made of the rye, beans, and acorns we had managed to collect in the course of the year. Each morning with his big ax my father chopped up our food for the day; by the end of the year the bread was so hard that it nicked the edge of the ax. The first bit of white bread I ever tasted was given me one day by Mademoiselle Adeline as I passed the front of the château; she was of the same age as myself; and for giving it to me she got a round scolding from her mother, the Marquise."

Hungry Pascalet had fought with a hog for a cabbage-stalk and been beaten for it by the swineherd of the Marquis. He had seen his parents drop on their knees, as if the sacred Host were passing, when the Marquis rode by their hut; seen his father's face lashed cruelly for turning a hare from its course as the Marquis pursued it with his dogs; seen Royalists disguised as penitents enter a hospital and stab wounded Republicans to death. He had also seen the Marquis's gamekeeper, a brutal German-born giant named Surto, plotting with the Marquise to put her husband out of the way because she and Surto were in love with each other.

To save him from the wrath of Surto, the village *curé* sent Pascalet to the canon of the great church of Avignon, who would find employment for him. But the Republican ferment which had begun in Paris had reached Avignon; the city was divided against itself, although still part of the Papal dominions and ruled by a legate from Rome. Pascalet became acquainted with a sergeant of the National Guard, who enrolled him as a soldier; and his uniform was the first comfortable clothing he had ever worn. But to Sergeant Vauclair, as well as to all members of the Guard, the most important article of uniform was the cap.

"Vauclair took up my cap with its red, white and blue cockade; he held it open with his outspread fingers and walked solemnly toward me, carrying it in front of him reverently, as it had been the Host. Still holding it open, he fitted it on my

head, carefully arranging the tip so that it should fall just in the way it is represented in the busts of the Republic. Then he stepped back and gazed at me and clapped his hands as he exclaimed:

" 'There's a sans-culotte fit to fight in the Heavenly Host! There's a fellow to take to Paris when we go to make the King cry mercy.' "

But first there was much to be done at Avignon by every member of the garrison; and in recalling it old Pascal said: "I saw good times and bad times, stabbings and embracings, murders and makings-up, sad doings and gay doings, scrimmages, farandoles, and solemn processions. Now the deep chant of the *Te Deum* rang out, now the gay notes of the *Carmagnole*. The *De Profundis* would be solemnly intoned while the *Ça ira* was howling out from excited throats. Sometimes one party, sometimes the other, would get the upper hand; one day it was the Reds—the Patriots—another day the Whites—the Anti-Patriots, or aristocrats. We often had to hurry to separate them; in one or another parish the alarm-bell was ringing all the time."

The great Barbaroux, deputy from Marseilles to the National Assembly, had been sending word from Paris to his own city and to the Republican clubs elsewhere in the South, that the National Guard at the capital was rotten, the people were on the King's side, the King would not allow battalions from the departments to enter Paris. "So good-by to the Revolution unless something is done at once, and the Reds of the Midi must do it; our sans-culottes down here in the South must get out their swords and guns and come up to Paris with the war-cry of 'Liberty or Death.' "

A battalion at Marseilles responded to the call and the Guard at Avignon opened ranks to welcome and salute it as it passed through the city; its men burst into song and Avignon and its Guard and Pascalet heard for the first time the *Marseillaise*, and "it stirred us down to the very marrow of our bones!"

"On they came, a big fellow carrying at their head a banner on which was painted 'The Rights of Man'; and if any person looked askance at that banner the big fellow seized him and

made him kiss it on his knees. On they came; we presented arms and they passed between our files, still singing the *Marseillaise.* Oh, what a sight it was! Five hundred men sunburned as locust beans, with black eyes blazing like live coals under bushy eyebrows all white with the dust of the road. They wore green coats turned back with red, but farther than that their uniform did not go. Some wore cocked hats with waving cock's feathers, some red liberty caps with the strings flying back over their shoulders and the tricolor cockade perched over one ear. Each had stuck in the barrel of his gun a willow or poplar branch to shade him from the sun; and all this greenery cast warm dancing shadows over their faces that made the look of them still more fantastic and strange. And when from all those red mouths, wide open as a wolf's jaws, with teeth gleaming white like a wild beast's, burst forth the chorus '*Aux armes, citoyens!*' it fairly made a shiver run all down one's spine!"

Before the battalion had passed, the men of the Guard had caught the chorus of the song and joined in it. The crowd in the streets went hoarse with its shouting of "*Vive la Nation! Vive la Révolution!*" The women—hucksters, washerwomen, silk-weavers, all with tricolor Catalan caps and cockades, were more wildly excited and made more noise than the men; they yelled, they screamed, and many of them flung themselves on the neck of the big Federal who carried "The Rights of Man" and fairly suffocated him with kisses.

Sergeant Vauclair became so excited that he cried out, as he flourished his hat on the tip of his saber: "To defend the Rights of Man and to drag down the tyrant I enroll myself as a volunteer in the Marseilles battalion!"

"In a moment we all were crazy with enthusiasm, the drums rattled their approval as if they would burst, every arm was waving in the air, the Marseilles men shrieked, 'Long live the Avignon Patriots'; and in turn we shrieked, 'Long live the Marseilles Federals!' That was too much for me! I hoisted my red cap on top of my gun, and screamed at the top of my voice, 'Death to the tyrant! I, too, volunteer into the Marseilles battalion!' Commandant Moisson caught me in his arms and with a kiss on each cheek accepted my enlistment among his Marseillais, and then, louder than ever, rattlety-bang went the drums!"

Before he had become acquainted with his new comrades he was seized in the street by big Surto, whose master the Marquis occupied a mansion in Avignon, and thrust into a dungeon in the cellar; then Surto, whose guilty secret he knew and who had sworn to kill him, dug a grave for him in the garden. He was released at night by the Marquis's daughter Adeline, the first person who ever gave him a taste of white bread, and rejoined the battalion in time for the great march. Ignorant lad that he was, he imagined that Paris was but a short distance across the hills beyond Avignon; but he did not lose heart as the journey lengthened; on the contrary, he delighted in helping drag the cannons and the forge, to which men were harnessed like horses. Sometimes the battalion reached a town where the people were of the Patriot party and welcomed and *fêted* them; sometimes a town would be so full of Royalists that all the doors and windows remained closed and the soldiers munched dry bread from their pouches and drank water from the ditches. At one hospitable village the Commandant faced his men and said:

"Listen, friends, listen well, for this is the last time you will hear Patriot voices; the voices of the Reds of the Midi. Our feet are now on Northern soil. Henceforward we shall be among the Anti-Patriots—the men who have tried to stop the Revolution by opening to strangers and enemies the frontiers of France. Let us show the aristocrats who we are and what we want. Let them know that nothing can turn us back; that for us it is Death or Liberty!"

"Our long tramp began to tell on us and as we marched the men became more and more silent. The kits and accouterments, so easy to carry at first, became intolerable. The country through which we passed was dreary; the houses and huts were roofed with slates of dismal black; and the stern and silent people living there were like the land. We tramped dully and doggedly, hungry, weary and footsore; we had no heart for laugh or song. Our Commandant and Captain mingled in the ranks, doing all they could to cheer us. They told us of the wretched condition of the people of France and how the wretchedness would be relieved as soon as we reached Paris and seized the King's castle; then the country would be saved, the Revo-

lution triumphant; then all men would be free and all hunger satisfied."

After a month or more of tramping followed a forced march of seven days; for word had come from Paris that Liberty and then Rights of Man were in grave danger. On the seventh day, "as we came from under some trees, the Commandant, pointing with his sword, showed us far away a gray line that took up the whole horizon and was broken by towers and spires and had floating over it a little bluish cloud, and he said:

"'There is Paris!'

"The whole battalion, as if the order to halt had been given, stopped short. We stood silent, staring at the horizon. Something gripped fast at our throats and would not let us sing the *Marseillaise*. Our eyes were blinded with a rush of tears. The Commandant made a sign to the drums, and off they rattled the quickstep; then, as if their rattle had given us back our voices, we burst out all together with

'Allons, enfants de la patrie,
Le jour de gloire est arrivé.'

Wild, stern, fierce, we ran rather than marched. By sunset we were come fairly within one of the suburbs and there we saw a crowd of people coming to meet us, shouting and waving their arms.

"'*Vive les Marseillais!*' they cried.

"'*Vive les Patriotes!*' we answered, and in a moment we had broken ranks and thrown ourselves into the arms of the crowd. Kissing us and crying like women, these friends who had come to welcome us told us their names—Barbaroux, Rebecqui, Danton, Santerre. The famous Barbaroux, deputy from Marseilles, whose sweet voice could fairly beguile the soul out of you, hugged our officers all round and said: 'To-morrow at daybreak you shall enter Paris and go right to the tyrant and bring him to reason. Here is Santerre, the Commandant of the Guard Nationale, who has promised to meet us with forty thousand men, all ready to cry with us Liberty or Death!'

"Next morning we started from the suburbs for Paris itself. Barbaroux, Danton, Rebecqui and some other deputies of the National Assembly headed the column; then came the drums

beating the quick-step; then the two cannon and the forge, to which last I was harnessed; then the battalion, with well-sharpened swords and with guns loaded and primed ready to fire off. Big Samat displayed his banner with 'The Rights of Man,' and the whole battalion struck up '*Allons, enfants de la patrie!*' Oh, Holy Liberty! Had we but met the tyrant in his carriage with all his guards we would have made but a mouthful of them and him that day!"

But Santerre was a liar, and there were many other double-faced rogues masquerading under the tricolor; so the attack was delayed day after day. Sergeant Vauclair's wife had come up to Paris; and the family, with Pascalet, made their home with old Planchon, the joiner, with whom the sergeant had served an apprenticeship. With them was Pascalet's friend Adeline; the sergeant's wife had rescued her from a wicked woman who had been bribed to make way with her by big Surto; he also intended to kill the Marquis and his son, so that the Marquise might become his own. Planchon was full of business; the Jacobins had given him orders for seven guillotines—odd structures consisting of a small platform from which rose grooved arms about six feet high and three feet apart, with a cross-bar at the top. No one in the family could imagine what they were for; but placed on their backs on the floor they made good substitutes for bedsteads, of which the joiner's enlarged family needed several; Adeline wrote her name in very large letters on the cross-bar of her own.

Maddened by delays, the Marseilles battalion, the Reds of the Midi, one day took matters into their own hands. By stratagem they succeeded in firing the alarm-gun long agreed upon as the signal for a general attack. "Commandant Moisson marched his men to the great gate of the Court Royale and cried loudly, as he struck it three times with the pommel of his sword: 'Open, in the name of the people and of liberty!' There was no answer and the door remained shut fast. I was in the front rank and the Commandant turned to me and said: 'Pascalet, suppose there were ripe cherries on the other side of that wall. Couldn't you get your share of them?'

"I knew what he meant. In another moment I was a-straddle of the wall: down I dropped into the court and in ten seconds

I had lifted the bar and drawn the bolts and the gate was opened wide. In marched Commandant Moisson and the battalion after him—and the Reds of the Midi were the first to enter the castle of the King! At that very instant, though we did not know it until later, the tyrant and his Austrian woman were running for their lives on the other side, through the garden. Liberty came in triumphant while Despotism slunk away like a fox smoked out of his lair."

In the fighting that followed, Pascalet saw big Surto, who had come up from Avignon with his master and family to help the King, slyly shoot the son of the Marquis in the back and then disappear. Old Planchot captured the Marquis himself and turned him over to the new authorities, who soon began to show what guillotines had been made for. One day Pascalet stood on guard beside one of these instruments of death so long, and heard the knife fall so often that he longed to be quit of his horrible task. As the last cartful of the condemned approached he was startled to see that its three occupants were big Surto, the false Marquise, and the vile woman who was to have made way with Adeline. They were quickly dragged to the front of the red block.

"I tried to speak. I wanted to curse them for all their crimes, but the words stuck in my dry throat and all that I could do was to point to the sharp knife shining above them. The Marquise, looking upward, fell on her knees with a bitter cry, and even I started back, troubled and amazed. It was not the knife that so thrilled us, but the sight, above the knife on the cross-piece of the guillotine, of a name that cried for vengeance: 'ADELINE!'

"Three times the great knife fell. Three times the heavy stroke shook the scaffold. Three times there fell into the basket a head with eyelids that still fluttered."

MAXWELL GRAY

(MARY GRAY TUTTIETT)

(England, 1858)

THE SILENCE OF DEAN MAITLAND (1886)

Until the appearance of this story, its author was comparatively unknown. It made a marked success, though its theme was said by many critics to have been founded on that of Nathaniel Hawthorne's *The Scarlet Letter*, with the scene changed to England and the period to the present day. It has been dramatized in England.

ALMA LEE, a handsome country lass, tall and shapely, while on her way homeward at twilight, was overtaken by a smart dog-cart. She refused the proffer of a ride from Charlie Judkins, the groom, who exclaimed angrily: "This is your nasty pride, Miss Alma; but, mind you, pride goes before a fall."

After his departure she mused: "I wonder why a person always hates a person who makes love to her? I liked Charlie Judkins well enough before he took on with this love-nonsense."

A few minutes later a wagon came along. This time Alma accepted the carter's invitation to a lift as far as Swaynestone, where her father was coachman. When they reached her gate the carter admiringly demanded his toll in a kiss, which familiarity Alma resented. Their dispute was ended by the sudden approach of the handsome young curate, the Rev. Cyril Maitland, who took the stolid carter to task for trying to take advantage of a respectable girl. Her protector then escorted her across the meadow, staying to tea with her family. Alma had known the young clergyman all her life, but not until that evening had his singular charm impressed her. When he rose to

go, she lighted the way. He then remembered to tell her about the Bible-class his sister had organized, and asked her to join it. Alma was afraid it would make her late in getting home. "If that is all I might see you home myself," Cyril assured her.

"Oh, Mr. Cyril!"

A radiant expression lighted the face of the unsophisticated girl. For a moment the blue light of the man's eyes mingled with the dark passion of hers. He bade her good-night soon, after an interval full of the emotion of youth and summer-time, and hurried away.

"What have I done?" he muttered with a beating heart. "Oh, my God! I meant no harm. What have I done?"

The clergyman's soul was as yet innocent of temptation. He had been engaged for a year to a gentle girl of his own class. But in the remembrance of all Marion's tender glances he could recall none that revealed such unquenchable, intoxicating passion as that which had flashed from Alma's eyes.

His twin sister, Lilian, and Mark Antony, a splendid black cat, were waiting to greet him at the rectory. Mark gave his affection to none save these twins, who had always been inseparable. Cyril was disconcerted to learn from Lilian that his *fiancée*, Marion Everard, was planning to spend the winter abroad with her brother, Henry, who had been ill.

After a little more than a year had passed since Alma Lee's fateful evening ride, Dr. Henry Everard returned to England and visited Cyril at the rectory, where he could bask in the sunshine of Lilian's sweet presence. The engagement between Cyril and Marion, which was broken when she went abroad with her brother, had been renewed, and they were to be married in two months. This union was a great happiness to Henry, who had always loved and admired his brilliant friend, Cyril. But he had found him greatly changed since the preceding year. A world of care was written on his face. Often a spasm would cross it, which he explained as a "stitch" in his heart; but next his skin he wore a golden cross studded with little spikes, which, if touched, pierced his flesh. At dinner Henry gaily asked for the town news, and especially for news of Alma Lee. Silence followed his question.

"Is Alma dead?" he asked, startled.

"Worse," Lilian replied, in a low voice. "Far worse."

Henry was horrified when he learned that Alma was disgraced. He found a ready sympathizer in the elder Mr. Maitland, but Cyril seemed agonized and impatient, and finally exclaimed: "She is not the first—"

"By Jove, Maitland!" Everard interrupted, "you are the last man from whom I should expect an echo of Mephistopheles. He never said anything more diabolical than that—*Sie ist die Erste nicht.*"

Cyril blushed hotly, but made no reply.

The next day was Sunday. Everard, in putting on his coat, which he found strangely tight, discovered a letter in a pocket, written in an illiterate hand. Its sad contents ended with:

"To marry the likes of me would ruin you, and how could that make me happy? Marry *her*; it is better for you. I have done wrong for love of you, and God will punish me. But you are sorry, and will be forgiven. Farewell forever. Your broken-hearted A."

Everard, grieved and horrified at the discovery of this hidden tragedy, wondered how the note could have got into his pocket. He thought of Cyril, his stainless manhood, beautiful faith, and consecrated life. He had forgotten that his coat had been tight until Cyril remarked at luncheon that he had by mistake taken Henry's coat that morning. The same afternoon Cyril preached an eloquent sermon with the text, "Keep innocency," which thrilled the congregation. Apparently he always preached now under great excitement, and often fainted in the pulpit. Judkins and Ben Lee believed that the thought of poor Alma had inspired him that day. Judkins distrusted Dr. Henry Everard, who had listened unmoved; had he not come to the house to attend Lee's wife day after day? Had he not always asked to speak to Alma alone about the invalid? Ben Lee at this thought was stunned; then, wild with roused suspicions, vowed that he would kill Everard.

The last day of the old year came round. The night before Cyril and Henry had pledged a closer friendship. Henry felt that this day must seal his fate with Lilian. The three set out for a walk to the town. On the way Cyril suddenly turned aside into the wood and put his hand into the hollow of a tree,

saying he was looking for a squirrel's nest. Then he imitated the call of a chaffinch. It was a trick they used formerly to play when parted in the woods, and they now recalled how little Alma Lee often joined them in childish sports. An answering call came through the bushes. "Some children at play," said Cyril carelessly. Later he parted from them, leaving Henry and Lilian alone, and before the walk was ended their mutual love was confessed.

When Ben Lee went home at noon his wife told him that Alma had answered the whistle of a chaffinch, and had gone to meet *him.* Lee caught sight of two figures stealing into the wood, a woman in dark clothing, a man in gray. With a cry he rushed in pursuit. Presently Alma emerged. To his harsh questions she vowed that she had seen no one. Lee reascended the hill and found some torn scraps of paper, which he pieced together. In a disguised hand was written:

"At dusk to-night. The old spot. Important."

"Oh, my only child!" he cried; "I'll kill him!"

When Henry reached the house, he discovered some ivy-stains on his clothes. He hastily changed his gray suit for a black coat and a fresh pair of gray trousers. Late in the afternoon he went on an errand for Lilian, which took him through the wood where they had walked that morning. Returning about six o'clock, Winnie, a young sister of Lilian's, waylaid him for a romp, and in playing gave him a tremendous blow in the eye. He promised the frightened child that he would not tell how it happened. Finding his gray suit lying on his chair, he tried to wash off the grass-stains, when he discovered other stains, some still wet, that reddened the water. "Blood!" he said in surprise. "Did I cut myself anywhere, I wonder?"

Cyril said that he was ill that evening and begged to be excused from dinner. Henry's black eye was much commented upon. Lilian wondered why he had not spoken to Mark Antony, who, foreign to his custom, had bounded to meet him in the dusk. Henry said he had seen no cat. Lilian replied it was probably because it was dark. Henry was about to say that the lamps were lighted, when Winnie in distress signaled to him a warning to be silent.

That night Corporal Tom staggered into the kitchen of the wheelwright's house exclaiming that Ben Lee had been murdered. He had left his home at noon, but had not returned by half after seven. Search was made, and Lee was found dead in the woods above his home. Poor Alma was unable to shed any light on the tragedy, and that night she gave birth to a son.

The following day the whole place was excited over the murder. Henry received the news of Lee's death undisturbed, calmly attributing it to suicide. Before breakfast Cyril left for Woodlands to see Marion Everard. During luncheon at the rectory, two constables came to make inquiries about Ben Lee. Henry was summoned to Mr. Maitland's study, where he was told that evidence pointed to him as the murderer of Ben Lee. The police arrived with a warrant for his arrest, to which Henry, bewildered and overcome, had to submit. Meanwhile Cyril was in a state of feverish restlessness; when he heard that Henry was arrested for the murder of Ben Lee he uttered a hysterical laugh and refused to believe that Henry could have committed the crime.

The inquest brought many surprises to Henry, as the witnesses swore to actions of which he never had dreamed. Especially was his gray suit a proof against him. It was produced: the blood-stains were shown. One thing that puzzled him was the fact that a leather bag containing fifty pounds in gold was found near the body of Lee. Henry's defense was simple and clear, but the jury's verdict was "wilful murder." It was rumored among the village-folk, who were firmly convinced of Henry's guilt, that Cyril might throw some light on the subject because on the day of the murder he had drawn thirty pounds in gold from the bank, and had cashed in gold an additional check of fifteen pounds.

The local newspapers now charged Henry Everard with Alma's ruin. Lilian's one hope was that Alma, who was still very ill, might not die until she had sworn to Henry's innocence. A terrible wish surged in Cyril's breast; he never had dreamed that matters would come to this point. He thought of Lilian, and resolved that Henry must be saved at any cost. As the day of the trial drew near, he became more and more unstrung. It was a shock to him to be obliged to christen Alma's child.

At the trial, despite the efforts of his family and friends, the circumstantial evidence against Henry was too strong: his having been seen in the woods, his gray suit, which apparently the murderer had worn, his battered eye, and the blood-stained clothes. His only hope lay in Alma.

It was a proud, self-contained woman that took the witness-stand. The voice of the man whom she still loved rang in her ears: "Oh, Alma, save me! You know I never meant it." At first she had prayed for the death of her child, but when she had seen it a new force of love had come to her. She now admitted that she had promised never to betray her lover, and declared she never would. She said that on the fatal night he had offered her money for the child's support, which she had refused. Her father had then come upon them suddenly, carrying a big stick, and had dashed the gold to the ground, ordering her to go away. She had obeyed, but from a distance had heard a struggle. Then a blood-stained man rushed to her and told her that in self-defense, by an accidental blow, he had killed her father. A searching examination of Alma continued. Finally, under pressure and excitement, she acknowledged that the man who had met her in the wood was the prisoner. At these fatal words Henry saw the truth in a flash: she was accusing him to save the real criminal.

When Cyril, who felt unequal to being present during Alma's testimony, heard that she had declared Everard the guilty man, he hurried to the court. The verdict was given—*guilty of manslaughter*. As one stabbed, Cyril cried out: "I have evidence—important evidence! The prisoner is innocent!" But his words were lost in the confusion. The judge, who was known to be hard, gave Henry Everard the severest sentence the law allows—twenty years of penal servitude. The instant the words were pronounced a man fell senseless. It was Cyril Maitland. The keenest stab in all Henry's agony was to think that he had loved and trusted this man so well. Should he now denounce him? No, it would perhaps do no good; it would bring double anguish to all whom he loved so tenderly. His last meeting with Lilian was short and agonizing. She promised that twenty years of suffering should not make her forget that she had but one life and one love.

For days Cyril lay in a fever, and it was a question whether his reason would ever return.

Two springs passed: Cyril Maitland and his bride were welcomed home. Alma Lee at last consented to let honest Charlie Judkins give herself and her child his protection, and after their marriage they emigrated to America.

The first months of Everard's imprisonment were a fearful agony to him. One day he received a letter from Lilian, the letter of a loving, loyal woman. It brought him peace and hope and resolve, and from that day the prison became to him a part of God's world, where he still might find his mission in life by helping his fellow-prisoners. He had long since renounced hope of being freed by Cyril's conscience. At the end of nine weary years he effected his escape, only to be recaptured and put in irons after three weeks, during which he had been brought to the very verge of starvation. Another nine years passed, and he was free at last. One would hardly have recognized him in the now gaunt and haggard man, so cruelly and prematurely aged. He never doubted Lilian's loyalty; but felt he could not go to her with the prison taint upon him. He passed some days in London, then went to Belminster. Here he learned that the great dean of the cathedral, who exercised powerful sway over his congregation, was Cyril Maitland. A sweet-faced, blind chorister of ten years showed him over the cathedral: it was Cyril's son. While Henry was talking with this young Everard Maitland, a strange young man was announced to the Dean at his home, who told the reverend gentleman that he had come from America and wished to go to Oxford or to Cambridge. He said that his mother had been Alma Lee, but that he knew his real father had done nothing for him. He was determined now, however, to have his rights, and had come to Dean Maitland, "because," he said, "I am your *son!*"

In his well-known silvery tones the Dean asked young Lee how he came to labor under such a delusion. The youth's cry for justice did not soften him. Then young Benjamin Lee gave him a letter from his mother. Alma wrote that she was dying, but she could not die in peace until she had righted the innocent man whom she had wronged. Could she do so without harming

Cyril? She begged him to come to her at once. The Dean reflected after this unwelcome son had gone. Utter ruin stared at him just at the moment when he was to be made a bishop. Had not his years of agony atoned for the one sin of an otherwise spotless youth? He dared not go to Alma. He thought of cutting the knot forever with his own hand. The perilous moment passed; he fell before his crucifix.

Henry Everard passed a book-store displaying the works of Dean Maitland. His *Secret Penitent* had passed through many editions: it had reached the souls of thousands. Everard read and pondered: how could such a man have so sinned? His soul was filled with awe and pity. It was an enigma to Cyril himself. He had not been able to live without adoration; and when Marion broke her engagement in those far-off days, he had seen no reason why he should not watch the light in Alma's eyes. Then came the sobering fall, which turned his delirious passion to remorseless hatred.

A night's sleep and the duties of a new day brought the Dean to an easier frame of mind. It was too late for reparation: that would involve the suffering of too many. Fate had been cruel. His intentions had been good; when he had disguised himself in his friend's clothes he never dreamed of being taken for Everard. He had only parried Ben Lee's unexpected blow. He thought of his wife, first estranged, then dying; of his children, so many dead; his blind son. His heart bled for himself. Still he had resolved to go to the dying woman. A second message from Alma came, and he promised to go in an hour. The hour passed, and a messenger brought him the tidings that she was dead. He sobbed bitterly. The reaction brought a delicious languor; but he roused himself and went to the cathedral to perform his duties. Everard also sought the cathedral; he was deeply agitated at the thought of meeting Cyril. His heart beat with a mingling of love and hate. He would have recognized Cyril anywhere, but his face was that of a fallen angel. His sermon was from the text, "We took sweet counsel together, and walked to the house of God in company." It was a passionate utterance against the Judas type of man. He prayed his people to watch against the secret sin, to remember "*you cannot deceive God!*" His sermon was a laying bare of his own

heart; and deep compassion came to Everard as he listened to the inspired preacher. He realized that his long prison life had been as nothing in comparison with the tortures of soul in the successful man who stood before him. In his interest he leaned forward. Suddenly the Dean caught sight of him and turned pale; he gasped for breath. "Oh, my God!" he said at last. It was the most poignant moment in Everard's life. The betrayer and betrayed were face to face. Then the Dean averted his gaze and descended from the pulpit, excusing himself with murmuring: "I am not well." Everard was deeply moved and that night wrote a noble letter of forgiveness to Cyril, saying to him that they would bury the past, that Cyril must continue his great work.

Everard slept calmly after writing the letter. He lingered a day hoping to receive an answer from Cyril, but none came. Then he took the train for Oldport, feeling himself a wreck—nothing but a ticket-of-leave man. Then he thought perhaps Lilian had changed. He reached the house: someone rose from the far end of the room, and in the old tones he heard one cry: "Henry!" The Lilian of his youth and of his prison dreams stood before him. Mark, who was still devoted to the twins, and still ran to Cyril, was with them. Only once had he made a mistake: on that fatal evening when he ran after the gray figure in the dusk. This thought troubled Lilian. Henry suggested that twilight was deceptive.

"Cats are never deceived by the twilight. Oh, Henry," she added, with a stifled cry, "there was but *one* the cat ever followed!"

"You have brooded too long over this," he said at last, with a lame effort at lightness. "Let us bury that troubled past forever."

Lilian persisted. Did he know who committed the crime? Finally she said thrillingly: "Henry, you *know* who killed Benjamin Lee, and you know the man who did it wore your clothes, and passed up the staircase in the dusk that night."

Everard was forced to confess that he did know who committed the crime, but begged her not to break his silence. Convulsively Lilian clutched him; she implored him to say that it was not "he." Henry strove to calm her; he was too agitated

to undeceive her. He then told her of Cyril's emotion at seeing him in the congregation, and of his letter of forgiveness. They wondered why no answer had come. The answer never came.

There were queer stories abroad about the Dean. Alma's dying statement had not been made in private. The next Sunday an immense audience gathered to listen to him: he was soon to be made bishop. The emotions and visions of all his years of agony flooded the Dean while he waited for the moment to ascend his pulpit. His manuscript lay on the desk. He took from his pocket a piece of paper, and held it as if it were a talisman. He gave out his text: "I will confess my wickedness, and be sorry for my sin." He read quietly a simple sermon on the confession of sin, concluding that sin sometimes demanded a public confession. Then, while the congregation listened, awestruck and trembling, he revealed to them his life of shame, continuing the whole harrowing story even to the moment when he met Everard's eyes as he was preaching two days before. But even then he had not repented. No, not until this man whom he had so cruelly wronged wrote to him in forgiveness. Then his heart had melted.

When the Dean ceased, he repeated the ascription, and then seated himself in utter exhaustion. People thought he had gone mad; few believed his story. At the customary moment he did not descend from the pulpit. A verger spoke softly to him. No answer came. A cry broke from the man's lips; instantly the overstrained congregation was in confusion. The Dean was dead. Physicians sprang to his side: it was too late. A tall youth followed them crying:

"Not dead! not dead! Oh, my father!" he sobbed, "and I helped to break his heart!"

The Dean's affairs were in order. He had made all preparations for death. He left a full and detailed account of the death of Benjamin Lee, desiring that justice should be done to those he had wronged. He bequeathed five hundred pounds to Benjamin Lee, whom he also recommended to the interest and the protection of his beloved twin sister, Lilian Maitland.

ANNA KATHERINE GREEN

(MRS. CHARLES ROHLFS.)

(United States, 1846)

THE LEAVENWORTH CASE (1878)

This detective story was the author's first great success, followed by other tales in the same style. It was dramatized for the American stage. We present here the author's own version of the story.

ON the early morning of March 5, 1876, Horatio Leavenworth, a retired tea-merchant of New York, was discovered dead in his library, with a bullet-hole in the back of his head. It was not the work of a burglar, nor could suicide be suspected. Not only had the library door been found locked and the key gone, but every window and door below was in the same state of security as when barred and locked the night before. The inference was plain. The murderer was one of the household or, at least, in league with one of the household. The family consisted of Mr. Leavenworth's two nieces, young ladies of uncommon endowment and beauty, his private secretary, and two or three well-esteemed servants.

Though a member of the law-firm that had Mr. Leavenworth's business, I never had seen these ladies, but I knew a certain fact about them—indeed, it was generally known—which gave an added interest to their present tragic situation. They were not sisters but cousins, and though both had enjoyed their rich uncle's bounty, only one of them was recognized as his heir. For this whim or peculiar preference no reason ever had been given, and, so far as known, the fact had been quietly accepted by both the young women. As they possessed no near

male relative, it fell to my lot to stand by them at this crisis, and I had an interview with Mr. Gryce, the detective, of whose peculiarities and abilities I had often heard. His comments were enthusiastic. "A puzzling affair. No common villainy here; genius has been at work. If you strike upon a clue, don't go around talking, but come to me. Meanwhile, let me advise you to attend the inquest in the drawing-room."

I heeded his words and went below. The surgeon who had probed the wound deposed that death had been instantaneous; that Mr. Leavenworth had been writing when the shot was fired, and had not so much as raised or turned his head when advanced upon by his destroyer; the conclusion being that the footstep was an accustomed one, and its presence in the room at that late hour either known or expected.

The next witness was Thomas, the butler. It was he who, with the assistance of Mr. Harwell, the secretary, had burst open the library door after all attempts to rouse Mr. Leavenworth had failed. His most important statement, aside from the one already alluded to of finding the house completely fastened when he went to open it in the morning, was that Miss Eleanore (Mary was the heiress) had given every evidence of extreme grief at the sight of her uncle's dead body, yet when that body was being removed to the bed in the adjoining room, had not followed it, but remained close by the desk from which it had been taken.

Mr. Harwell's testimony, visibly against his wishes, deepened the unfortunate impression thus produced against this young lady. After explaining his own position in the house as amanuensis for Mr. Leavenworth, who was writing a book on the China trade, he admitted that he had been writing at Mr. Leavenworth's dictation till a very late hour the evening before; that on leaving him for his own room on the floor above, he had noticed Miss Eleanore's door standing open, and later had heard the rustle of skirts on the stairs. When asked whether he had observed of late any ill feeling among the members of this family, the way in which he deprecated the question, yet was driven to admit that he had observed a shadow between his employer and his niece, Eleanore, fixed attention on this young lady and forced me to take with some allowance his hesitating

but finally too emphatic statement that he had found nothing in Mr. Leavenworth's correspondence of late which could account for the tragedy they were considering.

The cook, who was next called, inadvertently revealed the fact that one of the servants was missing, a girl named Hannah. She had retired as usual the night before, but had gone down later to Miss Eleanore for some toothache drops. That was all they knew about her, except that she was not in the house when they woke next morning. The butler was recalled, and repeated his assertion that not a door had been found unfastened at six o'clock that morning. Inevitable conclusion—someone had locked the door behind this girl. Who?

Molly, the up-stairs girl, added a few particulars regarding Hannah. She was the young ladies' maid and was of a melancholy and brooding disposition, confiding in nobody. Before going downstairs the night before she had completely dressed herself. Had the witness noticed Miss Eleanore at the moment of her leaving the library table after the removal of her uncle's body? "Yes." "Did she have anything in her hand?" "Yes, a piece of paper, which she thrust into her pocket on leaving the room."

Up to this point the pistol with which the deed had been done had not been found, but upon the declaration of the expert who now took the stand that the bullet shown him was such as is usually sold with a Smith and Wesson pistol, the butler grew excited and called out that Mr. Leavenworth owned such a pistol, and that it was kept in a small stand at the head of his bed. The pistol was found, brought, and examined. Every chamber was full and the barrel quite clean, but there was a line of smut on the face of one of the chambers, proving that a bullet had lately been discharged from it. The person that fired the pistol, remembering that a bullet passing out leaves smut behind, had cleaned the barrel but forgotten the cylinder.

This seemed to call for fresh testimony from Mr. Harwell. He rose with reluctance, and upon being asked if he had ever seen the pistol now shown him, acknowledged that he had some days ago, when he had surprised Miss Eleanore in her uncle's room with this weapon clutched in her hand. Urged to relate

the whole circumstance, he declared that after the first embarrassment she had asked him how to load, aim, and fire it.

Mr. Gryce now whispered that the coroner was about to ask for the young ladies, and advised me to request the privilege of escorting them down. This I made haste to do, and in a few minutes I found myself at their door on the third floor. I had lifted my hand to knock, when I heard a rich voice within utter these astounding words:

"I do not accuse your hand, but your heart, your head, your will; these I do and must accuse in my secret heart at least, and it is well that you should know it."

Greatly moved, I was still more perturbed to find Mr. Gryce at my elbow. He had heard this denunciation too.

"Who spoke?" I asked.

"That we shall soon see," he replied, and flung open the door.

Two women met our eyes, one a glorious blonde, the other a no less impressive brunette. Both were quivering with passion, the one with the energy of her attack, the other with indescribable shame and terror. My heart went out, quite against my conscience and judgment, to the one who stood with bowed head and deprecatory mien. She was, as I thought, Eleanore; the imperious, denunciatory blonde was Mary, the heiress. Upon Mr. Gryce's invitation, I led the latter downstairs, where she not only refrained from giving any expression to her own secret doubts, but upon being asked if she entertained any suspicion which would aid this inquiry, faced coroner and jury with an air of great nobleness and emphatically replied:

"No; I have neither suspicion nor reason for any. The assassin of my uncle is entirely unknown to me."

Eleanore, in testifying, denied that she had visited the library the evening before, or that the girl Hannah had visited her room, but equivocated about the pistol, and absolutely refused to say whether or not she had abstracted a paper from her dead uncle's desk. More than this, she showed reluctance when asked if there was anything distinguishing about the missing library key, but finally acknowledged that it had a broken handle and was easily recognizable.

The coroner was about to dismiss the witness when at a whisper from Mr. Gryce he renewed the inquiry by asking if she were ready to repeat her former assertion that she had not visited the library the evening before. She replied with a decided yes, whereupon he took from Mr. Gryce's hand a soiled handkerchief, which he showed to her. It bore her initials in one corner and had unmistakably been used to clean a pistol.

"Found behind the cushions of one of the library chairs," announced Mr. Gryce.

"I know nothing about it!" she cried, and fainted away.

This ended the inquiry and, the jury having adjourned, the room was speedily cleared of all but Mary, Mr. Gryce, and me.

After a short interview with the fascinating heiress, in which to my surprise she offered to go any lengths to save her cousin from the indiscretions into which she had been betrayed, I was called aside by Mr. Gryce and shown a broken-handled key. It had just been found by a certain minor detective who had followed Eleanore to her own room and surprised her in the act of throwing fresh coal on an almost extinct fire. On taking out the coal he had come upon the key.

"If she says she is innocent, I will believe her," I declared.

But on her being summoned and refusing all explanation of the suspicious circumstance, my courage fell, and with a sore heart I returned to Mary, who had been greatly shocked by this new development. "Why were we ever born? Why did we not perish with our parents?" she cried. I was about leaving when her manner changed and she asked me what I thought of Mr. Gryce; was he as clever as reported? I could only answer that he ought to be, considering his position; at which she immediately approached him and to my great amazement besought him to have pity on herself and cousin, whose actions may have provoked suspicion, but who she was ready to declare was as innocent of guilt as she was herself.

"Save her! save me, by finding out the real culprit," she cried. "It must have been some common burglar. Hannah knows. Find her. I will offer a large reward for the burglar who did this deed."

"What mortal man can do I will do," said he, "and if in one

month from this day I do not come to you for my reward, I am not the man I take myself to be."

"And Eleanore?"

"We will mention no names."

The next day a description of Hannah appeared in all the papers. In the afternoon the jury rendered their verdict of "Death by means of a pistol-shot from the hand of some person unknown." Greatly relieved, I was comforting myself that all was going well, when this summons reached me from Eleanore:

"Come, oh, come!"

I was at her side in less than an hour, and found her overwhelmed by the intimations of her guilt in the evening papers.

"To accuse me," she cried, "me, who loved the very ground he trod on!"

I endeavored to reason with her, to point out the obvious causes for this suspicion; but her only reply was: "You, too! I thought that you—" Here she sprang to her feet and bade me follow her.

She led me to her uncle's room and drew me to the bedside; she bade me look while she kissed her murdered uncle's hands.

"Could I do that if I were guilty?" she cried. Her face was transfigured; innocence shone in her eyes; I felt my doubts vanish, and I seized her hand.

"Now let the struggle come," she whispered. "There is one who will believe me, however dark appearances may be."

As I walked down the avenue that night this problem evolved itself from the shadows before me: How, with no other clue than the persuasion that Eleanore Leavenworth was shielding another at the expense of her own good name, was I to combat the prejudices of Mr. Gryce, find out the assassin of Mr. Leavenworth, and free an innocent woman from suspicion?

"It seems to me, Mr. Raymond," said Gryce, "that you have undertaken a rather difficult task for an amateur. You know nothing of the family history of the Leavenworths—not even whether either of these girls is engaged to be married. But you possess at least one important advantage over me in detective work—you can circulate at your ease in society where I find it impossible to pass myself off as a gentleman. Now there is a gentleman, an Englishman, a man of the world, named

Henry Clavering, at present stopping at the Hoffman House, whose acquaintance you might cultivate to the decided benefit and furtherance of our plans. Will you?"

I consented, and at the same time Miss Mary Leavenworth asked me to assist Mr. Harwell in arranging for the press the manuscript of a book which Mr. Leavenworth had written.

But I found Clavering shy, or wary, and the secretary mum as to everything except the daily work in hand.

One evening I had a conversation with Mary. Satisfied that she must know for whom Eleanore would be likely to immolate herself, I sought her confidence and meeting only coldness, ventured to ask how she came to face her cousin with such an accusation as Mr. Gryce and I had overheard on the morning of the inquest, only to insist fully as strongly on that cousin's innocence when in presence of the jury. Shaken by the attack, she was about to reply, when the front door-bell rang. Instantly she stiffened, and I saw that my opportunity was gone. It rang again, and I had to leave her for the room above, but not before I caught a glimpse of the visitor. It was the handsome Mr. Clavering, whom, ever since my talk with Mr. Gryce, I had regarded as Eleanore's possible lover. Too much agitated to resume my work with Mr. Harwell, whom I found writing in the library, I invited him to accompany me for a short walk. We were passing down-stairs when he suddenly stopped and, pointing below, asked in tones of extreme passion who was the man just making his adieux to Miss Leavenworth.

"Clavering, Henry Clavering. Do you know him?"

Instantly the quiet man, whom I had never before seen disturbed, clutched me by the arm and whispered:

"You want to know who murdered Mr. Leavenworth, do you? Look there, then! That is the man, Clavering." He left my side and I saw him no more that night.

Nor could I obtain another interview with Mary. She not only refused to see me, but in a note handed me by the butler suggested that it would be more agreeable to her if I would consent to finish my work with Mr. Harwell in my own rooms instead of coming any longer to the house. This seemed the final straw, but a few words from Thomas as he showed me out reawakened my hopes. The gentleman who had just gone had

been in the house before, he told me, but under another name. It was on the evening of the murder, and the person he then asked for was Miss Eleanore. She declined to see him, and he was so affected that Thomas was frightened and ran downstairs for a glass of water. Before he could get back, the front door slammed, and he naturally supposed the gentleman had gone; but what was to prevent his having been hidden somewhere in the great parlors all the time the house was being closed for the night?

A fantastic theory! but, taken with Mr. Harwell's direct accusation, it gave me sufficient to think of that night and much more the next day when the very gentleman with whom my mind was busy entered my office as a client seeking advice. He put his case as follows: A friend of his had married an American girl. There had been no publishing of banns, no license, no witnesses save a woman friend of the bride and a hired man working at the country parsonage where the ceremony had taken place. The minister had since died, and no record could be found of the marriage unless the bride had kept her marriage certificate, which he doubted. Would such nuptials, entered into in good faith by his friend, be considered binding in this country if the lady chose to deny her part in the contract?

His agitation as he spoke convinced me as to who the friend was, and with a great effort at self-control I replied that the legality of the marriage would depend upon the State in the Union in which it had taken place. He answered New York State, whereupon I gave it as my opinion that the marriage was legal, though there might be difficulty in proving it. Instantly he astounded me by the following rejoinder:

"You believe it legal. That is sufficient. When you think to lead the woman you love to the altar, remember your opinion of to-day and ask yourself whether she is free."

And with a low bow he hastened out.

I had barely recovered from this shock when Mr. Harwell entered. Now I should learn the truth. But the explanations he hesitatingly afforded me were too strange and impracticable for use. He had had a dream the night previous to the one in which the tragedy occurred—a vivid, compelling dream in which the real event was accurately foreshadowed. He had seen his

employer shot, and he had seen the face of the man who held the pistol. It was that of this so-called Clavering.

"Did you inform anyone of this dream next day?"

"No, sir; I am of a reticent nature; besides, I thought nothing of it till the actual event took place."

I questioned him in regard to Clavering. Did he know him?

"No, only his name"; which led to his confiding to me the following fact: that in opening Mr. Leavenworth's letters one morning he had come upon one signed "Clavering."

Had he read the letter?

He had. It was a bitter complaint of his treatment by one of Mr. Leavenworth's nieces.

"And that is all you know about Mr. Clavering?"

"All. I wish I knew more."

"Then I will tell you this. He is an Englishman—Why this agitation, Mr. Harwell?"

"Mr. Leavenworth hated the English. He carried his feeling so far that I have heard him say he would sooner see a daughter of his dead than married to an Englishman."

I remembered the secrecy characterizing the marriage concerning which Mr. Clavering had just consulted me and, dismissing Mr. Harwell, I sought Mr. Gryce and asked him what he could tell me about Mr. Clavering.

After some demur, he gave me to understand that this was not that gentleman's first visit to America; that he had spent the previous July here, going from one watering-place to another. On his return to England he had ordered his place in Hertfordshire to be refitted as for a bride, but no bride had appeared. An envelope once picked out of his waste-paper basket bore the address of Amy Belden, Rye, N. Y. Later, he had sailed again for New York.

"I'm going to Rye," said I. "A certain point gained—"

"Perhaps I can supply that point," interposed Mr. Gryce, pulling from his desk some strips of partly burned paper. "Found in the same fireplace as the key," said he. "If you will recall the fact that Eleanore Leavenworth was seen to carry away a paper from Mr. Leavenworth's desk, you will know what these are."

A glance disclosed them to be the remnants of the letter

written by Mr. Clavering to Mr. Leavenworth. Enough words remained to show it to be a bitter complaint against one of his nieces, and the signature was almost intact. A valuable bit of evidence, but I did not believe it to be the paper taken by Eleanore from her uncle's desk, and said so. Mr. Gryce asked me why. I pointed to the shape of the fragments, which were in strips, and to the fact that they had been twisted. He smiled, commended my perspicacity, but kept his own counsel.

"Then this letter does not supply the link you wanted?"

"No," said I, "but I think Rye will."

As Mr. Gryce was unfortunately laid up with rheumatism, he put no barriers in the way of my investigations on this point and I went to Rye. The result was satisfying. On the visitor-book of the hotel I stopped at I found the name of Henry Clavering, written near the names of Mr. Horatio Leavenworth and his nieces; and on pursuing the inquiry through Q——, a smart young detective lent me by Mr. Gryce, I discovered what minister had lately died in the vicinity, and succeeded in finding his man, who was able to tell us all about the marriage. Bidding Q—— to bring this man to New York, I returned to Mr. Gryce.

But my triumph was short-lived. He greeted my disclosures with the grim remark:

"So you think that you have been furthering Eleanore's interests! Don't you see that if the case was dark against her before, it is doubly so with this supposition established that she is the woman secretly married to this Englishman?"

"Yet you do not, cannot believe so noble a woman guilty?"

"No," was his thoughtful reply. "I might as well tell you what I think about that. She's an innocent woman."

"Then what remains to be done?"

"Why, nothing, but to prove your supposition untrue."

Before I could recover from my surprise, he had called in the witness who had just arrived with Q——, and placing two photographs before him, asked him to pick out the bride. He unhesitatingly laid his hand on Mary's picture. Eleanore had simply witnessed the ceremony.

"You are surprised," remarked Mr. Gryce, after the two

men had gone. "Well, I'm not. Mary could not bamboozle me. And she's guilty of more than this. She's the one—"

"Don't say it!" I cried. "Don't say it. You've no reason—"

"Pardon me, have you forgotten the words we overheard between these two women on the morning of the inquest? You thought Mary the speaker, I Eleanore, and I never have seen any reason to change my mind since. With this theory in mind, everything is explained, even Eleanore's self-sacrificing attitude. Believing her cousin guilty, she hid the key and tore up the letter—both found, doubtless, in Mary's possession."

"Mary Leavenworth is as innocent as her cousin," I hotly declared. "It was Clavering who committed the crime." And I repeated what Thomas had told me of the Englishman's possible presence in the house that night.

"Corroborative," he said. "There is no direct evidence against him, nor, as yet, against Mary. Eleanore is the only one who has laid herself open to suspicion, and her I must arrest unless—"

"But she's innocent; you, yourself, have declared it."

"I know, and if only I could find the missing link, in other words the immediate motive for the tragedy, such as a proof of Mr. Leavenworth's having threatened to disinherit Mary, I would not press the matter against this high-souled woman, but serve my papers on Mary at once. But such proof is not forthcoming. I shall have to proceed on such lights as I have."

Here a telegram was brought in. It was from an agent of his in Rye, and it ran thus:

"Hannah is found. Come at once."

Mr. Gryce continuing ill, I returned myself to Rye. The girl supposed to be Hannah lay concealed in the house of a Mrs. Belden, whose name you will remember has already figured in Mr. Clavering's correspondence. It was my duty to find and identify this girl. The task proved to be difficult without rousing Mrs. Belden's suspicion, something which the police wished to avoid till they felt sure of their ground. But strategy triumphed. I not only secured a lodging in the house but, through the efforts of Q——, whom I had brought with me, learned in which room Hannah was to be found, and only

waited for Mrs. Belden to be lured from the house to make my visit there. The moment came. I rushed to her door and knocked. No answer. I knocked again. Continued silence. There was no time to lose. I threw my weight against the door and burst it open. One glance showed her still in bed. I did not hesitate. Her testimony was too vital to my interests. She was strangely pale. I laid my hand on hers; it was cold as stone, so was her forehead, and so was her pulseless heart.

This sudden taking-off of so important a witness was too pat for me to believe her the victim of disease. We searched the room and made such investigations as were possible.

A piece of paper, in which some powder had been wrapped, lay on the floor. Had the girl taken a narcotic? Or was this a case of deliberate suicide? Clasped in her hand was a note, rudely printed in pencil on a sheet of common paper:

"I am a wicked girl. I have knone things all the time which I had ought to have told but I didn't dare to he said he would kill me if I did I mene the tall splendud looking gentulman with the black mustash who I met coming out of Mister Levenworth's room with a key in his hand the night Mr. Levenworth was murdered. He was so scared he gave me money and made me go away and come here and keep every thing secret but I can't do so no longer. God knows I'd rather die. And this is the truth and my last words and I pray every body's forgiveness and hope nobody will blame me and that they won't bother Mrs. Elenor any more but go and look after the handsome gentulman with the black mustash."

I shall never lose from my ears Mrs. Belden's terrified shriek, nor from my memory the scene when, in the presence of the dead, she stood wringing her hands and protesting, amid sobs of the sincerest grief, that she knew nothing of it. When calmer moments came, the poor woman told her whole story without reserve—how she had idolized and petted Mary Leavenworth and aided her in the secret marriage with Henry Clavering, as well as in the subsequent correspondence under an assumed name; and how, after the murder, at the mere expression of Mary's wishes, she had consented to keep the girl Hannah concealed.

When I gave Gryce a full account of all that had transpired in R——, and handed him the letter which I had found, he stood before me silent, incredulous, amazed. He studied and scrutinized the letter for a long time, then flung it down with an air of the greatest excitement and cried:

"I tell you there has never been anything like it! It is the rummest case on record. Mr. Raymond, prepare yourself for a disappointment. This pretended confession of Hannah's is a fraud, a forgery—what you will. The girl never wrote it."

Point by point, and with what seemed the most astonishing simplicity of reasoning, Gryce showed me the discrepancies which proved that Hannah could not have written the note, nor have intentionally killed herself. She had learned to write neatly during her stay with Mrs. Belden, and no longer printed her words; the note-paper used was unlike any in the house; being well acquainted with Henry Clavering by his right name, she would not have merely described him in the vague way she did; in the note she declared Clavering had sent her to R——, whereas she had told Mrs. Belden that it was Mary Leavenworth who had sent her; and the day before her death she had received a letter from New York, presumably from Miss Leavenworth, which she had burned, the charred fragments being found in a wash-bowl in her room.

"I am going back to New York," said the old detective, "while the trail is hot. I am going to find out from whom came the poison which killed this poor girl and by whose hand this vile forgery of a confession was written. The clue to this murder is supplied by the paper on which the so-called confession is written. Find from whose desk or portfolio this especial sheet was taken and you find the double murderer."

From a drawer of the library table at Miss Mary Leavenworth's house he produced a stack of the identical note-paper.

Incidental to his search—a rummaging, thorough one—Miss Eleanore's writing-desk had brought to light a diary of hers, making clear one point of vital importance. This was that Mr. Leavenworth had threatened to supplant Mary with Eleanore as his heiress, if Mary should marry contrary to his wishes.

"Eleanore is saved, but Mary is lost!" I gasped.

"Yes, I am satisfied she is," muttered Gryce, acting rather strangely, as I thought. "Would it be a very great grief to you, Mr. Raymond, if Miss Mary Leavenworth should be arrested on this charge of murder? Well, come to me again at three o'clock. I shall then have my report ready for the superintendent and should like to show it to you first."

Gryce's manner was more peculiar than ever when, at the hour named, he ushered me into a mysterious sitting-room on an upper floor of his house, and in a loud, excited voice went over the whole case, laying stress upon various details with which I was perfectly familiar and which I had never dreamed of contradicting. No names were mentioned at first, save Eleanore's. He kept Mary's back till he had detailed all the evidence against her cousin. Fatal facts, he called them, unless it could be shown, first, that the handkerchief, letter, and key had passed through other hands before reaching hers, and secondly, that someone else had even a stronger reason than she for desiring Mr. Leavenworth's death. "Is there such a person? There is," he cried, and launched forth into a minute analysis of the double crime from the standpoint of Mary's guilt, which convinced even me and prepared me for his final words, though not for the force with which they were uttered.

"Such is my report—a report which in an hour's time will lead to the arrest of this merciless, death-dealing woman as the assassin of her uncle and lifelong benefactor."

A silence, such as could be felt, then a terrible cry rang out, and a man's form rushed in between us, exclaiming:

"It is a lie! a lie! Mary Leavenworth is innocent. I am the murderer of Mr. Leavenworth, I, I, I!"

It was Trueman Harwell.

He was in a state of frenzy. "Save! save!" he gasped. "Save her—Mary—they are sending a report—stop it!"

"Yes," broke in another voice. "If there is a man here who believes in God and prizes woman's honor, let him stop the issue of that report." And Henry Clavering appeared.

"Let me go!" shrieked Harwell, as Gryce interposed between the two men. "Let me have my revenge on him, who in the face of all I have done for Mary Leavenworth dares to call her his wife! Let me— Hark!" he whispered after a sudden pause, "it is she! I hear her! I feel her! She is on the stairs! She is at the door! She—"

A low, shuddering sigh of longing and despair finished his utterance. The hall door opened, and Mary Leavenworth stood before us!

"Look at her!" the wretched Harwell cried. "Cold, cold!

Not one glance for me, though I have just taken the halter from her neck and fastened it about my own!"

But Mary's eyes were fixed upon Henry Clavering.

"What has that man done," she said, indicating her husband, "that he should be brought here to confront me at this awful time?"

"I told her to come here to meet her uncle's murderer," explained Mr. Gryce.

"Don't you know?" broke in Harwell. "It is because these chivalrous gentlemen think *you* the assassin of your uncle, unknowing that I—"

"You!" Ah, now she could see him and hear him!

"Yes, I! Didn't you know it? When in that dreadful hour of your rejection by your uncle you called aloud for help, didn't you know—"

"Don't!" she shrieked. "Oh, is the mad cry of a stricken woman for aid and sympathy the call for a murderer? What a chastisement for folly! What a punishment for the love of money which has always been my curse!"

"Was it nothing but folly, Mary?" asked Henry Clavering, bending over her. "Are you guiltless of any deeper wrong? Is there no link of complicity between you two?" Laying his hand on her head, he pressed it slowly back and gazed into her eyes. Then he took her to his breast and looked calmly at us.

"She is innocent," he said.

His confidence restored her self-possession. While Harwell moaned in his misery, she gave the following explanation of what had seemed suspicious in her conduct. She loved Clavering, she loved money. Hoping to secure both, she visited her uncle on that fatal night to make one final appeal. She failed to soften him, and before she left the room saw him begin a letter to his lawyer, with new instructions as to his will. Eleanore had heard her go down, and next morning accused her of the crime, showing her an envelope addressed to his lawyer, which she had drawn from under their dead uncle's arms. Mary knew her innocence, but she had not Eleanore's courage and quailed before the pit she saw opening at her feet, a pit which seemed to deepen with each new fact brought out at the inquest. The handkerchief used by the murderer to clean the pistol may have

been Eleanore's, but it was she who carried it there and Eleanore knew it. Everything seemed to point her way, and weakly accepting her devoted cousin's sacrifice of herself, she allowed her to bear the brunt of suspicion entailed by these unexplained facts, thinking that if one so noble could not escape this ignominy, her own chance of doing so would be small indeed. The struggle had made her untrue to everyone—to her husband, whom she feared more than ever to acknowledge, to Eleanore, whom she could not forgive for her suspicions. Harwell she never thought of. How he had come to know of her dilemma and interfere to save her she could not say. She only knew she could never profit by his crime. Gold thus obtained could bring no happiness. And tearing the diamonds from her ears she flung them at the miserable man's feet.

It was the final wrench of the rack. Madness glared on his face, and flinging up his arms, he cried:

"I have given my soul to hell for a shadow—for a shadow!"

"Did I plan it?" repeated Gryce. "Well, rather. You may congratulate me, Mr. Raymond, upon the success of the most daring game ever played in a detective's office. There has always been one fact that plagued me even at the moment of my strongest suspicions against this woman, and that was the pistol-cleaning business. It was not the act of a woman. It was the one weak link in an otherwise strong chain. That is why I hesitated to arrest her, why I decided at last to give her one more chance. Summoning the only other possible perpetrators of the deed, I launched this accusation of Mary in their ears, knowing that if either of them were guilty it was for love of her, and that it would be impossible for him to hear her charged with crime without self-betrayal. I did not hope much from the experiment, least of all did I anticipate that Mr. Harwell would prove to be the guilty man. But live and learn, Mr. Raymond."

Harwell's story came later. His love for Mary had been a madness, all the stronger that he dared not avow it. He knew that he was not of the sort to win her unless he could make her feel his power. Her weakness gave him hopes of this, and when one morning he opened by mistake Mr. Clavering's letter to Mr. Leavenworth, he felt that his opportunity had come and he pre-

pared to act upon it. There was nothing in the letter to show that Clavering was married to Mary, and a lover he could possibly supplant. Mr. Leavenworth's anger at this letter and subsequent coldness to Mary inflamed his hopes. Meanwhile he had a dream—the dream he once related to me, only there was this difference in his account of it and the reality. It was not Clavering's face he saw bending over his murdered employer, but his own. A ghastly foreboding which, however, prepared him for the event. The night of the murder he had left the library for his own room when he heard Mary go down. He had let it be inferred at the inquest that it was Eleanore, but he knew that it was Mary. Instinct told him that the interview would be crucial. Its purport he must learn. A ventilator running up through the closets of the house afforded him the means. By listening intently above he heard enough to realize that nothing but Mr. Leavenworth's death that night would prevent his changing his will. Waiting for her return, Harwell stole downstairs to the library. Mr. Leavenworth hardly noticed his entrance. He knew where the pistol was kept, and almost before he had realized his own act, the shot was fired which made Mary the virtual possessor of her uncle's fortune.

He intended to pass this death off as a suicide, but he soon saw that the location of the wound was such as to preclude this idea. So his next move was to destroy all clue to the motive and manner of the deed. First, he secured the letter Mr. Leavenworth was writing as well as the one from Clavering, then looked about for means of cleaning the pistol. A handkerchief lay on the floor. He used it to clean the barrel and then noting that it belonged to Eleanore was so frightened that he forgot to clean the cylinder. Thrusting the handkerchief deep down behind a chair cushion, he reloaded the pistol, locked it up and prepared to leave the room. But here horror struck him, and he fastened the door behind him, a mistake he did not realize till he suddenly came upon Hannah, with the broken key in his hand. Fatal as the event seemed, he soon saw a way out of it. Hannah had long cherished a decided weakness for him, and was as wax in his hands. He was able to persuade her to anything under the promise of marriage, and in ten minutes she was out of the house and on her way to Mrs. Belden, whose

kind-heartedness and romantic weakness both knew. His last injunction to her was: "Not a word to anyone of what you have seen here to-night." Hers to him: "Come soon. I'll be waiting." His crime had already caught him in a net, and, blind with terror, he made two more mistakes. He locked the door behind her and he forgot to rid himself of the key.

Once in his room he thought of these things but not even his own safety could induce him to repass the library again that night. Instead, he chewed to a pulp Mr. Leavenworth's letter to his lawyer; the other had blood on it and he could not put it to his lips. So he tore it into strips and rolled these into lighters which he thrust into a vase. The key he placed in the filigree work of a gas-fixture in the hall and, thus relieved, prepared to face the situation as an unsuspected man should. His equanimity lasted till he realized the danger hovering over them all so long as that key and the torn letter remained in the house. With an intent to destroy these evidences of crime he rushed upstairs, took the key from the gas-fixture, the lighters from the vase, and rushed with them into Mary's room where he expected to find a fire. But there were only a few smoldering ashes in the grate and into these he flung the lighters. The key he unfortunately dropped. Steps were approaching and he could not recover it. Thus Eleanore became involved in the tangle and his long agony began. But all this was nothing to the madness that struck him when on descending the stairs with me that evening, he heard Clavering call Mary his wife. Common sense, reason itself, yielded before the blow. In a burst of fury he accused Clavering of the deed which had involved them all, and though in another instant he repented the act, he set immediately about strengthening his position by manufacturing evidence to sustain his charge. Openly he gave a superstitious reason for the same, but secretly he planned Hannah's death and Mr. Clavering's ruin at one blow. Sending the poor girl a letter in which he enclosed a deadly powder and a printed accusation of Clavering, he bade her swallow the first, then take the letter in her hand and go to bed. It was all a charm which would give her lovely dreams of him.

A day of suspense followed, then came news of her death. The relief was immense. He saw life assuming rose-colored

hues again, when suddenly came the summons from Mr. Gryce, his array of evidence against Mary and the threat of her arrest. Heart and tongue could not keep silent before such a prospect. He spoke, and the greatest police problem of the day was solved.

Personally it brought me the happiness of my life. It gave me Eleanore for a wife.

SARAH PRATT McLEAN

(MRS. FRANCIS LYNDE GREENE)

(United States, 1856)

CAPE COD FOLKS (1881)

This salt-water story created a stir immediately on publication quite aside from its merits as a literary production, for the young author was naïve enough to use the real names of the real people she had portrayed, and a storm of protest rose from Cape Cod. Probably Miss McLean had no desire to offend, but human beings hate to be laughed at, and it is said that the death of old "Cap'n Keeler" was hastened by his mortification at having been held up to ridicule. In subsequent editions the proper names were changed. The story was dramatized in 1906 and played with considerable success in New York and in other cities of the United States.

I WAS the Wallencamp school-teacher. Wallencamp was on Cape Cod, far enough removed from railroads to have kept its own unique atmosphere, and I had come to this "rock-bound coast" on a mission, imagining myself impelled by much the same necessity as that which fired the bosoms of the earlier pilgrims.

I was then nineteen years old; I had a home endowed with every luxury and congenial companions; while, as for my education, I was pleased to call it completed. My career at boarding-schools had been of a delightfully varied and elective nature, for I had not deigned to toil with squalid studiousness, nor even to sail with politic and inglorious ease through the prescribed course of study at any institution.

I had suddenly come to the conclusion that, in spite of the soft flattery of friends, I really was amounting to very little.

While in one of these self-depreciatory moods I received a letter from a school friend, Mary Waite. She wished me to apply for her place in the Wallencamp district school. "It is a

remote, poverty-stricken place. It contains no society, no church, no library, not even a little country store. The people are simple and kind-hearted; but they need training, physically, mentally, and morally. I can assure you, here is scope for the most daring missionary enterprise. I believe you could do it if you would. Write to the Superintendent of Schools, Farmouth, Massachusetts, stating your qualifications."

The advice was at once taken with a successful issue, and I was informed that I was to become the teacher in the Kedarville school, and that Mrs. Philander Keeler would board me for two dollars and a half a week.

My family thought me crazy, but I said that I should accept the offer.

John Cable, an old friend, accompanied me to Boston from my Connecticut home. When he took my hand an instant in parting, looking down at me with his kind, familiar eyes, the impulse swept up strong within me to beg him to take me out of that dreadful "Old Colony" car and back to my home. But I choked it back; and soon I was alone, with my "mission" looming before me.

The railway journey was followed by a long ride in a sort of emigrant wagon; then I was set down at "The Ark," which was the name of the rambling house in which lived my landlady, Madeline Keeler, Cap'n and Grandma Keeler, and two little Keelers.

I found that the letter informing them of the time of my arrival had come with me, and the news it contained was stale when they had welcomed me in their robes of night. In the words of Grandpa Keeler, it was "'most morning." To be exact it was nine o'clock.

Pie was offered to me, but I declined to take any at that moment. Grandpa Keeler and the little Keelers seemed to think it a most favorable opportunity to eat pie, and they disposed of nearly a whole one while Madeline read aloud in a singularly sweet voice the letter that told them when to expect me.

A few minutes later, after kindly ministrations on the part of good old Grandma Keeler, I literally tumbled into my bed, and soon after sinking into its sea of feathers the perplexing nature of mortal affairs ceased to burden my mind.

If I had been a long-lost child, or a friend known and loved in days gone by, I could not have been more cordially or enthusiastically welcomed than I was the next morning.

Cap'n Keeler was more than eighty years old, tall, powerful, and might have been a tyrant in the family if his calm, good-natured wife had been at all afraid of him. As it was, his fiercest moods were but pegs for her amiable pleasantries, and he always acknowledged himself subdued.

I never shall forget that first breakfast—although it was strangely like the breakfasts that followed. We sat down at table. There was a brief altercation between the children, and then when they were nearly quieted Madeline remarked to Grandpa in her lively and flippant style:

"Come, Pa, say your piece."

"How am I going to say anything?" inquired Grandpa wrathfully, "in such a bedlam?"

"Thar, now!" said Grandma, in her soothing tone. "It's all quiet now and time we was eatin' breakfast, so ask the blessin', Pa, and don't let's have no more words about it."

Whereupon the old sea-captain bowed his head, and, with a decided touch of asperity still lingering in his voice, sped through the lines:

"'God bless the food which now we take;
May it do us good, for Jesus' sake.'"

Oh, the saltness of the "slit herrin'" we had for breakfast and the quaintness of the family group with their "hunks" of bread, and their "golden seal," a patent medicine, good for "toothache, headache, sore throat, sprains, etc.," which was drunk in lieu of coffee!

My first morning at school was not like first mornings in most school tales that I have read. I was not compelled to use corporal punishment, nor did I feel constrained to enunciate the terms on which we were to conduct an armed neutrality.

The most impressive thing in the morning hours was a consuming thirst that fell upon me. There were many calls for water on the part of my flock, and so it occurred to me to ask all who had had "slit herrin'" for breakfast to raise their hands. Every hand was raised. I then inaugurated a system by which a

pail of fresh water was to be drawn from a neighboring well once during each hour of the day and distributed among us parched ones. It proved one of the most lively and interesting exercises of the school and thereafter never was omitted.

That evening I saw for the first time a rich young man named David Rollin, who was spending some time at the Cape for the sport of fishing, and was informally called "fisherman" by all the natives. He stopped at the Ark, ostensibly to borrow a pair of oars, but really to get a glimpse of the new teacher.

According to Grandpa Keeler, he was "a sleek devil." "Tongue as smooth as butter, but I don't trust them fishermen much, myself, teacher."

According to Madeline, he was paying a good deal of attention to Becky Weir, daughter of the janitor of the school, a handsome girl, backward in her studies but with no harm in her.

On the first evening of my stay I was waited upon by all the young men of Wallencamp, and their coming was the signal for Grandma and Madeline to leave the room that I might have them all to myself.

When we were alone the young men without any preliminaries rose and quite solemnly sang "Pull for the Shore," and when I betrayed my ignorance of Moody and Sankey's Hymn-book Number Two, I fear I sank in their estimation. This did not mean that they were especially fond of sacred music, but that "music" to them meant "Moody and Sankey." They were too far from Boston to hear any popular songs, and their music thirst was refreshed by copious drafts of "Hold the Fort," "Ring the Bells of Heaven," and other simple melodies.

One of their number, Luther Cradlebow, played the violin with real distinction and power. He was strangely handsome, with dark eyes and the mien of a poet. When he was introduced to me, he stooped and kissed me on the cheek, in a perfectly simple and audible manner.

Many were the amusing things that happened to me in and out of school, and I grew to love the quaint Cape Cod folk, especially Grandma Keeler.

The Becky to whom "Dave" Rollin was paying attention was indeed backward in her studies. She seemed incapable of book-learning, and yet she was by no means stupid.

One day after a trying visit on the part of the Superintendent of Schools, who had a poor opinion of the scholarship of Wallencampers, I discovered this note in my desk:

"*dere teecher*,

"I wanted to do sumthyng to help yu wen I seen him come To-Day fur I new jus howe yu felt but thay wasent no wours than they always was, and he nose it! and thay studded more for yu I think than thay did for any but I think it mus be harrd for yu not bein use to us. I think yu was tired. Excus writin pleas but I wanted to let yu no for yu was good to me and I luv yu.

"BECKY WEIR."

That afternoon I met Mr. Rollin on the way from school; he attached himself to me, and, desiring to make my stay at Wallencamp pleasant, he asked me whether he could take me out driving.

I thanked him almost eagerly, thinking, at that instant of the longed-for letters that I knew were waiting for me in the West Wallen post-office. Then suddenly I felt Rebecca's little note grow heavy in my hand. Used as I was to doing what I wished to do, it was really hard for me to say, "You are very kind, but I can't go to-morrow," but I said it.

"I can't, of course, question the justice of your decision," he said shortly; and he touched his hat and walked away without another word.

Sunday I went with Grandpa and Grandma Keeler to Sunday-school at West Wallen. Grandpa was specially dressed and "mortified" for the occasion by Grandma, and his hair was dyed an unnatural greenish tint that made him look like a Jack-in-the-box.

The trip was long, but, slow as Fanny was, we finally reached the church and made our way to Sunday-school. I elected to sit with the old folks, and shortly afterward Mr. Rollin made his way into our pew.

I am afraid that I heard more of his words than of the lesson; and when he told me that he had a pair of his own horses outside and would like to drive me back home, I, being always of a reckless disposition, consented.

When I told Grandma that I should drive home with Mr. Rollin, she begged me quite seriously to labor for his soul on the way back. I felt hopelessly conscience-stricken. But I

felt more so when on the road he took advantage of the lonely way to kiss me.

My anger blazed out at him. "I hate you! I wish you would never speak to me again." And we parted in anger.

"Teacher's got Beck's beau!" This was what I heard whispered among the children the next day. Rebecca heard, too, and paled a little, but looked up at me and smiled as frankly as ever.

"You don't think I mind what the children talk?" she said.

After that I studiously avoided seeing him, though I forgave him for the kiss, and sought Becky's companionship more. She seemed to draw out all that was best in me, and made me try to live up to the ideal I knew she had formed of me.

There was no doubt that Mr. Rollin was paying her a good deal of attention, and, knowing more of the world than the guileless people about me, I warned Becky one day that it was dangerous to trust everybody. This seemed to her a new thought, and, strangely enough, it led to a talk on religion. I found myself trying to explain some of the mysteries of religion to this poor child, who never had had anyone talk seriously to her before. She finally fell to sobbing, and then I had to console her, but it strengthened the bonds of our friendship.

I, with the confidence in myself that has always marked me, undertook to give the handsome Luther Cradlebow private lessons in Latin and algebra, and found to my dismay that, while at the outset I stood to him in the light of teacher, it was not long before he began to look on me as something more than a friend. But why tell the old story? There was no denying that, with no such intent, I had inspired him with love. For myself, while I admired the unusual qualities of his untrained mind, I was in no danger of returning the love of such as he. And yet I was not altogether indifferent to him, and let him tell me of his hopes, his desire to go to sea, to make something of himself, and then come back.

After a few months all did not seem right with Becky. When a revival descended upon Wallencamp she was said to have experienced religion, but after a time the gossips said she had given up "seekin' religion" and had returned to the world.

I did not like the new tone she assumed. There seemed something hard and reckless in it. I wondered how it was that, after all the earnest, serious discourse I had had with her, the "refining," "elevating" influences I had tried to throw around her (having first taken her graciously under my wing!) she should distinctly retrograde. Something must be innately wrong in Rebecca, else why should she fail in any degree under so admirable a method?

"Are you striving to make the best of yourself, Becky?" I asked her.

Her lips trembled and her eyes filled, but, to my great surprise, a look of intense anguish, almost of horror, came into her face. I marveled greatly; what could be the cause?

"Oh," she said, "you wouldn't kiss me again, ever, if you knew!"

"Baby!" I said reassuringly, stroking her hair; "I don't believe you have done anything very wrong."

But Rebecca drew away from me.

"You don't know," she said; "I was brought up different—and it was before you came, and I never knew that—what you told me about not trusting people. Oh, I wish I was dead!"

I was convinced that she had some serious trouble, and begged her to confide in me, but she would not.

I had another ex-pupil (Rebecca had been out of school for several weeks) who was a source of considerable anxiety to me —Luther Cradlebow. He had ceased to come to the Ark to sing with the others.

I heard he had gone to New Bedford, but one afternoon I found him waiting for me outside the school. Some impulse caused me to ask him to walk home with me, and I laid my daintily gloved hand upon his arm. I experienced a dangerous sense of satisfaction in the conquest of this unsophisticated youth—a conquest not wholly without its retributive pain and intoxication.

I felt Luther's arm tremble as we walked up the lane. He told me he was going to sea in April.

"'And weren't you ever coming to see me again?' I murmured, with designing, soft reproach.

"I was coming to say good-by," said Luther brokenly.

"Only for that?" I questioned, and sighed with a perfect abandonment of rectitude and good faith to the selfish gratification of the moment.

"What else should I come up for?" he exclaimed. "Except to tell you what you don't want to hear—that I love you, teacher, I love you!"

I felt that I had allowed him to go too far, and reminded him that he was only a boy of twenty; but he told me that though he might have a boy's head he hadn't a boy's heart for me to trample on—and I could not help admiring him.

When we came to the house, he said he had one request to make. "I want to kiss you just once, and I mean it."

I told him that it was a remarkable request, but that I would let him kiss me just once.

I would have had that kiss as passionless as if it had been given to a child. Luther's breath was pure upon my cheek—but I was compelled to feel the answering flame creep slowly in my own blood.

"Never ask me to do that again!" I exclaimed, in righteous exculpation of the act. "Never!"

Mr. Rollin stayed in the neighborhood until late in the winter, and on one occasion a festivity in the Ark, at which nearly all Wallencamp had gathered, he made opportunity for himself to say things to me that compelled me to show him that his aspirations were hopeless.

Time passed swiftly, and on the occasion of the famous Wallencamp "bonfire"—which, like Christmas, or a Fourth-of-July celebration in less ingenuous and erratic communities, came only once a year—a poor, weak-minded creature, whom they called "Crazy Silvy," told me in her eery, rambling way, amid the hellish gleam of the bonfire and with a background of black night, something that sent my thoughts in the most unpleasant direction they had ever traveled. After warning me against "neat men," because "God made men to clutter," and saying that it was "agin nater for 'em to be neat," she informed me that "Rollin was allers hangin' things up and allers foldin' of 'em. Silvy knows. But there was a piece of writin' got over behind the bu-ry, and it stuck, and Silvy can read writin',

and she read what it said. It said he didn't love Becky any more. But he's afraid, and he'll give money. 'Oh, go anywhere, but keep still, Beck, keep still, for Heaven's sake.' Why?" said Silvy, in a slow tone full of wonder, "Beck wouldn't hurt him. She wouldn't hurt him. Silvy comes up the hill all alone. Silvy heard 'em talkin' terribly. It was Beck and George Olver. 'I'll make an honest home for you, Beck!' And she says her heart is broke."

Here Silvy turned unceremoniously and walked away, seemingly oblivious of my presence.

I found Rebecca among a group of girls and told her I wanted to see her at my home that night. She turned pale, but she said "Yes."

I knew what had happened (I thought). Rollin had made promises to Becky that he did not intend to keep, and it had broken her heart because she loved him. A little talking would salve her feelings, and then, if she married "honest" George Olver, who loved her so devotedly, all would be well.

When I got back to the Ark I found Rebecca waiting for me. I addressed her gravely, for I felt she needed admonishment. I told her to tell me what her trouble was, and looked for tears, but seeing instead a stonily disconsolate look I was dismayed.

"I'm going to tell you, but you can't help me. They'll all know before long. I don't care. I guess there ain't no God. I've cried so much I guess I can't cry no more."

And then she spoke of what I had been to her, and finally told me that Rollin had met her in lonely places, and had told her he loved only her, and had made her promises about his fine home in Providence, where she should be dressed in fine clothes and be more beautiful than any of his friends—"and—and—I trusted every word."

"Well, my dear little girl, let's dismiss him from our minds, as he isn't worth thinking of."

But Rebecca went on hopelessly and in a tense voice: "I never knew that about not trustin' anybody till you told me. I wasn't brought up like you, and I wasn't so strong as you. It'd been better if I'd 'a' died. It's the sin and the shame. I've not hin' but to bear 'em, now, as long as I live."

"What do you mean?" I cried, as I suddenly realized the

awful thing she was talking about. "You didn't mean—the worst?"

"Yes," said she, with no visible change on her poor, set face.

"I wish you would go out of my room, and leave me!" I exclaimed. "I am not used to such people as you! Do you suppose I would have been with you all these weeks if I had known? Go! I never want to see you again. Go! go!"

I never shall forget the look with which Rebecca rose wearily and went to the door. And I did not call her back. I did not call her back! I had no thought of pity for her—I only thought, in my proud, selfish passion, how miserably I had been deceived.

Of course Wallencampers misunderstood the reason of our estrangement. They said: "Beck is mad, and won't speak to teacher, along o' teacher's goin' with Beck's beau."

I had good reason to know that Luther Cradlebow still loved me, but I knew that there was no love in my heart for him. And then—

One day I fell asleep on a rock at low tide, and should have drowned if Luther had not seen me go to the beach, and followed me down there. Seeing the waters rising, he had leaped into his boat and had discovered me on the rock, asleep. From sheer relief, I thought my heart reflected a warmer glow than that of gratitude, and when some days later he asked me to wait for him, I promised him that I would.

I had an unpleasant interview with Rollin, who tried to set himself right in the matter of his relations with Becky, and who told me that I felt her situation more keenly than the girl felt it herself. Then he was cad enough to propose marriage to me. I put my hand on the door-knob significantly, and he then made a mocking reference to a bucolic existence with the "fiddle-playing" Luther, and was gone.

Events crowded thickly the last weeks of my stay in Wallencamp. George Olver told me of his love for Becky and said that he was willing still to marry her, in spite of the wrong that Rollin had done her. "I want to take that girl and keer for her, and keep her from meddlin' tongues. Let 'em say what they choose to me; they must be keerful what they say afore her, that's all."

Then he asked me to forgive her, and to go to her and tell her she had a right to hope, and—I promised.

But, alas! I was too late with my good resolve. That very evening Becky left the Cape. She made her mother promise not to tell George where she was, but her mother told me and I said that I would write to her.

Then Captain Sartell's little girl died of a fever, and I caught it; and it was weeks before I knew what was happening about me. And Becky, the girl to whom I had been so uncharitable, came and nursed me until I recovered consciousness, and then she left me. While I was convalescent Luther came to see me and kissed me, and I was quite sure that I loved him. Luther was to sail in a few days, but the haven he was destined to reach was not on earthly shores; for a great storm rose, in which the despicable Rollin would have gone to his end in his yacht if Luther had not put out to save him, together with George Olver, Captain Sartell, and Harvey Dole. And Luther never came back. He gave his life, his precious life, to save Becky's miserable betrayer!

After that sad funeral I felt that my life in Wallencamp was ended, and as soon as I was able to travel I left my humble friends.

Back to my Connecticut home I went, with a heart full of love for the simple, kindly people into whose lives I had entered so closely for many months. And when John Noble happened to enter my train at Hartford, while I was on my way to surprise my family, I realized that after all I had left love at home.

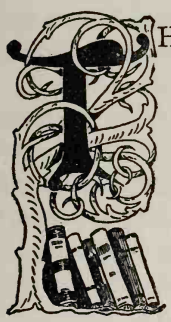
HENRI GRÉVILLE

(ALICE DURAND-FLEURY)

(France, 1842–1902)

DOSIA (1876)

Of all the voluminous writings of this popular author, this is undoubtedly the best, being the one selected by the French Academy to be crowned. Madame Durand-Fleury spent fifteen years of childhood and youth among the scenes she chose for her novel.



THE officers of the hussars stationed at Krasnoë Selo were at mess. It was a festive occasion and the spirits of the diners swung higher as the feast progressed.

"You are all my family," cried Pierre Mourieff; "I have a family for each season of the year."

The punch came steaming in in the huge, silver regimental bowl.

"Your winter family, yes," replied one, "but what have you to say for your spring family?"

"I court them," said Pierre, "for it is all women. On eight square versts of ground I have nineteen cousins."

"And which do you court?"

"All, except the eldest, who is thirty-seven, and the youngest, who is seventeen months."

"And with what success?" demanded one.

"Success? Hmm, yes; I eloped with one."

A clamor for details of this suggestive announcement arose. Captain Souroff cast him a warning glance, but Pierre had gone too far to heed.

Names he concealed under pseudonyms; he called this his

Cousin Clementine; she was just seventeen. She was one of many sisters, wilful, headstrong, but adorably pretty.

"I was a guest at their home about six weeks ago," continued Pierre. "I became most intimate with Clementine playing on the seesaw with her. She had a fine, big riding-horse, Bayard, which Clementine had caused to kick a young man her mother was encouraging as a very eligible match, and Bayard was to be taken away from her. She confided her misery to me and suddenly proposed that I should marry her. I agreed; she is a very pretty girl. But when I attempted to kiss her she gave me a vigorous slap, saying that was to come later.

"I was leaving in a few days, wondering what it would all come to, when the climax to Clementine's misery came. She had been sleeping with her sister, who had a keen antipathy for dogs. One night Clementine smuggled her Saint Bernard, Pluto, into the bedroom, dressed him in her own nightgown and put him to bed in her place. When her sister awoke there was trouble. Pluto was to be sent away. Clementine had decided to leave home, and wanted me to take her.

"I agreed, and that night we left in my carriage together. Naturally, I felt now I had the right to kiss her, but when I attempted it I received another blow. She became angry and insisted on returning, and we did. There I left her, at home."

The story amused everybody; but Souroff was especially interested. Next day he spoke to Pierre, who assured him that the story was true, and concerned his Cousin Dosia.

Captain Count Souroff was often visited by his sister, the Princess Sophie Koutsky. She was a young widow, whose husband had died eighteen months after the marriage.

Souroff had incidentally told Pierre's story to her, and she had immediately recognized the heroine of the sketch, Dosia Zaptine, the favorite daughter of Major-General Zaptine, now dead. The Princess drew so original and fascinating a character of her that her brother's keenest interest was aroused. Seeing this, Sophie promised to invite Dosia to visit her.

Souroff had introduced Pierre to his sister, and noticed that his friend was much impressed by Sophie's brilliant intellect and wide reading. Both now frequently visited Sophie's home.

The three had gone on a walk one day when the conversation

reverted to Dosia. Pierre once more related his experience with her, and now expressed his thankfulness for having escaped an unhappy marriage.

One morning Pierre awoke to the fact that he saw the Princess very often; and the fear came over him that he bored her. He decided then that his visits should cease with one more, for he had received a special invitation to visit her next day.

On arriving, he was startled to find Dosia demurely seated on a divan in Sophie's drawing-room. It was obviously an attempt on Sophie's part to reconcile the two.

The four went together to the regatta at Tsarskoë Selo, which drew all the fashionable world of the capital together. While they were in a boat after the races, Dosia behaved with proper decorum until, as they were landing, she shoved the boat out into the water, Pierre being alone in it with but one oar.

"Let us see you swim," she cried. But Pierre was rescued before having to resort to that alternative.

Count Souroff watched keenly but surreptitiously.

"She would not have done that to a man she loved," she reflected.

Autumn came, and Dosia was again Sophie's guest. Souroff often visited her, but Pierre, shy of Sophie's intellectual attainments, had long absented himself.

He called again finally, and though her welcome was unmistakably cordial, he could not throw off his self-consciousness, which was not lessened by Dosia's presence. Next day, on meeting Souroff, he reproached him for not having warned him of Dosia's visit.

"We wanted to give you a pleasant surprise," said the Count. Pierre shook his head.

"Was it not a pleasure?" continued the Count.

"You know we hate each other," replied Pierre.

"I wish I were certain of that," murmured Souroff, making Pierre's eyes open wide.

Pierre had again fallen under Sophie's charm; he came now almost every day. Dosia was growing quite decorous. She and Souroff had become good friends, but at times he was almost rude to her.

In January they attended a skating *fête*. The Neva was

brilliantly illuminated. Dosia and Pierre were skating together; Count Souroff and his sister watched them. A young officer approached and entered into conversation with Sophie.

"Do you not think there is something on between those two?" he said, referring to Pierre and Dosia. The Count bit his lip.

"I do not think so," replied the Princess; "no one has thought of that."

Souroff was tortured by the thought. Sophie called to Dosia and proposed that they return home.

"My dear," she said to the young girl privately, "you must really be more reserved in your manner toward your cousin."

"That's difficult," said Dosia, then added suddenly: "Is Monsieur Souroff angry with me?"

"Not angry; but a little shocked."

"I won't do it again," promised Dosia, with a sobbing gasp; "please beg him not to be angry with me."

Souroff, on having this scene reported to him, recovered his usual gaiety.

Winter was passing. Sophie and Pierre were discussing a change that had come over Dosia.

"Do you not regret not having married her?" she asked.

"No," he replied quietly, "I love another; one to whose love in return I dare not aspire."

He rose to go. She hesitated a moment, then, extending him her hand, said:

"Any woman would at least be touched by the offer of a man's love. And if you are really as you seem, you could aspire to any woman's love." Then she left him abruptly.

Pierre turned her words over in his mind; and so intoxicated was he by what they appeared to convey that his brain seemed reeling through a dream.

One afternoon Souroff appeared before his sister in a perturbed state of mind. He reported that he had heard that Pierre Mourieff had been gambling in a house of low repute, and that he had lost in promissory notes a sum larger than he could ever hope to repay. This meant disgrace.

Sophie rose, overcome, then boldly declared:

"I love him!"

She insisted that there must be some mistake, and that Pierre be sent for. When he came she said to him:

"You have pained me; you, our friend, are compromised in a vulgar adventure. You have been seen in a house—"

"A slander!" he interrupted. "You have confused me with a young brother officer, who, having had this misfortune, threatened suicide, and whose debts I have taken on myself, to save him and the regiment from disgrace." He rose, as if to go. "You are not angry now?" he asked.

"No," she replied radiantly, "you have proved yourself a noble man, one who can hope for anything."

"Anything?" he repeated interrogatively, taking her hand.

"Yes, everything."

"Then, when I have righted myself before others, I shall ask of you something."

"Ask it now," she insisted gently, "for I should like to give it now."

He caught her in his arms in a frenzy of joy.

It was spring, and Dosia returned home accompanied by Sophie, Count Souroff, and Pierre. It was Dosia's mother who immediately recognized a subtle changed in her daughter.

A picnic was arranged in the woods. Dosia, prettier than ever, rode Bayard; the others went in carriages.

All were gay, in festive spirits, save Count Souroff. He rose presently and wandered off by himself through the woods.

On the return Dosia on her mount led the way. They were fording a river when they observed a peasant's cart upset, and the horses struggling in deep water. Dosia spurred her horse forward and plunged him into the deep water. She took the reins of the struggling brutes and so led them back to solid bottom. Then, dripping wet, she galloped ahead. Once home, she was pale and trembling, and was hurried off to bed.

Souroff spent a restless, miserable night. Next day he sought Dosia where she lay recovering in the sun. He begged her to forgive his surliness of the day before, and under the intoxication of his emotional excitement, broke out into a fervid confession of his love. Her face grew white, but there was encouragement in her smile. He lifted her and carried her into the house. A week later two marriages were celebrated.

GERALD GRIFFIN

(Ireland, 1803–1840)

THE COLLEGIANS (1828)

Largely upon the strength of this, the most famous of his novels, Griffin received the appellation of "The Irish Sir Walter," and in its central dramatic situation it compares very favorably with such a novel of Scott's as *The Bride of Lammermoor*. It was dramatized by Dion Boucicault under the title *The Colleen Bawn*, and was produced at the Adelphi Theater, London, in 1860, meeting with instant success. Since that time the play has held a leading place among popular Irish melodramas.

HARDRESS CREGAN had been a spoiled child. His father, an easy-going Irish gentleman, was proud of the boy because he saw in him qualities that were lacking in himself: a great energy, which caused the lad instantly to set about the execution of whatever plan he conceived, and a certain desperation of courage, which he was apt to discover on occasions of very inadequate provocation. His mother, an imperious, self-willed woman, loved him passionately because she recognized in her son so many of her own masterful traits, and anticipated a success for them in their masculine embodiment that had been denied in their feminine incarnation. His generosity (a quality in which Mrs. Cregan was preëminent) excited her especial admiration, and she encouraged it to a ruinous extent.

As a result, Hardress grew into that most pitiable spectacle —an essentially selfish man who is unconscious of his selfishness. This vice in him did not take the form of cupidity or avarice, but of luxurious indulgence of one's natural inclinations. His very generosity was a species of self-seeking, of that vulgar quality which looks to nothing more than the gratification of a suddenly awakened impulse of compassion, or perhaps has a

still meaner object—the gratitude of the assisted and the fame of an open hand.

Yet while following his own impulses without check, he appreciated in his friend and companion through school and college days, Kyrle Daly, that noble and yet unaffected firmness of principle which led its possessor, on many occasions, to impose a harsh restraint upon his own feelings, when their indulgence was not in accordance with his notions of justice. Since Kyrle, in return, admired the surpassing talent and high spirit of Hardress, the two were well calculated for a lasting friendship.

Mrs. Cregan had in her mind, even while he was a boy, selected a wife for Hardress in the beautiful person of Anne Chute, a distant relative, known as cousin by courtesy. She contrived to have the little girl as a frequent visitor in the home of the Cregans amid the romantic lakes of Killarney. Hardress and Anne rowed on the lakes and roamed in the glens together, until to him she formed a part of every recollection of the lovely scenery, while to her he became the chief object, not of the remembered landscape alone, but of her present and future life. This she discovered when Hardress went away to college, but with maidenly reserve she determined not to reveal her love upon his return. So when Hardress brought home with him the handsome and modest Kyrle Daly she devoted herself to the guest with an exaggerated preference that piqued her old playfellow, and set him seeking feminine admiration, which it had now become a part of his being to crave, in other quarters. While the rich, quiet nature of Kyrle was yielding to the sunshine of Anne's favor the shy and delicate adoration of a young man's first love, Hardress found in the undisguised admiration of a peasant girl that gratification of his princely desire for appreciation which had become the mainspring of his life. Through all the countryside Hardress Cregan was beloved, even by those who knew him only by repute. His kindness to Danny Mann, his hunchbacked attendant, was proverbial—largely owing to the praises sung by that faithful retainer. It is true that Hardress was the cause of Danny's deformity, having in a moment of passion hurled the lad down a flight of stairs for a provoking blunder; but Danny's passionate repentance, and Hardress's atonement in taking the stupid fellow into his personal service,

had inspired the hunchback with a devotion that is faintly described as doglike. Danny learned that the word of his impulsive master could not be depended upon, and so he studied his moods, indicated by the expression of his countenance, in order never to offend him. In time he learned to know better than Hardress himself what was going on in the young man's mind, and so to anticipate his wishes.

One evening Hardress and Danny, while passing through the street of the village, came upon Mihil O'Connor, the rope-maker, and Eily, his fair young daughter, who were beset by a gang of wild young roisterers, known from the drinking "garden" they frequented as "Garryowens." One of the roughs had attempted to snatch a kiss from Eily, and had received instead a blow from old Mihil's blackthorn. They were gathering to rush upon the old man, and Eily had slipped in front of him for defense. At this moment Hardress and Danny leaped among the Garryowens and hurled them right and left. When the cowards recognized the young master as their chief assailant they slunk away, leaving Hardress to escort the O'Connors to their humble home. Here the young man soon became an almost daily visitor, on the pretext of procuring cordage for his boat. To innocent, simple-minded Eily he seemed the ideal of manhood, and though she spoke hardly a word to him in the cottage, her looks betrayed to the young man her adoration. Hardress found occasion to meet her abroad and to carry her on her errands in his boat. Her childlike confidence and her beauty formed a refreshing contrast to the reserve and hauteur of Anne Chute, and Hardress, with the impulsiveness of his nature, fell madly in love. The desire to possess her could not be resisted, and he persuaded her to marry him.

But, because he was a moral coward and feared his mother's anger, it was a secret marriage that he contracted. To this Eily consented on his promise to secure his mother's consent at the earliest opportunity. A hedge-priest performed the ceremony, and Hardress bribed him to keep the matter quiet and leave the country soon. He installed his wife in a hut among the hills with Danny's sister, a virago who was as faithful as her brother—provided that she was supplied with whisky. She was known as "Fighting Poll."

Now Myles Murphy, a breeder of Kerry ponies among the hills, had been a suitor for Eily's hand, and he was greatly favored by her father, who had urged him upon her almost harshly. When, therefore, Eily suddenly disappeared, Mihil believed that she had run away to escape the hateful marriage, going undoubtedly to her Uncle Edward, a priest. When he found that she was not at his brother's, the suspicion dawned upon him that she had eloped with a lover. His sorrow for his harshness combined with his rage against her betrayer to render him beside himself. He rode over the country with his trusty blackthorn to find the villain and kill him. He sought out every priest to learn perchance of Eily's marriage; and when all professed themselves ignorant of the matter, his hatred turned from betrayer to daughter. Hardress Cregan he never suspected. Indeed, in his distress, he appealed to him for aid.

Not only to the poor old rope-maker, but to Anne Chute and his own mother was the young man required by the situation and his cowardice to act with duplicity. His absence had had the effect of causing Miss Chute to indicate her regard for him, observing which Kyrle Daly asked him whether he had any intentions in that quarter. Hardress assured his confiding friend that his affection for the young lady was purely cousinly, and told him to go ahead and win her if he could. Hardress waited upon his mother, rather than upon the young lady, trying to find a favorable moment to disclose the secret of his marriage. But Mrs. Cregan continually kept the subject of Anne Chute to the fore, and finally revealed to him the state of her affections, which Anne had confided to her.

Hardress replied: "I love her as a cousin—nothing more."

"Ay, but she is no cousin of yours," said Mrs. Cregan. "Come! it must be either more or less. What shall I say?"

"Neither. I could not love her less. I would not, dare not, love her more."

"Dare not! What mighty daring is requisite to enable a young man to fall in love with a young lady of whose affection he is already certain? Why dare you not love Anne Chute?"

"Because, by doing so, I should break my faith to another."

Mrs. Cregan was stunned. She bowed her head upon the

table. Then, raising it, she asked with a calmness that astonished her son:

"Who is that other? Is she superior to Anne Chute in rank or fortune?"

"Far otherwise, mother."

"In talent, then, or manner?"

"Still far beneath my cousin. In fact, it is in virtue alone, and in gentleness of disposition that she can pretend to an equality."

"Poor, low-born, silly, and vulgar!" cried Mrs. Cregan. Then she said sternly: "Hardress, my honor is pledged to your cousin. I have made her certain that her wishes shall be accomplished. I have come to love her as a daughter, and my child's heart shall not be broken. You are already contracted at every fireside in Kerry, and in Limerick also. There must be no whispering about my own sweet Anne. You must break off your engagement with this unsuitable girl and marry Anne. Now take your choice. If you wed as I desire you shall have all the happiness that rank, and wealth, and domestic affection can secure you. If against my wish, enjoy your vulgar taste, and add to it all the wretchedness that extreme poverty can furnish; for you shall never possess a guinea of your inheritance."

Hardress bowed, and sought the door. Then his mother relented and began to entreat him to remain, at least to take his time to consider her wishes.

"Look," she said, laying her hand on his arm and pointing through the open window, "is not that worth a little consideration?"

Hardress gazed, and saw Anne standing with bare head beneath an arbutus. Her short, black ringlets, blown loose about her pale and careful countenance, gave it somewhat of the character of Ariadne deserted by her lover. He was greatly moved.

"Mother," he said, "I will think on what you have said. I am a miserable wretch, but I will think of it. Oh, mother, if we had but confided in each other!"

The most subtle deceit was in his words. He dared not reveal the whole truth—that he was married. He knew that he

was called on in honor, in justice, and in conscience, to do so, and yet he shunned the avowal as he would have shunned a sentence of despair.

When Hardress at last tore himself away from Anne Chute, whose preference for him appealed both to his responsiveness to affection and his egotism, he found Eily in the mountain hut, in a highly agitated state, owing to dismay at his long absence, and remorse for her treatment of her father. When her husband asked what was troubling her, she made a pitiful attempt at gaiety.

"Well then, sir, it's just this. I got married, sir, a couple o' months ago, to one Mr. Hardress Cregan, a very nice gentleman that I'm very fond of."

"Too fond, perhaps."

"I hope he doesn't think so. But he told me, when he brought me here, he was going to speak to his friends, and ask their forgiveness for himself and Eily. And he comes back without doing so, though he has been away a long time. And I ought, as a good wife, to be very angry with him, but I'm so foolish and so glad to see him that I can't look cross, or speak a hard word, if I was to get all Ireland for it. And I'm not at all sure how he spends his time while he is out, and I don't question him properly about it. I know there are a great many handsome young ladies where he goes, and a deal of gentlemen that are very pleasant company after dinner; for, indeed, my husband is more merry than wise when he comes home to me late at night, and still Eily says nothing. What do you think about him, sir? Is there something weighing on his mind? Do you think any of the ladies has taken his fancy? Or is he growing tired of Eily? I believe, sir, you are a friend of his. What would you advise me to do?"

"I'm at a loss," said Hardress bitterly; "it is difficult to advise a jealous person."

"Jealous!" said Eily, kindling. "I wouldn't be jealous without I was sure of my reasons, and then I wouldn't ask advice what to do."

"What would you do?"

"Say nothing, but walk into that room there, and stretch out upon the bed, and die."

"Why, that's exactly what many a faithless, brutal husband would desire!"

"So itself," said Eily. "I wouldn't be long in his way."

"Well, then," said Hardress severely, "my advice is: Never probe into your husband's secrets, nor presume to guide his conduct by cajolery; and, if you wish to avoid ground for jealousy, utter no hint of it, for unfounded suspicions afford men an irresistible temptation to furnish suspicions with a cause."

"Why, Hardress, are you angry with my joking?" asked Eily, paling.

"Joking!" cried Hardress, in a sudden fit of passion; "am I become the subject of your mirth? Do you see this cheek? You count more hollows there than when I met you first, and does that make you merry? Is my yellowing face a subject for jest? There are a thousand horrid thoughts and temptations burning in my brain, driving me mad, mad! The devil is laughing at me. I hear him night after night. And now Eily joins him."

"Oh, Hardress—Hardress!"

"Yes, the devil and you have equal right to laugh: you are both gainers. Curse on you! Curse on your beauty—curse on my own folly—for I have been undone by both. Let go my knees! I hate you! Take the truth—I'll not be poisoned with it: I am sick of you! If I seek the society of other women, it is because I find not among them your meanness and vulgarity. If I get drunk and make myself the beast you say, it is in the hope to forget the galling iron chain that binds me to you."

"Oh, my poor father!" groaned Eily, and swooned upon the floor. When she revived she was alone.

Hardress went out on Purple Mountain with Danny Mann. The hunchback noted that his master was in trouble, and made bold to say:

"Is dere anyting Danny Mann can do to sarve you? If dere be, say de word, an' I'll be bail he'll do it before long."

"Danny," said Hardress, "I was a fool not to take your advice and leave Eily O'Connor alone. Now, because I am bound to her, my love has turned to disgust, without the poor girl being at all to blame. A devilish spirit in me that I could not control caused me to pour out my dislike for her, and I have

made her miserable and myself accursed. Give me your advice now, and I shall follow it. What shall I do?"

Danny looked his master closely in the face and said: "Do by her as you do by dat glove on your hand. Make it come off as it come on, and if it fits too tight take de knife to it."

Hardress seized his servant by the throat, choked him until he was purple in the face, and then hurled him to the ground.

"Villain and tempter!" he cried; "if you dare to utter a word or meditate a thought of violence toward that unhappy creature, I will tear you limb from limb!"

Without returning to see his wife, Hardress went to his parents' home. His mother informed him that Kyrle Daly had proposed marriage to Anne in his absence, on the understanding that there was no engagement or prospect of one between Hardress and Anne. Kyrle was waiting for his reply, and Anne was naturally expecting Hardress to declare his intentions.

Young Cregan sought out Miss Chute to confess to her that he was a miserable wretch, unworthy of her love, and to persuade her to accept his friend's proposal. But she misconstrued his stammering confession as an indication of a lover's distraction, and accepted it as a proposal so charmingly that Hardress forgot his duty to Eily, his loyalty to Kyrle, and his own honor, and yielded to the unspeakable happiness thrust upon him.

At that moment Fighting Poll entered the room, threatening dire vengeance upon the servant who was attempting to stop her. Without a word she flung a note at Hardress's feet, and left the room. He picked it up and read:

"If Eily has done anything to offend you, come and tell her so. She is away from every friend in the world. Even if you still hate me, in pity come for once, and let me go back to my father."

Hardress's cheek grew white; cold drops of perspiration stood out upon his forehead; his limbs trembled beneath him, and he sank into a chair.

"Forgive me, Anne!" he said. "It never can be. I have been mad—dreaming a lunatic's dream. A horrid voice has wakened me, and warned me never to see you again. I must be gone."

"You must indeed be mad," said the incensed lady. "What

have I done to be subjected to this insult? Oh, Mrs. Cregan!" she cried, as Hardress's mother, alarmed by Fighting Poll's intrusion, entered the room, "why did you bring me to this house?" And Anne, in a fit of weeping, fell upon Mrs. Cregan's neck.

"What is the meaning of this?" sternly asked Mrs. Cregan of her son.

"I have, in one breath, made her a proposal, which I have recalled in the next," said Hardress sullenly.

"You do well to boast of it. Comfort yourself, my love, you shall have justice. Now hear me, sir. Abandon my house this instant. Henceforth you are no son of mine. Oh, Anne, this monster will kill me!"

Bursting into tears, she sank into a chair. Anne now assumed the office of comforter, and placing her arms about Mrs. Cregan's neck she loaded her with caresses.

If ever a man felt like a fiend, it was Hardress Cregan at that moment.

"I am a villain either way," he muttered to himself, and then said aloud: "Well, if Anne can forgive such a scoundrel as I have shown myself, I stand ready to fulfil my pledge."

"But will you hold to it?" asked his mother.

"To death, and at every expense to body or soul, here or hereafter."

He hurried from the room and sought out his servant.

"Danny," he said, "do you remember a conversation I had with you some weeks since on Purple Mountain?"

"Oh, masther, don't spake of dat again! Forgive me!"

"Pooh! you don't understand me. I speak of putting off the glove—without the knife, mind you. There are boats leaving for America—you know my meaning?"

Danny looked into the wild face of his master.

"I do," he said. "Give me the glove as my token."

The next week Hardress Cregan, while out riding, came upon a group of men, on horse and on foot, crowded around an object just drawn from the water where it had been scented by the dogs. A whipper-in was flogging back the hounds. "Bad manners to ye!" Hardress heard him say; "what a fox ye found us this morning! How bad ye are for a taste o' Christian's flesh!"

He looked within the group, and saw a dead body, in the blue cloak he had bought for Eily. He pushed his way with violence to the center of the group.

"What does this mean, sir?" said a gentleman in authority, who proved to be the coroner. At this moment the baffled dogs opened in a chopping chorus.

"The hounds, the hounds!" said Hardress. "Keep them off, Mr. Warner! Do you hear that yell for blood? Who put the hounds upon that horrid, that false scent? I am going mad, I think. Stand close, and hide me—her, I mean. Oh, they are the hounds of Satan—I have heard them ever since—"

He stopped dazed. Kyrle Daly was present, and, thinking that the dissipation in which Hardress had been heavily indulging had come to its natural climax of delirium, and forgiving his college mate for his treachery to himself when he saw the state of mind into which remorse had evidently plunged him, led him away home.

Going to his mother's room, Hardress poured forth to her the whole story of his folly, cowardice, duplicity, cruelty, and, as he insisted, crime.

"Mother, I am a murderer!" he said.

Appalled by his words, Mrs. Cregan still showed the strength of her will and her motherly devotion by minimizing his guilt, and assuming a share of the consequences.

"You are not so guilty as you deem," she said. "That you willed her death was a dark and deadly sin; but nothing so hideous as the atrocious act itself. One thing, indeed, is certain: however this affair may terminate, we are an accursed and miserable pair for this world."

"Not you, mother; I will give myself up."

"And so kill me, Hardress? No, we must hide all traces of your connection with the affair."

Danny Mann, who had been seen shortly before the murder rowing a woman dressed in a blue coat like that of the deceased, toward the place where the body was subsequently found, was apprehended for the crime. He was confined in an old stable, guarded by an armed sentinel. Here Hardress Cregan found means to visit him at night. Danny assumed that the visit was to secure his silence, and was profuse in his assurances that

he never would tell. "Dey may flake de life out o' me, but dey'll never get a word what it was dat made me do it."

"Peace, hypocrite!" said Hardress. "Be still, and hear me. For years I have heaped kindnesses on you. For which of them did you seek to involve me in utter ruin and undying remorse?"

Danny gaped with wonder and gasped with indignation. "Dere are some people dat it is hard to please, and who find it aisy to forget. Do you remember dis glove?" And he drew from his waistcoat the token of his evil commission. "I had my warrant—your very word, masther—"

"But not for death. I did not say for death."

"Av coorse not; I felt for you an' I wouldn't wait for you to say it. But didn't you mane it?"

"No, as God is my judge!" cried Hardress, with energy. "On the contrary, I warned you not to touch her."

"You did," said Danny, with a scorn that lent dignity to his deformed figure; "an' your eye looked murder while you said it. Listen, Masther Hardress. Eily O'Connor is in heaven, an' she has told her story. An' dey have wrote it down, an' my name, I'm sore afeered, is in it. And your name, whether before or after mine, is not far from it."

Hardress, maddened at the thought that he was despised by an assassin, hurled himself on the hunchback; the sentinel heard the struggle and, entering the room, pulled Cregan away from his victim, saying: "You're a foine gintleman, indade, killin' a man whin ye only paid me to let him run away."

Hardress, brought to his senses, tried to make amends to Danny, offering him money to escape and take ship for America. At first the hunchback was obdurate, declaring his intention to remain and be hanged, and intimating that he would not be the only one to dangle at the end of the rope for the crime. However, he was at last persuaded to decamp, which he did, saying with a malignant glance: "I owe you nothin' for gettin' me out of jail, Masther Hardress. It's to save your own neck you're doin' it."

But Danny did not flee the country, as Hardress expected; he hid in the mountains, and was fed by his sister. His spine had been injured in the latest assault on him by Hardress, and

this caused him to brood over the original injury. At length he became so wrought up that he delivered himself to the magistrate, in order to revenge himself upon the instigator of his crime.

The wedding-day of Hardress and Anne drew near, but the young man was strangely moody for an accepted lover. Anne conferred with Kyrle Daly about the cause of this melancholy. He explained it by saying: "It is the burning of an honorable mind beneath an undeserved and self-inflicted imputation. He knew of my regard for you. I forced a confidence on him, and circumstances in turn forced him seemingly to betray it."

Anne's eyes sparkled. "That is like his fine and delicate nature, which is as generous, as—as your own, my dear friend."

On his wedding-day Hardress drank himself into an excess of false spirits, and was the gayest of the company. At the height of the merriment a servant brought in a glove and told him that a wild-looking woman outside demanded to see him. He grew deadly pale, and went out of the room. The woman was Fighting Poll, who had come from her brother with a message telling that the hunchback had surrendered himself and informed upon Hardress, but had afterward repented, and now enjoined him to flee before the soldiers should arrive to arrest him. The now thoroughly sobered man returned to the wedding-party, and, calling his mother aside, informed her of his danger. "Flee, flee, my son, before it is too late," she said. "No," answered Hardress, "I shall remain. A victim was due to justice and she shall no longer be defrauded. I would rather reckon with her here than in a future world. Let our only care be to spare Anne from shame so far as possible."

But the full measure of humiliation was to be visited on all. While Hardress and his mother were talking, the soldiers entered the house. Hardress was apprehended in the midst of his guests. Anne fainted at the sight. "Take care of her, Kyrle," said Hardress in a low, calm tone. "Do not let her see me again. Win her, and make her the happy bride she never could have been with me. Gentlemen," he added, raising his voice and addressing the amazed guests, "lest my returning cowardice should tempt me again to shun my destiny, I wish to fix my doom unalterably by calling you to witness against me. I am guilty

of the murder of Eily Cregan, my wife—not in act, not even in word, but in secret intention—guilty beyond even the wish of pardon. I am glad this hideous dream at length is ended."

"Oh, do not listen to him!" cried Mrs. Cregan, throwing her arms about his neck; "he is not to blame; it was I—I—who forced him to it. Forgive me, Hardress!"

"My last words shall be a prayer for you, mother. And do you pray for me. And be good to Mihil O'Connor, for poor Eily's sake."

TOMMASO GROSSI

(Italy, 1791–1853)

MARCO VISCONTI (1834)

Tommaso Grossi and Alessandro Manzoni were the chief Italian novelists of the early part of the nineteenth century, and *Marco Visconti* was the former's most important work. It is a historical romance based upon the troubled politics of Italy in the first half of the fourteenth century, when Pope John XXII was denied by a great faction dominated by the Bavarian emperor, who placed a satellite on the papal throne under the title of Nicholas V. Whole provinces were placed under interdict by one or other of these ecclesiastical rulers; to be excommunicate by one authority or the other might almost be said to be fashionable. Minor chieftains, dukes, counts, barons, contended with one another for the control of cities, and powerful monasteries sometimes fought for temporal power on their own resources only, and sometimes in alliance with a duke who might next week be opposed to them. It was a time of incessant warfare, treachery, and changing allegiance. Marco Visconti was one of the great figures of this period, and the romance includes several episodes in his stormy career. The scene is laid almost wholly in Lombardy, most of the action taking place in the immediate vicinity of Lake Como.

PELAGRUA, once a notorious counterfeiter, had been appointed steward of Limonta, an appanage of the Monastery of San Ambrogio, of Milan. It was a small community on the mountainous shore of Como, consisting entirely of peasants, save that the Count Oldrado del Balzo had a castle there in which he passed the summers. The Count regarded himself as a Limontese, whenever it was politically safe to do so. In fact, the Count was never anything in politics or personal relations that he did not at the moment think it the safe thing to be. Pelagrua, in his zeal to serve his masters, undertook to deprive the peasants of their freedom, raking up a long dead law and buying a number of witnesses to support his contention. The judges, confronted by as many witnesses prepared to testify to the contrary, promptly gave up any effort to determine the truth,

and decreed that the issue should be left to God, that is, decided by a combat between champions of the respective parties. The Limontese were represented by Lupo, son of the falconer to Count Balzo. Lupo had taken service as esquire to Ottorino Visconti, a favorite cousin of the great Marco, and Ottorino came with Lupo to Limonta for the purpose of witnessing the combat. Meantime the peasants prejudiced their case by losing their tempers and attacking Pelagrua's palace. They sacked it and drove him into hiding. Before this act came fully to the understanding of the authorities, the combat was fought, and Lupo was the victor.

All this was important enough to the Limontese; but a matter of more lasting importance was the fact that Ottorino was the guest of Count Balzo during his visit, and that he fell deeply in love with the Count's daughter, Beatrice. She was a beautiful, stately girl, a youthful copy of her mother, Ermelinda. Both these ladies, while having small respect for Pelagrua, pitied his present distress, and besought the Count to help him on account of his innocent wife and children. Count Balzo hemmed and hawed; he dared not give Pelagrua shelter for fear of offending the Limontese, who might rise against him, and he dared not refuse for fear of offending the authorities. From this dark predicament he was saved by Ottorino, who sent Pelagrua to Marco with a letter explaining the case; and Marco put the man in charge of one of his castles and employed him as a messenger in some of the devious business in which he was frequently entangled.

Beatrice responded favorably to Ottorino's discreet advances, but Ermelinda frowned on him. She had heard that he was betrothed to the daughter of Rusconi, a nobleman of Como. Moreover, there was something in her own past that caused her to dread alliance with the Visconti. Marco had wooed her when she was a girl, and they had promised to marry without consulting the parents of either. The match was opposed by Marco's father, who was ambitious that his son should marry a princess. Ermelinda's father, angry that his daughter should have been disdained, became a leader in an intrigue which resulted in the downfall of the Visconti and their banishment from Milan. This done, he tried to persuade Ermelinda to marry

Count Balzo at once; but the girl, faithful to Marco, refused. In order to break her will she was kept for weeks a virtual prisoner in a retired part of the palace, and was subjected daily to angry threats. Marco, disguised as a pilgrim, gained entrance to the palace, and at midnight, through the connivance of a servant, made his way to Ermelinda's chamber. His conduct there was most considerate in every respect save the one of most importance: he had come, he said, to keep his promise, and he insisted that she should go away with and marry him.

Ermelinda's love for him had not wavered, but her head was clear, and judgment declared against this proceeding. She besought him to think of the tragedy her flight would inevitably bring upon them. Marco gave the matter one moment's thought, and replied that if she would not go with him, he would confront her father at once. She knew what that meant. "No!" she cried, "you shall not leave this room until you have killed me; I will defend him!"

"Very well," said Marco, seating himself on a table, "arouse the house. I shall not stir."

Then she begged him to fly for his own safety; he would not stir without her; and so, at length, she was obliged to yield, and, after a brief prayer, she made ready to accompany him. They had no more than reached the threshold when they heard a storm of footsteps dashing up the staircase. Marco perceived that there was now no time to execute his plan. He locked the door on the inside and drew his poniard. Then he took from his neck a gold chain which he broke in the middle, giving one half to Ermelinda and putting the other half in his bosom. "Do not break your word," he said. "Till you receive the other half of this chain, you will know that I am alive, and that my only thought is to make you my wife." There was a violent knocking at the door. Marco dashed to a window and leaped out.

After that Ermelinda was locked in a tower like a common malefactor; for she still refused to marry Count Balzo. Once a day she was allowed to take the air on the leads of the tower which looked upon a courtyard where none of the family ever walked. One day, four months after her imprisonment began, a buffoon was admitted to the yard who proceeded to do a

number of characteristic tricks, one of which consisted in tossing up several oranges one after another, and catching them as they fell. Presently one of the oranges dropped in her lap, and she saw written on the rind, "Ermelinda and Marco." She opened the orange and withdrew a letter and the half of the gold chain that Marco had kept. The letter stated that Marco had heard of the suffering she was compelled to endure for his sake, and that he would not be the cause of her death; that he was vehemently pressed to marry a lady of high rank; and that, in short, he felt constrained to release her from her promise, actually urging her to marry Count Balzo. So, with no joy in her heart, Ermelinda became the Count's wife.

A year later she became separated from a hunting-party and saw an armed man riding toward her. He stopped beside her and said: "I am come to demand the token given by Marco to Ermelinda." She knew his voice; it was Marco himself; and she had just strength enough to draw from her bosom the letter and the chain that she had received in the buffoon's orange. Marco read the writing, gnashed his teeth like a wild beast, and exclaimed: "The letter is forged, the chain was stolen from me. We were both betrayed! If I survive this shock you will hear more of me." With that he set spurs to his horse and galloped away.

The chain had been taken from Marco while he was in a deathly illness and sent to Ermelinda's father by a treacherous servant. Her father himself had forged the letter. Marco pursued the servant to France, whither he had fled for safety, and killed him with his own hand. Later he encountered Ermelinda's father and finished him with a lance-thrust.

It was to this same Marco that Ottorino made known his wish to marry Beatrice, Ermelinda's daughter. The chief was displeased. He foresaw great advantage to himself in the projected marriage of Ottorino with the daughter of Rusconi, an alliance to which Ottorino was not definitely pledged; but he did not absolutely forbid his young cousin to think of Beatrice, for it did not occur to him that it would be necessary to express more than his wish; and Ottorino discreetly forbore from pushing him to a more decisive utterance. It was comparatively easy to be discreet in this instance because Marco had political

reasons for wishing Count Balzo to come to Milan; and Ottorino fondly imagined that when Marco saw Beatrice he would withdraw all objection to her.

Ottorino was far from overestimating the impression that Beatrice would make upon Marco. The chief made Balzo his guest of honor at a state dinner, and as Ermelinda alleged illness to avoid attending, Beatrice accompanied her father. Such an image was she of her mother that Marco was startled when he saw her approaching to pay him the customary homage. He thought for a moment that she was Ermelinda. All his repressed passion for the mother was aroused by the daughter. He overwhelmed her with attentions, and Balzo was delighted. It seemed to him that the safety of his house was assured; for he interpreted Marco's favors to Beatrice as a delicate way of paying court to himself.

There were other functions at Marco's palace which Beatrice was obliged to attend, and at last he made known his love to her. She was inexpressibly alarmed, but informed him that she was pledged to Ottorino. Marco flew into a violent rage, but he left her without a word as to his intentions. In his heart he had decided at once to kill her lover. The way to do so was at hand. The authorities of Milan had arranged for a great tournament to please the people, and Ottorino was to be one of the contesting knights. The day before the tournament Marco started for Tuscany where he had heard of a considerable force of German cavalry that might be won to his personal service. These soldiers were in arrears for their pay; and Marco intended to pay them from his own resources and add them to the forces that he was secretly engaging for the ultimate purpose of overthrowing the Milanese Government and taking possession of the city. But Marco did not go at once to Tuscany. He returned clad in armor that bore no distinctive device, so that nobody recognized him, entered the lists and challenged Ottorino to mortal combat. The stranger's shield was shown to the judges privately that his right to meet a knight of Ottorino's rank might be assured, and the judges faithfully kept the secret of his identity.

Ottorino went forth, attended by his esquire, Lupo, to meet the challenger. They were awaiting the word for the assault

when the Viceroy made an accidental gesture which Lupo took to be the signal. He thereupon cried in a loud voice, "*Viva Marco Visconti*," which was his master's ordinary war-cry; for Ottorino, with all his disappointment over Marco's attitude toward Beatrice, never had wavered in his political and martial loyalty to his leader. Ottorino, therefore, immediately repeated the cry in a voice that could be heard all over the arena. Then a strange thing happened, which nobody noticed at the moment, but which became known afterward. The strange knight, that is, Marco, pressed the end of his lance between two beams and broke off the heavy iron tip.

The combat was short. At the first assault the stranger held his shield so skilfully that Ottorino's lance slid from it without leaving a mark; and the stranger contented himself with cleverly pulling off the blue ribbon that Ottorino wore in honor of Beatrice. The spectators did not understand this masterly stroke, regarding it as an accident, and they grumbled that the assault was so fruitless. The next charge was furious. When the knights came together, Ottorino broke his lance on his adversary's shield; the stranger did not stir in his saddle, but struck the young man on the vizor with such force that he felled him to the ground a full lance's length from his horse; and Ottorino lay on the ground motionless. He was conveyed to the tent, whence presently came a herald to announce that Ottorino was not dead. The victor raised his hand to heaven, thus signifying his delight at the announcement; then, throwing down his lance, he spurred his horse and returned to the woods whence he came.

Ottorino was a month in recovering. There was no mystery to him in his defeat, for he knew that only one knight lived who could have overcome him thus. If the iron tip had been on Marco's lance, Ottorino would have been instantly killed.

Marco achieved his desire with the German cavalry and became master of Lucca. There he remained for a long time trying to perfect his plans for a descent upon Milan. He had a confederate in Milan, one Lodrisio, who kept him informed by frequent letters how things stood there; for Lodrisio was supposed to be faithful to the Viceroy and was therefore admitted to important councils, and had knowledge of many state

secrets. Their most trusted messenger was Pelagrua. Conspiracy is seldom easy; and this greatest one of Marco's was beset with unusual difficulties. He had accomplished much in getting possession of Lucca, but he could be content with nothing less than Milan; and yet, when he viewed his progress and looked forward to his highest ambition, all paled before his love for Beatrice. Pelagrua was charged to keep him informed of what went on in Balzo's house, a task that Pelagrua accomplished by buying one of Balzo's servants. On every trip to Lucca, Pelagrua had to tell his master about Beatrice. Once he hinted that a wedding was in prospect. Ottorino had recovered, and there was a rumor that Ermelinda had withdrawn her objections to him.

Marco's brow darkened; and Pelagrua, misunderstanding the sign, intimated that he would have Ottorino put out of the way. At this, Marco spoke in a terrible voice, bidding Pelagrua never on any pretext to harm a hair of the young man's head.

"But about the wedding?" suggested Pelagrua, wishing to be of service.

"You must prevent it," said Marco shortly.

"But how?"

"Prevent it."

And Pelagrua returned to Milan believing that he understood what was wanted of him.

It was true that a wedding was in prospect. Ermelinda could not but sympathize with her daughter's attachment for Ottorino, and, which weighed more with her, she dreaded lest Marco should himself propose for her. She could not bear the thought of such peril as this for Beatrice, and therefore she entreated her husband's consent to Ottorino's suit. Balzo, as usual, was in a dilemma; but, convinced that Tuscan affairs would keep Marco indefinitely at Lucca, he at length yielded, on condition that the marriage should take place secretly. Ottorino assented, and the morning after the ceremony he started with his bride for Castelletto, his country place, about a day's journey from Milan. They were attended by Lupo, his sister, who was Beatrice's maid, and one of Balzo's servants. When they paused at an inn about midway in the journey, a courier

overtook them with a letter for Ottorino. It apprised him that Marco was at Seprio, distant not more than a half hour's ride, and wished to see him at once on matters of pressing importance. This was a command that Ottorino could not disregard; and, despite his bride's apprehensions, he left her at the inn and spurred away, promising to return within two hours.

The whole afternoon passed in growing anxiety. Then Lupo departed for Seprio to learn what detained his master. Shortly after this, Balzo's servant brought into Beatrice's presence the courier who had come with Marco's letter. He explained that he had just come from Seprio where Ottorino found that the business would keep him until late; and that Ottorino had sent an escort to take Beatrice to Castelletto.

"Where is Lupo?" asked Beatrice.

"He keeps Lupo with him," was the reply, "having need of him. He wished you to go on, and in the morning he himself will go direct to Castelletto and join you."

Beatrice assented to this arrangement without suspicion. It was natural that Ottorino should not wish her to pass the night in a strange inn; and, moreover, she trusted Balzo's servant; but, alas! this was the servant whom Pelagrua had bought, and the escort conducted Beatrice to Rosate, that castle of Marco's over which Pelagrua had been appointed steward.

She had never seen Castelletto, and she was given to understand that this was her husband's estate. One excuse after another was invented for his failure to rejoin her. At length forged letters from him were given to her, all of which she answered faithfully. Weeks passed before she discovered the treachery with which she had been treated; but even then she did not know where she was until Lodrisio and Pelagrua visited her chamber and advised her to persuade Ottorino to go to the Holy Land. They represented that her marriage to him was invalid, and that if she did not induce him to leave Italy he would be killed.

"Oh, my God! where are we?" asked Beatrice.

"In Rosate, Marco Visconti's castle," replied Lodrisio.

Ottorino's wife fell in a dead swoon, and her maid carried her to her bed, repelling the assistance that the men would have given.

In all this, Pelagrua made sure that he was doing what would raise him immeasurably in Marco's esteem. Ottorino had walked unsuspecting into a trap and was confined at Seprio. Lupo had been overcome on his journey to seek his master, and was a prisoner in another castle. Meantime, Count Balzo and Ermelinda had gone to Castelletto to pay their daughter and son-in-law a visit, and so became apprised that they had disappeared. There was no clue, and though they quickly suspected Marco, they had no influence with the Milanese authorities to cause an investigation that could not have meant anything less than warfare. So they returned sadly to Milan. Lupo, having effected his escape by the aid of a traveling minstrel who was grateful to him for past kindnesses, went straight to Balzo and told what little he knew. It was enough to satisfy Ermelinda beyond peradventure that Marco had abducted her daughter. She wrote to him—a mother's eloquent appeal for her daughter; and she entrusted the letter to Lupo.

Marco was then in Florence trying to effect the sale of Lucca to the Florentine Republic. Lupo found him there after a perilous journey; for Lodrisio had discovered his escape and sent cutthroats to murder him. The moment Marco read Ermelinda's letter, he abandoned his negotiations and hastened to Milan, where he presented himself to Ermelinda and swore that he knew nothing either of Beatrice or Ottorino. He confessed the love that had flamed in his heart for Beatrice; confessed that he had bribed one of Balzo's servants, and that he had instructed Pelagrua to prevent the marriage, for all of which he cursed himself as an impious wretch. His one wish now was to find Beatrice and Ottorino and unite them. Such was the revolution effected in him by the mother's appeal.

Accompanied by Lupo he went to Rosate, suspecting that one or other of the missing ones would be found there. Pelagrua was not in the castle, but there was a messenger who had just arrived with a letter for him from Lodrisio. Marco read the letter. Lodrisio, when Beatrice fell ill and could not say either yea or nay to the proposal that she persuade Ottorino to go to the Holy Land, had urged Pelagrua to put her out of the way; for Lodrisio was a cleverer scoundrel and perceived that

Marco would not think well of the abduction if he should come to know all the details. Pelagrua had hesitated to follow Lodrisio's bloody advice, and the letter Marco read rebuked him harshly for his failure to do so. "Marco is in Milan," Lodrisi wrote; "destroy every trace of your deed. Your life depends upon it."

Marco questioned the servants at the castle and learned much; but Beatrice was not in the rooms that had been assigned to her. He instituted a thorough search and found her at last in a dying condition in a noisome underground dungeon. Medical assistance was summoned and a messenger was sent for the Count and Ermelinda. Further questions gave Marco a hint of Ottorino's whereabouts, and he galloped away to find him. The skill of the leech was just sufficient to prolong Beatrice's life till the arrival of her husband; she died in his arms. Her dying request to him was that he should not seek to revenge himself on anyone for their sorrows. He gave her this promise in the presence of Count Balzo, Ermelinda, and Marco.

When she had breathed her last, Marco went to the top of the highest tower of the castle. Toward evening Pelagrua returned and was instantly seized by soldiers and forced to ascend the tower. Ottorino went with him. Marco listened contemptuously to the wretch's appeals. "I did it all to serve you," he whined. A soldier gave Marco a bundle of papers taken from Pelagrua. They appeared to be letters that had passed between Ottorino and Beatrice during her imprisonment and Marco handed them to Ottorino. "Forgeries!" exclaimed Ottorino, after a glance at them.

"Who forged them?" cried Marco.

"It was—it was—" stammered Pelagrua, "to do you a service."

Visconti's eyes flashed fire. "Ugh! you hell-hound!" he roared; and therewith he dealt him such a blow in the face that he broke his jaw; then, seizing him, he pitched him headlong from the tower, at the foot of which he was found dead the next morning, impaled on one of the spikes of the fosse.

Marco wrote his will that night, making Ottorino his heir. He then went to Milan to settle with Lodrisio, but this scoundrel

had learned of what happened at Rosate, and he had betrayed Marco's plans to the Viceroy. This done, Lodrisio fled from the city. When Marco sought him, he was told that Lodrisio was at the Viceroy's palace. Thither he went and entered a chamber where he was told Lodrisio was waiting for him. Six armed men leaped upon him there and stabbed him to death.

FRANCESCO DOMENICO GUERRAZZI

(Italy, 1804–1873)

BEATRICE CENCI (1854)

This patriotic reformer, cabinet officer, exile, revolutionist, and lawyer, who devoted his genius to history and historical romances depicting the oppressive conditions of Italian life under monarchical and ecclesiastical tyrannies, concluded the series with this gruesome tale of the Middle Ages. Its portrayal of the dissolute habits of the nobility, and the merciless cruelty and rapacity of the authorities of the Church at that period, is relieved by the beautiful character and pure constancy of Beatrice Cenci.

URING the latter part of the sixteenth century, in one of the finest palaces of Rome, lived old Count Francesco Cenci, descendant of an ancient Latin race. In his palace hall one morning several people awaited audience with him.

A dark, fierce-faced young Prince entered first, and, making shameless accusations against his mother (who would restrain his wickedness), asked advice for getting rid of her. Smilingly discussing divers methods, the Count finally suggested a quiet poniard-blow at night, with simulation of an outside robbery. A pale, unhappy-looking young Duke, in love with a waiting-maid in the Falconieri palace, whom he could not wed and who refused to be his mistress, was counseled to abduct her; and the Count obligingly summoned from the hall a wild-looking man in peasant garb—Olimpio, a bravo employed in the Count's own villainies—who agreed to do the job for eight hundred ducats. When the Duke had gone, the Count anonymously notified the Governor of Rome of the proposed attempt, for he wished to be rid of Olimpio, as knowing too much of his affairs.

A young married couple, with their baby, blessed the Count for his goodness to the young carpenter's father (a secret wretch,

to whom he had paid money) in building his house and shop, and wished him to know of their happiness. With pious words congratulating them on their felicity he gave them gold, asking their prayers.

A poor curate, seeking money to repair his church and his house, received it on condition that he should repair the house and not the church; and the poverty-stricken man tried to believe it his duty to obey this impious counsel.

Then the Count recalled Olimpio, sent him to fire the carpenter's shop and house, and told him where to find the priest's gold, which he advised him to confiscate. And with this train of misery and crime well laid, he delightedly blasphemed God, and chuckled:

"While I live, the devil may go rusticate in a villa!"

Beatrice Cenci, daughter of the Count, not yet sixteen years of age, was beautiful in body and in soul—incarnate purity, unselfishness, loveliness, courage, piety. One day she sat on a terrace overlooking the garden, in her lap her sick little brother, Virgilio. Young as he was, he longed for death. His father hated and abused him. Beatrice tried to console him, and was pointing to a hill with a church where their mother was buried, when a letter and a portrait fell from her bosom to the garden below.

"Oh, heaven, my secret!" cried the girl.

The Count, watching them from behind a thicket, rushed toward the objects, but the boy leaped down and secured them. The old man pursued, and demanded them, but Virgilio reached the terrace and gave them to his sister. The Count set his mastiff upon the boy. Beatrice seized a sword from a trophy of arms in a niche, and plunged it into the dog's heart. Drawing his dagger, the Count furiously advanced upon Virgilio; but Beatrice stood between, and pointing the sword at him, said quietly:

"Father, do not come near!"

Struck by her courage and her beauty, he threw away the dagger, and opened his arms, saying tenderly:

"How beautiful you are, my child! Oh, why do you not love me?"

"I? I will love you," and she threw her arms around his

neck. But good feelings were transient in that wicked breast, and the foulest of thoughts came to him. He smoothed her hair, pressed and kissed and rekissed her, and in her ear whispered a single word.

Beatrice shook herself loose from him, and in departing with the boy, cast upon Francesco Cenci a long look of contempt that froze his blood. He stood immovable, revolving many things, but finally sneered at himself for being balked by a wisp of a girl, who he swore should yet yield to him or be crushed.

Virgilio soon died. In the Church of San Tommaso, belonging to the Cenci, were seven new open tombs of black marble. A splendid catafalque stood in the middle of the church, candles were burning, black-robed priests awaited the bier, which came in, to be placed upon the catafalque, borne by the brothers Giacomo and Bernardino Cenci in front, and behind Beatrice and Lucrezia Petroni, second wife of the Count, a pious lady whom he had beguiled into marrying him, and then tormented with obscenities and brutalities.

The Count had other children—Christopher and Felix, whom he had sent to Salamanca to study, and a daughter, Olimpia, whom he had so persecuted that she appealed to the Pope, and had been sent by him to a convent, and afterward married to a worthy gentleman.

The service over, the priests retired, and the four trembling Cenci were talking to each other about the Count and his persecutions, when he suddenly appeared, burst into a tirade of satire upon their wishes for his death and their hypocritical piety, and drove them frightened from the church—all but Beatrice, who stood silent by the catafalque.

"And do you not tremble?" he asked. Then turning to her, and attempting in frenzy to embrace her, he cried: "Come, Beatrice! I love you only. You are the splendor of my life—you—"

But the horrified girl, pushing toward him the catafalque, exclaimed:

"Between you and me I place your murdered boy."

The catafalque, falling upon him, bore him to the ground; the head of the corpse struck his head; one of the overthrown candles fired the hair of both, and the Count, whose cheek was

scorching, screamed, "The dead burns me!" struggled to his feet and staggered out. Beatrice had disappeared.

Giacomo Cenci was twenty-six years old. Crushed in spirit by paternal persecution, he had loved and married Luisa Vellia, and with their four children lived in poverty. For his father, ordered by the former Pope to pay him two thousand ducats a year, with the interest on his wife's dowry, gave him hardly anything. And when one day he bitterly complained of his father, even Luisa defended the Count, and finally accused Giacomo of infidelity, and of spending his father's bounty on another woman—the young carpenter's wife at Ripetta, showing him an anonymous letter detailing this and much more. The poor fellow, to whom his wife and children were the dearest things on earth, desperately rushed forth, he knew not whither. Luisa the next day visited the Count, and was received with fatherly sorrow for Giacomo's wildness, hatred of his father, and neglect of his family. He gave her money and a promise of ample means if she would conceal its source from the perfidious Giacomo. Then the Count made his will, giving all his free estate to religious corporations, etc., to disinherit his children; and even considered how he might alienate the entailed property, so that it also should fail to reach them.

Francesco Cenci now prepared a sumptuous banquet, inviting many nobles, princes of the Church, and relatives, commanding also the attendance of the Lady Lucrezia, his wife, Lady Beatrice, and Don Bernardino, his boy of tender years.

He received his guests with elegant courtesy, welcoming them to the splendid supper.

After the feast, the Count, rising, called upon them all to rejoice that God had heard his prayers. He referred to the seven beautiful tombs he had prepared in San Tommaso, and his petition that God would grant him the pleasure of burying in them all his children before his own death, when he had vowed to burn the church, his palace, and all in one joyous fire. "One," continued the Count, "I have already buried; two others, through God's mercy, I am allowed to bury now—Christopher and Felix, killed by jealous husbands in Salamanca, of which I have just had the good news; two are in my hands, which is almost

as good as in their tombs—we are drawing nearer to the end of these detested children."

The guests looked at one another in horror, and rose to go, crying that he was mad, they would leave his accursed house. He begged them to join in one more toast, and raised his glass with an apostrophe to Satan, whom he prayed to catch the souls of his two slain sons, and drag them to eternal wo. The guests burst into rage, and started toward him. He called "Olimpio!" and the bravo with twenty others, poniards in hand, surrounded them. The company broke up, and rushed toward the door.

Beatrice alone stood, fearless. "Cowards!" she cried. "Are you of Latin race? An old man frightens you; a few ruffians freeze your blood, and you depart, leaving two weak women and a miserable boy in the claws of this vulture. Where are your swords? Remember your daughters; have pity on us; take us to your homes!"

They muttered some commonplaces of consolation, and departed. The Count and Beatrice alone remained, except for Marzio, a valet who had been the Count's zealous servant in many villainies, and now at a side-table busied himself among the dishes, unknown to the Count. The old man approached his daughter, calling her a beautiful, terrible girl, whom he loved and must possess. She kneeled at his feet and begged him in mercy to kill her. Suddenly she started to her feet, threw herself upon him, and screamed. Marzio, outraged by the infernal words of the Count, had approached from behind with a heavy silver vase, to launch upon his head. The Count looked around, saw Marzio replacing the vase upon the table, and ordered him out.

Beatrice now implored her father, as an aged man, to repent and beg God's mercy while yet he might. The Count smilingly replied: "It is well, beloved Beatrice; you alone can teach me the joys of Paradise. I will come to you to-night, and we will pray together."

Chilled, she despondingly went out, murmuring:

"Lost—lost—oh, lost! without a hope!"

The young carpenter, his wife and child were peacefully sleeping over his shop, when they were aroused by the fire set

by Olimpio. The husband, overcome by smoke, perished miserably; the wife, with the baby, ran to the window, but the people below did nothing for them. It chanced that Luisa, determined to learn the truth, had for several nights, in man's attire, wandered about the carpenter's house to surprise her husband. She was in the crowd. A ladder was brought, and Luisa, moved by the sight of the mother and child, offered a hundred, two hundred, three hundred ducats to whoever would save them. As no one dared, she ran up the ladder, passed the child down, and then carried safely to earth the woman who she supposed was her husband's mistress. Then, bearing the child herself, she had the injured woman taken to her own house.

"Lean on me," said a rough-looking man in peasant's garb, as Luisa staggered; and when she directed the men carrying the woman to the house of Giacomo Cenci, she met his look of surprise by telling who she was. The man was Olimpio, and the four bearers were his companions in the terrible deed; but he was struck by remorse.

Luisa nursed the poor woman for weeks, and one day the widow told her with grateful tears of a protector who had formerly been kind to them, and built their house and shop, "the noble, generous Cenci." Luisa bit her lips in anguish at this seeming allusion to Giacomo, but said nothing.

The needy curate, returning from Count Cenci, put the Count's money with his own in his desk, and went to bed. In the morning, he was shocked to find the money gone, foot-tracks in the house, and even his donkey, Marco, stolen too. But, soon after, Marco appeared, braying loudly, and in the heavy saddle-bags the curate found not only his own money but several hundred ducats besides; and he joyfully received this as the gift of God.

Late at night, Olimpio visited Count Cenci—panting, his head bloody and bandaged. He told the Count of the fire, and lamented the young carpenter's death; he told of getting the priest's money, stealing his ass, with his own money and the priest's in the bags, the balking of the ass in a ford, throwing him, and galloping back to his master. The next night he went with his companions to abduct the girl Lucrezia for the young

Duke, got her, and was getting away, when they were surprised by the police; and he had just escaped, wounded in the head by a pistol-shot. He begged the Count to hide him till the next night; and that kindly gentleman led him to a deep cellar, locked him in, and bade him farewell forever.

The lover of Beatrice was the young Monsignore Guido Guerra, holding office, but not in orders, in the Church. The Count had warned him to let Beatrice alone, but they corresponded; and one night he received from her an urgent appeal to meet her in the garden. She besought him with frenzy to take her from that fatal house, even if to a convent. But the Count was upon them, with Marzio, the latter of whom whispered Guido to fly while he could, and then with loud cries pretended to pursue him. Guido escaped, and the Count savagely censured Marzio. He then took Beatrice and locked her in a dungeon, near poor Olimpio's cell. Marzio heard Olimpio's groans, and when at the Count's command he returned with bread and water for Beatrice, he expressed his devotion to her, telling how he had entered the Count's service to get revenge for the ravishment and murder of his betrothed by old Cenci, and had gained his confidence, but would protect her; and then he fed Olimpio, who had starved for two days, and promised to set him free.

On returning to the old man, Marzio met two Dominican friars, whom he recognized as members of the *banditti* he had himself belonged to, and learned that they had been hired by the Count to kill him the next day, when he should be sent to prepare the Cenci castle at Rocca Petrella for its master. Rejoining the Count, he received his instructions for the journey and the gift of a scarlet, gold-embroidered mantle—the Count's own, which was to be the signal to the bandits for the killing. Marzio then left his master, went to Beatrice and took from her a letter addressed to the Pope for Guido to forward; liberated Olimpio; and, clad in the scarlet mantle, rode out to his errand.

For several days Giacomo had not come home. When he did return, and, seeing the signs of moneyed comfort, believed that his wife was false, he rushed out in desperation to drown himself. Luisa found Guido Guerra, his friend, who sent Olimpio with her to seek Giacomo. On the way Olimpio

confessed that he had been the Count's agent in the lying letter and in the fatal fire. Luisa flew back to Angiolina, and learned that her benefactor had been the Count, not his son, whom she knew not. Giacomo meantime had been found by Guido near the Tiber, and brought back. He heard from Olimpio and Luisa all the Count's tangled web of deceit, and the husband and wife were reconciled.

A few days later Count Cenci locked Lady Lucrezia and Beatrice in a carriage—refusing to listen when Beatrice tried to warn him of Marzio's intention to kill him—and took them to the Castle of Rocca Petrella. That very night the old man entered softly the chamber where Beatrice slept, and moving silently to the bed drew the coverings from her lovely form. But protectors had followed. Another man entered behind the Count—Guido! Trembling with rage, he drew his poniard, and as the vile old man turned to look around, the lover leaped at him and struck, sure and deep, into his breast. The Count fell, gasped, and, shedding fountains of blood, expired.

Beatrice, aroused, saw her lover, his bloody dagger, and her father on the floor. Guido hastily descended to the room where Lady Lucrezia, little Bernardino, Olimpio and Marzio were, and throwing down the dripping poniard cried: "He is dead! He is dead!"

Lady Lucrezia at Marzio's suggestion went to Beatrice, and covering her with a cloak led her, stupefied, away; then Marzio and Olimpio entered the room, and threw the body from the terrace into the trees below. Guido departed for Rome—he had come only to consult about freeing Beatrice from prison—and Marzio and Olimpio, with two thousand sequins and promise of more, hastened away for Sicily.

The Count's body was taken from the tree whose branches had so fatally wounded him, and buried with great splendor, while his family went into deep mourning.

Marzio and Olimpio retired to Sicily; but Olimpio, between gambling and drink, became garrulous, and Marzio stabbed him. It was too late, however, for he had talked freely, and before Marzio could escape he was arrested, charged with murdering Count Cenci in combination with Olimpio, for the sum of two thousand sequins, paid by some one or all of the Cenci

family, as well as of stealing the Count's red mantle embroidered with gold. Put to the torture, Marzio agreed to confess if he might be immediately executed—for he was tired of life. His confession, however, was so important, involving the noble Cenci family, that instead of being executed he was sent to Rome with his confession.

Guido had escaped and hidden; but Lady Lucrezia, Lady Beatrice, Giacomo, and little Bernardino were all arrested, charged with the murder of the Count.

From her cell, Beatrice was brought before the court, in a vast hall in the prison.

To every charge, she replied calmly, "It is not true," and gave the reasons so cogently that all, except the brutal Judge Luciani, were impressed by her manner and words. Only sixteen years of age, her beauty and intelligence were very notable as she argued, point by point, the absurdity of the charges, especially as to the connivance of little Bernardino, twelve years of age.

Being warned that her accomplices had already confessed the crime under torture, she mourned that they should have so sinned, but excused the elderly Lady Lucrezia, the child Bernardino and the despairing Giacomo, by reason of weakness. When told of Marzio's confession, she refused to believe it unless confronted with him. He was brought, and, telling of his own life, and the infamous deeds of the Count, he related the most infamous, which had aroused him and his companion to slay the old man. His confession, he said, as to the family, was false. Judge Luciani declared that Beatrice had bewitched him, and demanded extreme torture. It was applied, and without more words Marzio endured it till death mercifully relieved him.

The Chief Justice, a kindly man, closed the session, and that night signified frankly to the Pope that the uncertain evidence and the bearing and words of the prisoner made him doubtful of the cause. His Holiness praised the good Judge, promised to consider the matter, and the next day benignly relieved him of his burdensome duties on the bench, allowing him to retire to a convent; while Judge Luciani was made Chief Justice. The vast Cenci estate must not escape from those who coveted it

simply because a judge had an unnaturally tender heart in pursuit of crime.

On the morrow Beatrice was put to the torture, but with superhuman constancy she refused to contaminate her soul by a lying confession. Three days later she was tortured again, until the executioner warned Judge Luciani that she would die without confession. That hyena grudgingly allowed the torture to stop; but, in her almost dying condition, brought in the Lady Lucrezia, Giacomo and little Bernardino—haggard and emaciated—to beg her to confess and end all their sufferings, for he had promised pardon to them if she would confess. Gently but courageously she told them why she could not commit that sin, and fainted. Then, recovering, she exclaimed:

"Know how to die!"

"And we will!" cried Giacomo, and proclaimed that they had falsely confessed under the torture. A further and more exquisite torture was inflicted on Beatrice, who conquered her agony and was silent, while Luciani roared with anger, and had to end the ghastly scene.

The next day the advocate Farinaccio went to Cardinal Cinzio Passero, the Pope's nephew, and told him how the city was becoming restive, with rumors of the designs upon the Cenci estates, talk of the improbability of the little Bernardino or the angelic Beatrice being guilty of the parricide, and how both the people and many nobles exhibited rancor at the attempted destruction of a whole noble family. He believed he could persuade the Lady Beatrice to confess, and begged that the next trial should be before the Holy Father and the cardinals, and that he might be heard in defense of the prisoners. After much consultation, this was granted, the authorities hoping much from the possible confession, and not much fearing the defense.

Farinaccio had seen Guido, secretly returned to Rome, who confessed that he had killed Count Cenci—telling him how and why. He gave the advocate his ring, to inspire the confidence of Beatrice, and begged him to help the prisoners. Farinaccio, as we have seen, undertook it, and with an idea of his own sought Beatrice. He told her that the belief in Rome was that she had herself killed her father, in defense of her honor, which had

placed her high in veneration in all hearts; he besought her to confess this, told of the new trial and defense permitted, and added that by his own efforts and that of his associates he was positive that it would result in the pardon of all: and, even as he argued with her, her mother and her brothers came in and stood by her bed, speechless but imploring.

She was puzzled by his arguments, yet not convinced; but their sad looks decided her. She warned them that it would be a useless sacrifice, but consented to it. Luciani received the confession and ran to the Cardinal. The rumor then went abroad that the prisoners were to be dragged at the tails of wild horses. Farinaccio, crazed with anxiety, went to the Vatican with two cardinals, and in the extremest agitation demanded the fulfilment of the promise for new trial and defense. As a matter of policy, it was extorted, but with difficulty.

The trial took place in the Vatican, the Pope and four cardinals on high and other prelates circling below; the judges, the advocates, and court officers in the center, the accused not being present. The government attorney presented the case against the prisoners; Farinaccio and other advocates responded, clearly showing the innocence of Lady Lucrezia, Giacomo and little Bernardino, and in thrilling eloquence depicting the infamous life and more infamous death of the old Count, slain by his own daughter in defense of her honor.

The session ended: a favorable result seemed inevitable. Farinaccio even before he slept received from his Holiness appointment as Counselor of the Holy Roman Rota. At eleven o'clock the judges assembled, to receive from the Supreme Pontiff the judgment they were to pronounce. This was the sentence:

All the convicts to be torn with hot pincers; then Lucrezia, Beatrice and Bernardino to be beheaded; Giacomo to be killed with the club; and all to be quartered: their property to be confiscated in favor of the Apostolic Chamber.

On Saturday, September 11, 1599, this hideous sentence was carried out, with solemn ceremony; except in the case of Bernardino, who, on the passionate pleading of the almost demented Farinaccio, had his punishment commuted to imprisonment for life, *after he should have witnessed the punishment of the others*, which itself nearly killed the poor boy. Two

attempts were made at the scaffold to rescue Beatrice; one, by a band of artists, who worshiped her heavenly beauty and character, the other, by Guido with forty bandits. But, ignorant of each other's designs, the two bands conflicted, and in the confusion the papal troops and police frustrated their attempts. Ubaldino Ubaldini, the artist who had gathered his comrades to the rescue of Beatrice, was severely wounded; before dying, he asked for paper and pencil and sketched the portrait of Beatrice in outline. This, coming into the hands of Cardinal Barberini, served as model to the painter Guido Reni, who made the famous portrait, still to be seen in the Barberini palace in Rome.

JOHN HABBERTON

(United States, 1842)

HELEN'S BABIES (1876)

In the summer of 1876 appeared a little book that was shapeless, plotless, and chapterless—a mere narrative, unpretentious as literature, yet for some reason it sold almost a quarter of a million copies in the United States in a year, and far more in England, where at least ten different publishers reissued it. Soon translations appeared in most of the European languages, and it still reappears in new forms every year. It was first published anonymously, but the authorship was traced to John Habberton, of the editorial staff of a religious weekly, and the tale was said to be a bit of personal and family history—which the author has persistently denied. We present here the author's own version of the book.

HILE Harry Burton, bachelor, aged twenty-eight, was wondering where he should spend a vacation he was urged by his sister, Mrs. Lawrence, to take charge of her home at Hillcrest, near New York, and be guardian and companion to her two little boys, so that she and her husband might visit some friends. She offered the customary inducements of a well-appointed suburban home —a good cook, fine horses, a handsome garden, and especially the society of the boys, who certainly were the best children in the world, for everybody said so.

Burton had seen the children only casually in a few short visits to his sister, but could remember Budge, now five years of age, as having a shy, meditative, noble face with great, pure, penetrating eyes, and he recalled Toddie, the younger brother, as a happy little know-nothing with a head of tangled golden hair. He hurried to Hillcrest and engaged a carriage to take him to his sister's place. When near the house the horses shied violently at something that was disturbing the dust of the road, and the driver growled:

"That was one of the Imps."

"What was?"

"That little cuss that scared the hosses. There he is, now, holding up that piece of brushwood. 'Twould be just like his cheek to ask me to give him a ride. Here he comes, runnin'. Wonder where t'other is? They most generally travel together. We call 'em the Imps in these parts, because they're so uncommon likely at mischief—always scarin' hosses, or chasin' cows, or frightenin' chickens. Nice enough father an' mother, too; queer how some young ones do turn out!"

As he spoke, the offending youth came panting beside the carriage, and in a very dirty sailor suit and under a broad-brimmed straw hat, with his stockings about his ankles and shoes having about two buttons each, I recognized my nephew Budge. At the same time, from the bushes at the roadside emerged a smaller boy in a green gingham dress, a ruffle that might once have been white, dirty stockings, shoes worn through at the toes, and an old-fashioned straw turban. Thrusting into the dust of the road a branch from a bush and shouting, "Here's my gwass-cutter!" he raised a pillar of cloud. Then he paused, and as the dust subsided I beheld the lineaments of the child Toddie.

"They're my nephews!" I gasped. "Budge, do you know me?"

"Yes. You're Uncle Harry. Did you bring us anythin'?"

"Bwing us anyfin'?" echoed Toddie.

The boys clambered into the carriage and all over their uncle, making him feel extremely unneat. Toddie extracted his uncle's watch from its pocket and insisted on seeing the works—"I wantsh to shee de wheels go wound." He was told that the timepiece was too valuable to have its works exposed to the dust of the road, but Toddie persisted; there was a struggle of wills, accompanied by some indignant crying, so Burton yielded, to prevent affording a spectacle to some ladies in an approaching carriage. The carriage stopped; Burton heard his own name, and looking up he beheld Miss Alice Mayton, a girl whom he had long adored secretly and who now expressed admiration for the boys and a desire for some flowers from the Lawrence garden.

Arrived at their home, the children soon demonstrated that

they, like all other healthy small boys, could be angelic and impish in rapid alternation whenever temperament or temper was excited. Their capacity for eatables and stories was phenomenal, and so was their ability to do unexpected things at inappropriate times; but they had affection and conscience, and their willingness to accept their uncle as a temporary substitute for their parents in all ways in which a bond-servant could be useful was manifest from the first.

Burton had intended to give the greater part of his vacation to some books he had long wished to read, but he soon learned that anyone with irrepressible children to care for could have no time to himself while his charges were awake. All day Budge and Toddie could be depended on to do whatever they should not, unless they were closely watched. Bedtime, to them, was not a signal to go to sleep; it was the occasion for much frolicking and story-telling and song-singing, and for putting their dolls to sleep, and many minor ceremonies, such as receiving pennies to drop into their savings-banks, and using the banks as rattle-boxes till their arms were tired, and asking for drinks, and more drinks, and still more. Then followed devotional exercises and quite an elaborate exchange of good-night salutations and civilities.

Their fondness for familiar Bible stories would have delighted a Sunday-school teacher; but their Uncle Harry's rendering of these tales was unsatisfactory. When they asked to be told about Noah, and their uncle, book in hand, condensed the historic narrative, Budge exclaimed:

"Do you think that's Noah? *I* don't!"

"Ah? Then suppose that *you* tell the story."

"Well, once the Lord felt so uncomfortable 'cause folks was bad that he was sorry he ever made anybody or any world or anythin'. But Noah wasn't bad; the Lord liked him first-rate, so he told him to build a big ark, an' then the Lord would make it rain so everybody should be drownded except Noah and his little boys an' girls an' doggies an' pussies an' mamma-cows an' little-girl cows an' little-boy cows an' hosses an' everythin': they'd go into the ark an' not get wetted a bit when it rained. An' Noah took lots of things into the ark to eat—cookies, an' milk, an' oatmeal, an' strawberries, an' porgies, an'—oh, yes—

an' plum-puddin's an' punkin pies. Noah didn't want everybody to get drownded, so he talked to folks an' said: 'It's goin' to rain awful hard pretty soon; you'd better be good, and then the Lord'll let you come into my ark.' But they said: 'Oh, if it rains we'll go in the house till it stops.' An' other folks said: 'We ain't afraid of rain; we've got an umbrella'; an' some more said they wasn't goin' to be afraid of just a rain. But it did rain a lot, and folks went into their houses, an' the water went in too, an' they went up-stairs, an' the water went up there, an' they got on top of the houses, an' up big trees, an' up on mountains, an' the water went after 'em everywhere an' drownded everybody, except Noah an' the people in the ark. An' it rained forty days an' nights, an' then it stopped, an' Noah got out of the ark, an' he an' his little boys an' girls went wherever they wanted to, an' everythin' in all the world was theirs. There wasn't anybody to tell 'em to go home, nor no kindergarten schools to go to, nor no bad boys to fight 'em, nor nothin'. Now tell us 'nother story."

The uncle's first evening prayer at the boys' bedside was criticized severely, after which Budge closed his eyes, assumed an angelic expression, and said:

"Dear Lord, we thank you for lettin' us have a good time to-day, an' we hope all the little boys everywhere have had good times too. We pray you to take good care of us an' everybody else to-night, an' don't let 'em have any trouble. Oh, yes—an' Uncle Harry's got some candy in his trunk, 'cause he said so in the carriage; we thank you for lettin' Uncle Harry come to see us, an' we hope he's got lots of candy—lots an' piles. An' we pray you to take good care of all the poor little boys an' girls that haven't any papas an' mammas an' Uncle Harrys an' candy an' beds to sleep in. An' take us all to heaven when we die. Amen. Now give us the candy, Uncle Harry."

Toddie closed his eyes, wriggled, twisted, breathed hard, as if prayer were principally a matter of physical exertion, and said:

"Dee Lord, not make me so bad, an' blesh mamma an' papa an' Budgie an' gran'pa an' bofe gran'mas an' all good people in dis house, an' ev'rybody else, an' my dolly. A—a—men. Now give ush de candy."

Burton did not forget Miss Mayton's desire for some flowers,

so he spent an entire morning in selecting and arranging some choice roses, which he placed, with his card, in a large round pasteboard box which he found in the library and from which he dumped one of Toddie's dolls. In the afternoon the Lawrence coachman carried the package to the boarding-house at which Miss Mayton and her mother were passing the summer; but Burton's imaginings of the girl's face when it should bend over the roses were disturbed by Toddie's moans for his doll and its cradle, both having disappeared. The coachman returned with a package very like the one he had carried; and with it was a frigid note from Miss Mayton. As Burton opened the package Toddie, who chanced to be present, exclaimed, "Oh, dere's my dolly's k'adle!" seized the box, opened it, and displayed—his doll! On being questioned, he explained that he had found the box on the hat-rack, thrown away the flowers and replaced the rightful occupant.

How to explain such a blunder to a spirited girl was a matter that required serious thought. Burton's embarrassment was increased on Sunday when he went to church and was ushered into a pew whose only occupant was Miss Mayton. But Budge came to his assistance. The boy was too young to have learned church manners, but he longed for his uncle and knew where he was, so he sauntered into the church and up an aisle, his hat on his head and his miniature walking-stick swinging jauntily, creating a sensation that brought the services to an abrupt close and amused Miss Mayton so greatly that Burton was encouraged to make his apologies. They were accepted graciously, and he was invited to call and bring his nephews with him—an invitation which he accepted at the earliest appropriate hour, and he provided Toddie with an expiatory bouquet, the making of which was closely observed by both boys, who asked many questions about Miss Mayton and the nature of their uncle's regard for her. The young man explained that it was extreme respect; but when required to explain "respect" he did so in language that plunged Budge into profound silence and thought.

The call was prolonged until evening; for Miss Mayton's voice was music to Burton's ears, and she protested against hasty departure. Sunset was followed by twilight and dusk; the boys disappeared, and Burton found himself alone with the woman

he loved but to whom he never had told his regard. He longed to make an avowal then and there, for so good an opportunity might not occur again in a long time. On the other hand, there was the danger that comes of undue haste; Alice Mayton was not a susceptible girl, but a creature of admirable, almost exasperating composure and self-possession. While he wondered, hoped, and feared, a small shadow emerged from the darkness and the voice of Budge said:

"Uncle Harry espects you, Miss Mayton."

"Suspects me? Of what, pray?" exclaimed the lady, as she patted the boy's cheek.

"Budge," said I, "I must beg you to respect the sanctity of confidential communications."

"What is it, Budge?" Miss Mayton persisted. "You know the old adage, Mr. Burton—'Children and fools speak the truth.'"

"'Tain't *sus*-pect at all," said Budge. "It's *es*-pect. I know all about it, 'cause I asked him. It's what folks do when they think you're nice, an' like to talk to you, an'—"

"Respect is what the boy is trying to say, Miss Mayton. Budge has a terrifying faculty for asking questions, and the result of some of them, this morning, was an endeavor to explain to him the regard in which gentlemen hold ladies."

"Yes," Budge added, "but Uncle Harry don't say it right. What he calls espect *I* call love."

There was an awkward pause; it seemed an age. Something must be done; I could at least be honest, so I said softly, but earnestly:

"Miss Mayton, Budge is a marplot, but he is a truthful interpreter. Whatever my fate may be, please do not suspect me of falling in love suddenly, for a holiday's diversion. My malady is of many months'—"

"I want to talk some more," said Budge. "I—when *I* love anybody I kisses 'em."

Miss Mayton started gently, but did not resent the suggestion, so Burton acted upon it. Then Budge said: "*I* wants to kiss you too." The girl snatched Budge into her arms and showered kisses and caresses upon him.

After that, nothing was ever too good or too difficult for Burton to do for Helen's Babies.

FRIEDRICH WILHELM VON HACKLÄNDER

(Germany, 1816–1877)

FORBIDDEN FRUIT (1850)

Of the works of Hackländer *Chambers's Encyclopædia* remarks: "Accurate portraiture of actual life, mostly its external aspects, and a genial humor are the most outstanding characteristics." In the possession of these, *Forbidden Fruit* is thoroughly representative of the author's fiction.

ARON VON WARRING, a bachelor, greatly loved his nephew, Eugene, and so, with the design of rescuing the young man from a lonesome old age such as was his own, he willed him a yearly income of ten thousand dollars on condition that he should marry before he was twenty-five. It may also have been that he intended to recommend a particular bride to his nephew, for, as Eugene knelt by his uncle's unconscious body, having been summoned too late to receive his dying blessing and hear his last request, a young girl in a black dress softly opened the door as if coming to the bedside by the Baron's order, but, seeing the young man, quietly withdrew, though not before Eugene had perceived her fine, noble countenance marked by grief, and her large, dark eyes filled with tears.

Eugene's sister Camilla, who was much older than he, had married for love a struggling artist, Delbrück by name; and had sadly seen him grow in fame at the expense of conjugal affection, for he gave all his devotion to his art. Having no children of her own to pour out her love upon, she turned to her young brother, and planned for him the married happiness denied herself. Then, too, with housewifely thrift, she had an eye to the retention of the Baron's bequest. Accordingly, she

selected for her future sister-in-law a charming young friend, Clothilde Severin; for Eugene, who belonged to the Hussars, had so many young ladies thrown at his handsomely uniformed self by designing mammas that he had become "girl-shy," and had made no selection for himself, although his period of probation for choosing a wife was within a few months of expiring.

Madame Delbrück realized that Eugene must be piqued into matrimony if he should ever attain that state. Then, too, Clothilde objected to being thrown into the young hussar's company as a matrimonial candidate. Accordingly, Madame Delbrück persuaded Clothilde to engage in a little comedy, in which she should play the part of an already affianced woman. The man whom the two ladies had agreed upon as the proper person to act the part of the *fiancé* was Herr von Renner, a gentleman of mature years and independent fortune, whose heart seemed to be safely fixed upon antiquities, of which he was an enthusiastic collector.

Herr Delbrück's studio was connected with his house by a conservatory, wherein he was wont to repose after many hours of steady work, the green of the foliage resting his strained eyes; and where he occasionally met his wife, who rarely entered his studio, being jealous of the pictures that absorbed his interest.

Eugene, however, preferred visiting his brother-in-law, whose genius he greatly admired, in his studio when the artist was at work. One day he called upon his sister, and, finding her out, went to the studio where he met Delbrück taking an enforced recess from his beloved labor in order to be polite to two visitors, Herr von Renner, the connoisseur of antiquities, and Baron von Breda, a charming old nobleman who had been a father to the artist in the days of his obscure youth, and who, after Delbrück's marriage, had included the artist's wife in this paternal regard.

The painting upon which Delbrück was at work represented the meeting of Cambyses with an Egyptian princess. After greetings were over, Eugene stood before the painting on the easel and gazed upon it with that profound respect, even reverence, with which he viewed all his brother-in-law's work. The figure of the princess especially attracted him. She was represented as bowing with dignity to the Persian king, while her at-

tendant held up to him the present of a richly ornamented silver cup. Her noble features and high, clear forehead, with its circlet of frosted gold, presented a most effective contrast to Cambyses's countenance, the pallor and severity of which were intensified by a crisp, frizzled, coal-black beard.

As Eugene stood absorbed in contemplation of the painted princess, the original of the figure emerged from behind a screen and stepped upon the dais. Ernest glanced up at her. There were the light garments, the gold diadem, the countenance of queenly dignity suddenly materialized and incarnated. Could this be magic, or was it a dream? Then, too, he had seen before that noble countenance, those large, expressive eyes. If he was not dreaming now—as he assured himself he was not by a glance at his fellow-mortals in commonplace attire about him—then surely this was the realization of a former dream.

To Delbrück's question, "Are you tired, Fräulein Elise?" a voice he never had heard before replied in golden accents: "Oh, no; how could I be tired when you allow me to rest so often?"

Eugene noticed that the eyes of the artist were fixed upon his model with tender regard, and, suddenly recalling certain remarks of his sister which made him suspect that she had some secret cause for sorrow, he thought he had now found the key to the mystery. But he was too fond and proud of his talented brother-in-law to condemn him on such slight grounds as a gentle smile, and he determined simply to remain watchful of his sister's interests.

"Who is this Fräulein Elise?" Eugene asked himself—a model, and nothing but a model, for his brother-in-law. A creature richly endowed by nature who knows how to turn her beauty to account, nothing more. A woman of that class which represents by turns magdalen or saint; which leaves this studio with a warm pressure of the hand and an intimate nod, only to enter the next one with an equally friendly salutation—everywhere practising deception, and influencing both old and young by her rare physical charms. Here were old Breda and sedate Renner springing at the same time to restore the robe that was slipping down her white, round shoulder. Fräulein Elise was simply forbidden fruit, and, for that very reason, the more attractive.

At least so it seemed to Eugene, who now met a model for the first time in his life, and longed to know more of her.

Renner was talking with Delbrück, while the artist was at work, about an old silver cup of exquisite shape that he had seen at the Baron's house; he suggested that the artist use it in place of the one appearing in the picture.

The old Baron remarked: "Yes, Renner comes to visit my cup rather than myself, and I ought to present it to him to save him the necessity of including me in his attentions, but I cannot part with it. You have heard of the King of Thule who loved his cup better than all else that he possessed."

The old man's voice faltered, and his eyes grew moist with feeling. His handkerchief fell from his knee, perhaps he allowed it to do so intentionally that, by bending forward to take it up, he might conceal the tears in his eyes. But Elise, to whom Delbrück had just made a gesture of dismissal, sprang from the dais, and, dropping on one knee, picked the handkerchief from the floor and handed it to the Baron.

The old man bent forward and imprinted a kiss on her forehead. Then he rose from his chair and with old-time gallantry assisted her to her feet. She bowed with equal courtliness, and stepped behind a screen, whence she shortly emerged in her street dress. In the mean time the Baron and Eugene had gone into the conservatory.

"You should not have mentioned the silver cup in the old man's presence," chided Delbrück. "It awakens painful remembrances."

"I never suspected such a thing," said Renner.

"It is the only memento he has of his daughter—she played with it as a child."

"Tell me about her," requested Elise with curiosity and sympathy.

"She ran away with a poor artist, who died shortly afterward. She was not long in following him. She left a child—but *ssh!* here is the Baron returning."

The old man entered the studio, preceding Eugene, to whom he was calling with forced gaiety: "Come along, you young robber, and see whether you can excuse yourself as Saint Crispin did when he stole leather to shoe the poor. I found this young

gentleman," he continued, addressing the others, "cutting a most beautiful half-blown rose, and he has the audacity to bring here the plunder."

Delbrück said: "That is more than I would dare, Eugene—to make so free with your sister's favorite flowers."

"I am sure," said the young man, "she would heartily approve of my purpose, which is to present the rarest, most beautiful bud in her conservatory to the perfect flower of feminine beauty and charm in her husband's studio."

So saying, he approached Elise, and offered her the rose with an ease and grace that thus far had never failed to impress a woman's heart. But Fräulein Elise drew herself up with dignity, and, smiling to temper her refusal, said: "I thank you very much for the compliment, but do not wish to share your theft." At the same time she looked toward Delbrück, who gave her a smile of approval.

"Let me become surety for the owner's acquiescence," interposed the Baron. "Will you not take the rose from an old man's hands?"

Eugene gave him the flower with a bow. "I am not envious, and shall be most happy if Fräulein Elise will accept my gift even indirectly, when the mediator is so worthy."

Delbrück frowned as his model replied: "Offered in this way, the flower becomes invaluable to me."

At this moment Madame Delbrück's servant appeared, and announced stiffly: "Madame wishes to know whether her husband will receive her in his studio."

"Certainly; her and everybody, as you see," answered the artist.

"Madame thinks that she may disturb a sitting," the servant explained, in a rather sarcastic tone.

"Fräulein Elise is just going. Help her on with her cloak," said Delbrück.

The man paused for a moment as if reluctant to obey the order. As he stood, cloak in hand, Delbrück, dropping his palette, took the garment from him and placed it carefully around the shoulders of the girl. "Go to your mistress, and tell her we are waiting to see her," he said sharply.

Then he escorted Fräulein Elise to a back door opening

upon an alley. As she passed out, Eugene heard her say in a low tone: "Can I see you after a while, quite alone?" He also heard Delbrück reply: "If you find the door unlocked in half an hour, come in; otherwise it will be impossible for me to see you."

Eugene was filled with astonishment, as well as a strange mingling of anger and envy.

When Delbrück returned to his visitors the Baron began praising Fräulein Elise's modesty and amiability. "I am glad," replied the artist, "to hear you speak thus of her. If everybody thought as you do, I should be spared many disagreeable scenes, such as the one you have just witnessed. I cannot sacrifice her now, however, even to secure peace in my household. She depends entirely upon her posing for support while she is learning to paint under my instruction."

Eugene von Warring said pertly and sarcastically: "While she appears to you, my dear brother-in-law, merely in the light of a promising pupil, to a man in my position she seems also to be a dangerously attractive woman."

"I cannot tolerate such remarks," said Delbrück angrily, whereupon Eugene frowned, and, taking his hat, left the studio, saying: "Very well, keep the pupil yourself, but permit *me* to interest myself in the model."

Delbrück bit his lip and muttered to himself: "Fool that I am not to take into consideration the source of his remarks! I know who has influenced him."

Turning to the Baron and the antiquarian, the artist pointed out a small flower-piece upon an easel in the corner of the studio. "That is Fräulein Elise's work," he said. The older man scrutinized it with interest. "Why, they are my favorite violets!" he said, "and painted so exquisitely I can almost smell their fresh fragrance. I wish to buy this picture."

"Allow me—" said Renner.

"But you have not seen them," expostulated the Baron. "Besides, the violets are too new to suit your antiquarian taste —they are children of to-day, with the dew of this very morning upon them."

"Well, I may admire a pretty artist and desire to render her a service, may I not? Let me present the picture to you."

"Thank you, my dear fellow. I accept it with pleasure, if only as a token that you forgive me for refusing you my silver cup. We must all protect this talented girl. What were her parents?" he asked of Delbrück.

"Elise's father was a painter of great talent, who died in youth and obscurity before her birth, as her mother died soon after this event. She seems to have no relatives, for she was brought up by artists, first by one and then by another, all of whom were as poor as her parents."

"I will swear she is of good blood," said the Baron; "if she were presented to the best society as Baroness or Countess Elise, nobody would question her belonging to a noble family."

At this moment the door of the studio was rather noisily opened and Madame Delbrück entered. After bowing to the visitors she addressed her husband. "Eugene tells me that you have shown him the door because he expressed admiration for your model. That's right, Ferdinand; these made-up women of doubtful character are so bewitching that they are poison for a young man's morals."

"Oh, you needn't distress yourself on that score, Madame!" interposed the Baron; "the morals of a hussar officer, twenty-five years of age, could hardly be affected by what he sees and hears here."

"It is just because it is here, and therefore is forbidden fruit, that he would be the more easily attracted," answered Madame Delbrück. "And it is about this very weakness in Eugene that I have come to consult you, as my oldest and wisest friends.

"You know," she continued, "the provisions of my uncle's will relating to Eugene's inheritance. Well, he has but a few months left in which to choose a wife, and as he does not appear to be interested in the proper sort of girls, I have selected one for him—the prettiest, most amiable one of our set."

"Is it Clothilde?" asked Delbrück.

"Yes, it is she; and your guessing so quickly proves my selection a good one."

"Your brother will be a lucky fellow if he can get her, for, although there are prettier girls, there is none more charming—so lively and sweet-tempered," commented Renner.

"My plan is," said Madame Delbrück, "to tell Eugene,

when he is introduced to Clothilde, that she is engaged to be married. That I know will excite his interest in her. Now we must find a man willing to pretend to be her *fiancé*."

"I offer myself with pleasure," said the Baron.

"Your fondness for all the ladies is too well known for our purpose," said Madame Delbrück. "I want someone who is not a lady's man—rather the reverse. Now such a person as you would do precisely," and she fixed her large, dark eyes on Herr von Renner.

"Well, it is playing with flame, but I will risk it," said the antiquarian. "Only I reserve the right to withdraw at any time, and make a clean breast of the whole matter."

"Agreed," said Madame Delbrück; "and, since my husband's time is valuable" (for she had observed Delbrück anxiously consulting his watch), "let us go to the house and plan our campaign."

Eugene von Warring came back to the studio at the time set by Delbrück for Fräulein Elise's return. He entered from the conservatory, finding the door unlocked. Unnoticed by them he saw Delbrück and Elise in close conversation. She whispered something which Eugene could not catch. In reply the artist took her head between his hands, kissed her on the forehead, and said: "Yes, events will soon take a happy turn. Soon I shall receive a document which will complete our happiness. I say *our*, dear child, because you are not more anxious for success than I."

"That's a bold confession," thought Eugene, "particularly when the doors are unlocked and made of glass. But what was that?" he asked to himself, as he heard the rustle of a dress behind him in the conservatory. He glided behind a screen. A moment later Delbrück passed out into the conservatory, locking the door after him.

Eugene felt his position becoming tiresome, and resolved boldly to come out of hiding. At sight of him Elise turned toward the back door; then she returned to the mantelpiece and faced him.

"Brava, Fräulein! there is no cause for fear."

"I think there is, sir, when you appear through a locked door."

"But I have not done so. I came in from the conservatory when you and Delbrück were too closely engaged to observe me."

Her face flushed. Eugene continued. "I am in a false position, but no more so than you were, for now I recall you, when, five years ago, you entered the room of a dying man and found a stranger present."

"Then depart, as I did, as quickly and quietly as was the coming."

"You forget that it is you and not I that have the key. I am your prisoner physically as well as spiritually."

Fräulein Elise unlocked the back door and threw it open. But, although she stood upon the threshold, like the angel with the flaming sword at the gates of Paradise, Eugene turned, hoping for a friendly glance. "Ah, Fräulein!" he said, "let me hope that fate, which has brought us together after many years, will favor us again." She said nothing in reply; instead, the door from the conservatory opened, Delbrück entered the studio and cast after Eugene a black look.

It was this opposition which caused the young hussar to form an instant resolution. "I shall carry out my uncle's wish to my own satisfaction, if not to my brother-in-law's. And at the same time I shall revenge Camilla."

Renner walked home from the studio in a brown study. "I ought not to have consented to playing a part in this feminine game. Why should I pull other people's chestnuts out of the fire? The game will end, probably, by placing me in a ridiculous situation. I will call upon Fräulein Clothilde, and beg off from the part. She can easily find my substitute in a younger and merrier man."

Clothilde lived with her aunt, Madame Severin, an old lady who was very deaf. Now Clothilde had told her of Madame Delbrück's plot, but all that the old lady understood of it was that Herr Renner, a great favorite of hers, was coming to woo her niece. Accordingly she received him with such extreme cordiality that he was forced, despite the purpose of his call, to act upon her assumption that he was Clothilde's suitor. To relieve the young lady of her great mortification, Renner proposed that they escape from the aunt's embarrassing remarks

by visiting Madame Delbrück. He summoned a coupé, and when they drove away in it Clothilde exclaimed to him passionately: "Oh, Herr Renner, what must you think of me? How could I guess that auntie would make such a dreadful mistake?"

As the mistake was anything but dreadful to Renner, it was pleasant enough for him to console the girl.

"Don't be distressed by so comical an error," he said. "We are in for it, and I for one purpose to get all the amusement out of it that is possible."

"Well, I only hope our little comedy will end to everybody's satisfaction," said Clothilde.

"Ah, it may prove a drama, instead, where some laugh while others weep," replied Renner.

They found Eugene von Warring with his sister. Eugene took occasion to approach Renner, as the antiquarian was examining some curios in a cabinet, and poke him with his elbow. "You hypocrite! Pretending to care for nothing but old rusty iron and worm-eaten furniture, and all the while making love to this beautiful girl!"

"Then you admire my lady-love?"

"To distraction, and if she were not engaged—"

"Listen to me, youngster! That remark has no weight with me, because I know your frivolous principles."

"About forbidden fruit?"

"Yes, but I've warned my Eve against you, you serpent!"

Eugene immediately set about captivating the fair Clothilde. Finding her photograph in his sister's album, he extracted it, and, with mock-tragic air, pressed it to his lips, and placed it within his breast-pocket. Clothilde called on Renner for protection. Really piqued by her apparent coquetry, the antiquarian refused her appeal, and the two entered into a seeming lovers' quarrel, which ended in Renner's kissing Clothilde's forehead in reconciliation, while Eugene cried: "Bravo! Look, Camilla, at the turtle-doves!"

That night, alone in his chamber, Eugene von Warring sat before a wood-fire and looked into its dancing flames for a vision of his future wife. Were the merry blue eyes of Clothilde sparkling at him, or were the dark, grave orbs of Elise looking reprovingly from the embers? He must choose between the

two. Not only as lover but as brother and friend and a man of honor he made his decision. At the same time his jealous sister was holding in her hand a letter to her husband which a messenger had just brought, and brooding over its possible contents. At last she took a paper-knife and slowly and carefully opened the hastily sealed envelope, took out the note, and, with flushed face, read and memorized its contents. The note ran:

"My dear, dear Friend!—I must thank you for all I am and have. The document which you have placed in my hands will remove every obstacle to my happiness, and soon I shall be able, freely and openly before all the world, to call myself your faithful

"Elise."

Replacing the note in the envelope, and carefully resealing this, Madame Delbrück wrote another note to Baron von Breda, and sent it out to be posted by a servant.

Upon receiving this note the Baron at once went to Delbrück's studio. Before he could utter a word, however, the artist exclaimed: "I have happy news for you, old friend!"

"And I bear a message of grave import," said the Baron.

"Well, out with it first. My good news will keep."

"It is about a note which your wife sent me last night."

Delbrück sniffed contemptuously: "If it's Camilla's old theme, then hear me first. Here are papers which reveal a secret of the greatest importance to you. Your grandchild lives! and better than that, you already know her, and love her. It is Elise."

"What! why, it is she that your wife charges in this note is your lady-love!"

That evening a party assembled at the Delbrücks', each member of which was burning with curiosity, having been informed of important revelations which would there be made. The Baron von Breda came early and was closeted with Madame Delbrück for half an hour. At the end of the conference, she came out with beaming face and embraced her husband before the company. "Ferdinand, forgive me," she said; "I never will distrust you again. I am inexpressibly happy."

At this moment her brother entered, leading in Fräulein Elise. As the young girl stood trembling on the threshold,

dazed by the sight of so many people, Madame Delbrück seized both her hands, and, drawing her to her breast, kissed her. Then she led her to the Baron, who took her in his arms, while he showered kisses on her brow, his long snowy hair mingling with her golden locks.

The old man began to speak to the assembly. "Ladies and gentlemen," he said, and then broke down with emotion. Eugene whispered to him, and, beaming with happiness, the Baron finished his announcement: "Ladies and gentlemen, allow me to introduce my granddaughter, and, at the same time, the future wife of Lieutenant Eugene von Warring."

At this Herr von Renner looked in mock reproach at Clothilde Severin. She blushed deeply, yet with joy rather than confusion. Then he spoke to her gravely and tenderly, and, as she replied, pressed her hand passionately to his lips.

HENRY RIDER HAGGARD

(England, 1856)

KING SOLOMON'S MINES (1886)

Until he had written this highly imaginative novel Mr. Haggard never had attracted any attention as a novelist. It never attained to the popularity of *She*, by which it was succeeded, but it has been considered the better work of art.

T is odd that I at fifty-five should be trying to write a history. If I have any reasons, the principal one is that I am going to tell the strangest story that I know of.

Well, it is about eighteen months since I, Allan Quatermain, of Durban, Natal, met Sir Henry Curtis and Captain Good. I was going home from Cape Town: two passengers interested me greatly, one a man of thirty, the biggest-chested and longest-armed man I ever saw. This was Sir Henry. The other man was of quite different stature, but the nicest sort of fellow—this was Good. At dinner we sat together, talking confidentially. Sir Henry seemed surprised to hear my name, and at once asked me if I had met a man named Neville at Bamangwato. I had heard of him, and had moreover recently answered a letter of inquiry from a lawyer saying that the last tidings I had was that he had gone shooting in the interior. Sir Henry then told me that Neville was his brother, who, after a dispute with him, had started for South Africa to make his fortune. The only news of him for three years had been my letter. Captain Good and he were resolved to seek him.

"What was it that you heard about my brother's journey at Bamangwato?" said Sir Henry.

"I heard this," I answered, "and I never have mentioned it to a soul. I heard that he was starting for Solomon's Mines."

"Solomon's Mines!" ejaculated my hearers. "Where are they?"

"I don't know," I said; "I once saw the peaks of the mountains that border them, but there were a hundred and thirty miles of desert between me and them, and I am not aware that any white man ever got across it, save one. Ten years ago I was up at Sitanda's Kraal. A Portuguese arrived. His name was José Silvestra. The next day he struck out for the great desert, saying: 'If ever we meet again, I shall be the richest man in the world.' I thought he had gone mad. A week later he crawled back only a skeleton and almost dead with fever. In his delirium he raved about the mountains and the diamonds. As he was dying he made me unfasten a pouch of skin, in which I found a bit of torn yellow linen covered with rusty writing. Inside was a paper, written by his ancestor, José da Silvestra, when he was dying three hundred years before on those mountains, and brought back by his slave."

Sir Henry and Good, deeply interested, begged me to proceed. I showed them the little map which marked the trail to the treasure-cave. The rendering of the paper was: "I, José da Silvestra, who am dying of hunger in the little cave on the north side of the nipple of the southernmost of the two mountains I have named Sheba's Breasts, write this with a cleft bone upon a remnant of my raiment, my blood being the ink. With my own eyes have I seen the countless diamonds stored in Solomon's treasure-chamber behind the white Death; but through the treachery of Gagool the witch-finder I might bring naught away. Let him who comes follow the map, and climb the snow of Sheba's left breast till he comes to the nipple, on the north side of which is the great road Solomon made, from whence three days' journey to the King's Place. Let him kill Gagool."

Sir Henry was now still more determined to seek his brother, especially since I had given his brother's guide these directions. Sir Henry offered me any remuneration to accompany them; if the diamonds were found, Good and I were to divide them. The idea was staggering, but I accepted. As soon as we landed we made hasty preparations. I was looking for a third Zulu, who would be a faithful guide. A man named Umbopa came to see me and offered to go with us, without pay. Somehow the

man puzzled me; but Sir Henry liked his looks, and we engaged him.

We left Durban at the end of January, and after various adventures camped near Sitanda's Kraal in the second week of May. Then, accompanied by our servants and some bearers, we set out on foot. We had thrilling encounters with elephants, in one of which Good almost lost his life. When we reached Sitanda's Kraal, our real starting-point, we could distinguish the outlines of the great Suliman Berg. An ardent gazer was Umbopa, who seemed to have some secret interest in the expedition. With him and Ventvögel, a Hottentot, we set out. We had covered about fifty miles of desert, and were probably near to "pan bad water" marked on the map. At last we halted by a sand-koppie about one hundred feet high; we were gasping for water and in desperation drank the last we had. Our agony was fearful. Toward morning Ventvögel insisted that he smelled water. Strangely enough, in a deep cup on the top of the koppie there was a pool of ugly-looking water. With a rush we sucked it up, then tore off our clothes; our parched skins absorbed the moisture. By the second daylight we had reached the lowest slopes of Sheba's breast. Our renewed thirst was allayed by finding a patch of melons, and Umbopa brought down some pauw. At last we found ourselves under the nipple of Sheba's left breast. It flashed over Good that the cave must be near; and about two hundred yards above we found a hole in the snow, which proved to be the cave. We crept in and huddled ourselves together for warmth. It was too cold for sleep.

Just before dawn I heard a sigh from Ventvögel, whose teeth had been chattering all night; then the chattering ceased. His back, which was against mine, seemed to grow colder and colder. With the flash of the morning sun we found that he was stone dead, frozen stiff. Horrified, we dragged ourselves away, Then I heard a cry of fear, and looking down the cave, I saw not twenty feet away another form, sitting, whose head rested on the chest. It was a dead man, a white man. We all scrambled out of the cave; Sir Henry went back, and found that it was not his brother. The corpse was frozen stiff; the skin was perfectly yellow and stretched tightly over the naked, skeleton-like

frame. Round the neck was an ivory crucifix. Slowly I realized that it was José da Silvestra; and there was the cleft bone he had used, and there was the wound in his left arm where he got the ink. We were appalled. Sir Henry placed the dead Hottentot near the Don. Then, sobered, we set out again. We had gone about half a mile when we came upon a group of large antelopes. We killed a buck, ate the raw meat greedily, and were changed men in a quarter of an hour.

A mist cleared. Below us about five thousand feet lay leagues of beautiful champaign country. Presently Sir Henry spoke.

"Isn't there something on the map about Solomon's Great Road? Well, look; there it is!"

To the right winding toward the plain was what seemed to be a turnpike road. We had passed wonderment. We found it a marvelous piece of engineering. On we tramped jubilantly. With every mile the atmosphere grew balmier. By midday we had reached a wood, and stopped near a stream to cook some dinner. Good went away to bathe and shave. Suddenly came a flash of light. Standing not twenty paces away was a group of tall copper-colored men, wearing great plumes of black feathers and cloaks of leopard-skins. The flash had been a weapon thrown by a youth of seventeen. I called to our people to put down their guns. "Greeting!" I said in Zulu to an old man. He understood, and in an antique form of that tongue asked: "Whence come ye? what are ye? Why are the faces of three of ye white, and the face of the fourth as the face of our mother's sons?" I looked at Umbopa; he was indeed like them. We said we had come in peace; but they would have killed us, if Good, in his excitement, had not snapped out his false teeth and then replaced them, which terrified the natives. His half-shaven face, his monocle, and the teeth made them believe we were spirits; and they were willing to believe we had come to visit them from the biggest star. They were further convinced of our powers by my killing a buck with my magic tube (my rifle). The old man was the uncle of the boy Scragga, who had attacked us; Scragga was the son of Twala, the great King, husband of a thousand wives, chief of the Kukuanas, keeper of the great road, etc. We commanded them to escort us to

the King, threatening all manner of evil, to be performed by Good, if aught befell us. So Good had to keep his undressed and half-shaven condition, in order to play his part.

Infadoos, the old man, informed us that the people had settled there ten thousand thousand moons before. Twala had killed his half-brother, and been proclaimed king by Gagool, a witch-woman. That brother had a child, Ignosi, who had been marked with the sacred snake curled round his waist, for he was the eldest son of the King. But after the murder of his father, his mother had run away with him: they had probably perished in the desert. If the child were living, he should be the lawful king. Umbopa listened with the greatest interest.

We were constantly greeted by bands of magnificent warriors. It took us two days to reach the heart of the kingdom. We found Twala a gigantic man with the most repulsive face we had ever seen. A soldier dropped his shield: instantly he was speared. We were petrified with horror. To impress the King with our greatness, Sir Henry shot an ox, and I shattered a shield to bits. Just then a thing that looked like a monkey, but was a woman of great age, with a scalp bare like a snake's, and with long skinny claws, crawled to the King, and cried out in prophecy:

"*Blood!* rivers of blood. I see it, I smell it, I taste it. *Footsteps!* the tread of the white men coming. I am old! It was a white people who were before ye were, who shall be when ye are not." She turned her vulture head to us: "What seek ye? Ye come for bright stones. And thou (pointing at Umbopa), who art thou? Methinks I know thee. Strip off the girdle—"

Here she fell down in a fit. The King was divided between his wish and his fear to kill us. Later Infadoos brought news to our hut that many would be killed that night. The land groaned with Twala's cruelties. The people dared not cast him out, for his son was even blacker at heart. If only Ignosi lived! "How know you that Ignosi is dead?" said a voice. It was Umbopa. He then related that Ignosi's mother had fled with him, reaching the land of the white people. The boy had grown up in wisdom. He had waited patiently for a chance to seek his land. At last he had met some white men who were journeying there and had accompanied them.

"Surely thou art mad to talk thus," said the astonished old soldier.

"Thou thinkest so; see, I will show thee, O my uncle. *I am Ignosi, rightful King of the Kukuanas.*" Then with a single movement, he slipped off the "moocha," or girdle round his middle, and stood naked before us. "Look," he said; "what is this?" And he pointed to the mark of a great snake tattooed in blue round his middle. Infadoos looked, his eyes starting nearly out of his head, and then fell upon his knees. "It is my brother's son; it is the King!"

Ignosi laid plans to overthrow Twala, and we all agreed to support him. He promised to help us find the diamonds, and Sir Henry's brother; but Infadoos assured us that no white man had ever set foot in that land.

That night was the great dance and witch-hunt. One third of the army was gathered. Fearful old witches danced and foamed at the mouth and detected those who were bringing evil. At Twala's command hundreds upon hundreds were killed. Then Gagool, shrieking, touched Ignosi. It was an awful moment. The King quailed before my revolver. We departed from the scene of horror. In two hours Infadoos brought some chiefs; Ignosi stripped off his girdle and exhibited the tattooed snake. The eldest of the chiefs said that if they and the people could have a sign to show that the white man's magic was with us, they would all cleave to Ignosi. The snake was not enough. By a happy thought, Good remembered that his note-book said the sun was to be eclipsed the following day. We told the chiefs that we would darken the sun to-morrow. At the dance, the girl whom Twala should think the fairest was to be killed by Scragga. We promised to save her. When these signs should be given, Infadoos would lead us to a place where we could make war on Twala.

The girl Foulata was chosen. Scragga stood ready to slay her. Good's heart was touched; she divined it, and flung herself at his feet. I said if anyone came a step nearer, we would put out the sun. At that instant, to our relief, the sun did begin to darken. All gasped with fear—all save Gagool, who declared that the shadow would pass. I quoted from the *Ingoldsby Legends;* Sir Henry followed with the Bible, while Good used

up a volume of classical bad language, and the sun grew darker under our incantation. In the midst of the excitement Scragga struck at Sir Henry: the blow glanced from his shirt of mail and, snatching his spear, Sir Henry ran him through. The company broke up in wild confusion. In the dark, Infadoos and the chiefs led us and Foulata to a place of safety, where crowds of men were assembled. Infadoos told them the history of Ignosi, who addressed them, and they accepted him as their king.

At sundown a messenger came from Twala offering terms of bloody peace. We sent back word that we would not surrender, and that before the sun should sink twice Twala's corpse should stiffen at Twala's gate, and Ignosi should reign in his stead. In reality we were in a state of terror. The following morning the enemy attacked us on three sides. Finally, after a desperate struggle, we outwitted Twala's men on a narrow tongue of land, charging down with a relief army when they were unprepared. What a sight it was of dead and dying! Twala's men fled. We marched to the kraal: it was almost deserted. In front of his hut sat Twala and Gagool. He craved the royal privilege of dying fighting, and Sir Henry, whom he called a coward, insisted upon fighting with him. They fought furiously with their battle-axes. The excitement was intense. There was a shriek from a thousand throats, and Twala's head sprang from his shoulders and fell toward us. I unloosed the diamond from his brow and gave it to Ignosi, who bound it to his own brow. Placing one foot on the chest of his headless foe, he then delivered a beautiful pæan of victory, and the people proclaimed him King.

Ignosi had discovered that in the great cave in the mountain under the three figures called the "Silent Ones," where the kings were buried, and in the Place of Death was the secret chamber now known only to Gagool. He commanded her to conduct us there. In three days we reached the entrance through a narrow portal in the rock. We followed Gagool down a passage. Soon we came to a magnificent spectacle: we were in a hall as large as the vastest cathedral, made marvelous by huge columns of stalactites of overpowering beauty. Gagool hurried us on to the Death Chamber. At a massive table sat a colossal

white skeleton surrounded by other white figures. Seated on the table was a brown thing. My eyes grew accustomed to the light—if Sir Henry had not seized me I should have fled. The brown thing was the corpse of Twala, over which was gathering a film from water that dripped from the roof—*Twala's body was being transformed into a stalactite*, as all the others had been petrified. The great white Death was a skeleton hewn out of a stalactite. We bade Gagool lead us to the treasure-chamber. By secret pressure she operated some hidden counterbalances that caused a mass of stone to rise from the floor back of the Death, and a dark hole was revealed. No one had been there, she said, since the stones had been hidden centuries ago; for no one knew the secret. Finally a white man and a woman of the country who had learned it entered, and he filled the skin of a goat with stones. He tarried to pick one larger stone— Gagool paused.

"Well," I asked breathlessly, "what happened to Da Silvestra?"

The old hag started. "How knowest thou the dead man's name?" Then she continued: "Somehow the man became frightened; he flung down his goat-skin, and fled with but the one jewel, which was the one worn by Twala. None has entered since, for it means death."

Despite our fears, and her hideous grins, we hurried after her. Foulata felt faint and remained behind. We came to a painted door. *Across the threshold lay a goat-skin bag apparently full of pebbles. They were the diamonds!* We pressed on, and came at last to the treasure-chamber. Before our dazzled eyes were millions of pounds' worth of diamonds, and thousands of pounds' worth of gold and ivory. Just then cry upon cry came ringing. It was Foulata. "*Help, help! the rock falls! she has stabbed me!*" We ran down the passage. The rock door was slowly closing. Foulata and Gagool were in a death-struggle. The brave girl held to her like a wild-cat. Gagool wrested herself free, and twisted herself like a snake through the crack of the closing door. She yelled in agony as the door pressed her to the rock with a sickening crunch.

Foulata died shortly in Good's arms: in piteous words she confessed her love for him. And we—were *buried alive!* The

little basket which Foulata had carried contained only enough food to give us life for about two days. Our lamp soon flickered out. One by one at intervals we used our eight matches. The night went by. Then it occurred to me that the air was fresh. Good called to us: "I think I feel air coming up. Listen." He stamped upon the place. *It rang hollow.* We lit a match—there were now only three left. We saw a joint in the rock floor, and a stone ring. With our combined strength we finally got it open. We lighted another match, there was—*the first step of a stair.*

Although the thought was nauseous, I crept back, and filled my pockets with diamonds. We climbed down the fifteen steps to the bottom. By the light of one of the two remaining matches we saw a tunnel running at right angles to the staircase. Which way? The draft blew the flame to the left. We decided to go against it. For hours we groped along, traversing, as it seemed, the passages of a mine. Our food was gone; our throats were dry. Then came a sound of running water—then a quick splash—Good had fallen in. The last match was now struck. He had caught a rock in the middle of a swift stream. He swam toward us; we pulled him out, and stumbled on. Suddenly Sir Henry stopped—there, far in the distance was a tiny patch of light.

At last we were out. We saw the stars, then something gave way, and we rolled down through bushes and grass. The dawn rose; we were at the bottom of the pit before the entrance of the cave. For a good hour we toiled up the sides of the pit, then stood once more on the great road. A fire burned before some huts, and figures were about the fire. We were seen; someone fell to the ground in fear. "Infadoos, it is us thy friends."

He ran to us in terror. "Oh, my lords, my lords, it is indeed you, come back from the dead!" And he flung himself before us in joy.

After resting two days, we tried without success to find the hole of deliverance. We also examined the Chamber of the Dead. No trace of the secret door was visible. We returned to Loo, where we found all well with Ignosi, who was loath to let us depart. But he finally agreed to it, and Infadoos conducted us to an easier pass over the mountains.

And now I come to the strangest thing of all. One day after we had reached an oasis, we came to a hut on the edge of the desert. The door opened, a white man limped out. With a cry he hobbled to us. "Great Powers!" cried Sir Henry, "*it is my brother George!*"

He had started for the mines two years before; but on the way a boulder had fallen crushing his leg. He and his man had been forced to stay there, and had given up all hope of ever returning.

And here I shall end my history; for after a weary journey, we all reached Sitanda's Kraal, with diamonds enough to make us rich men. Good and I gave a third of them to Sir Henry's brother. At my little house in Durban they bade me farewell. But a letter has just come from Sir Henry begging me to pack up and come to England to live near them all. A steamer sails in three days. I think I will go.

SHE (1887)

This tale has been translated into several foreign languages, usually repeating the success with which it was greeted in England and in the United States. It was dramatized, and had phenomenally long runs in both countries.

SOME years ago, I, the editor of this remarkable history, made the acquaintance of the two men to whom these adventures happened. One of them, Leo Vincey, was a man of classic Greek beauty. The other, his guardian, Horace Holly, was a striking physical contrast to him; he was short and bow-legged; his face was covered with beard, which gave him the appearance of a gorilla. I believe the fact of my having been in Africa impressed me on Holly's mind. For some years I neither saw nor heard of the two again.

About a month ago I received a package and a letter signed by Horace Holly. He reminded me of our meeting and, on the strength of my interest in African matters, entrusted to me the manuscript account of their experience, which I might publish, if I saw fit, as he and Leo Vincey were about to set out on a trip to Central Asia. I now present Mr. Holly's narrative to the public.

About twenty years ago, I, Ludwig Horace Holly, was studying in Cambridge. One night I received a late visit from my only friend, a fellow-student in an advanced stage of consumption.

He had a matter of much importance to tell me. He had a son, he said, whom he had not seen since his birth, for it had caused the death of his wife, whom he had loved passionately. He begged me to assume a guardianship over this son, Leo Vincey. The boy would have a substantial income; he must be carefully educated, and, above all, learn Arabic. Then he related to me the curious history of the Vincey family.

Its origin could be traced back to the twenty-ninth dynasty of the Pharaohs, to an Egyptian priest of Isis, of Greek extraction, called Kallikrates. About 339 B.C. this priest violated his vows and fled from Egypt with a princess. They were wrecked upon the African coast, near Delagoa Bay. Here they fell into the hands of a savage tribe, ruled by a white queen of Arabic origin, a woman of powerful intellect and striking beauty. She became enamored of Kallikrates and tried to persuade him to abandon his wife. He refused, and in a rage she slew him. The wife escaped, reaching Athens with her boy, whom she christened "The Avenger." Since then the tradition had come down through the generations; many of the line had gone to Africa to avenge the death of their ancestor; he, my friend, made the attempt; but so far all had failed.

On Leo's twenty-fifth birthday I was to open a chest to be left in my care, and examine its contents.

Next morning Leo's father was found dead—by his own hand, as developed later.

I soon had Leo with me. The boy grew into a bright and clever youth, a favorite in the college. He took his degree and read for the bar.

On Leo's twenty-fifth birthday we opened the chest. It contained some old Greek manuscripts and a scarabæus. The manuscripts recounted the story Leo's father had told me, and besides mentioned the Fire of Life, a strange bath that gave immortality. The secret of this fire was possessed by the white queen. The last manuscript concluded with an appeal to all the descendants of Kallikrates to avenge his murder.

Leo became possessed of the idea of seeking this wonderful queen; at least, said he, there would be some excellent shooting.

Three months later we were on our way to Zanzibar, accompanied by my faithful servant Job. When off the eastern coast of Central Africa we were struck by a squall, and our dhow began sinking. The only survivors to reach the coast were we three and an Arab, Mahomed.

The coast where we landed was a dense swamp, save for occasional strips of solid land, seemingly the work of man.

On the third day of our travel we encountered men, savages who spoke an Arabic dialect.

"Are ye white men?" demanded the chief.

"We are."

"Then no harm shall befall ye; for such are the commands of She; She-who-must-be-obeyed."

We were conveyed inland in litters. These savages, we soon learned, were the Amahagger, the people of the rocks; the chief, an old man in a white garment, was Billali.

One night we came to a cave village, where we met the first women, finer in appearance than the men. Among the Amahagger, we learned, women chose their mates, the family descent being traced through the female line. One of these women, a beautiful girl called Ustane, came up to Leo and kissed him, which, we soon understood, constituted a marriage ceremony.

Here, where we rested many days, we heard more of this mysterious She, a woman of immortal life and extreme beauty. Billali had gone to learn the pleasure of She concerning us.

On the fourth day of our stay we saw signs of preparations for a feast. To our horror we saw it was to be a man-eating orgy, and that Mahomed was to be sacrificed. We would not submit to this outrage; and our resistance led to an open fight, in which Mahomed and many of the natives were killed. It would have gone ill for us had Billali not arrived and restored peace.

His anger was extreme.

"Those who have fallen," he cried, "are fortunate in having escaped the judgment of She."

All of us had been wounded; Job and I soon recovered, but Leo had suffered more severely.

We traveled on, toward Kôr, the city in which She dwelt. Our way lay through vast swamps, teeming with fowl and other animal life. I had the chance to save Billali's life by dragging him out of a quagmire. Thereafter he remained an ever grateful friend.

At last we arrived in a green mountainous country. To reach Kôr we had to cross the range, passing through a tunnel, or a series of caverns.

Then, by the commands of She, we were escorted to our rooms—chambers hewn out of the rock, decorated with curious bas-reliefs. I was glad that we had reached our journey's end,

for Leo was seriously ill, though constantly nursed by Ustane, who had accompanied us.

The next day Billali brought me into the presence of She. I saw a woman's form, veiled in white, from behind which spoke a voice of surprising melody. We conversed long, in Arabic, but She also spoke in Latin and Greek. She confirmed the reports that she had found the secret of immortality, which had been imparted to her two thousand years before by an old hermit philosopher.

"May I not see your face?" I asked.

"Beware of what you ask," she replied. "I have waited these centuries for one man; for others to desire me is dangerous." But I insisted, and she unveiled.

Never have I seen such a face; its beauty was of more than mortal power. She had spoken the truth; even now I suffer from the emotions her features awakened in me.

I could sleep little that night, for I lay speculating over the words of the old Greek manuscript. I arose and began wandering through the numerous passages, till, to my surprise, I came to a brilliantly lighted chamber. In a niche on the wall was a marble slab, or platform, on which lay a human form. Beside it stood She, or Ayesha, as she had asked me to call her. She did not see me, for she was addressing the form on the slab.

"O Kallikrates! Thou whom I slew by mine own hand! For two thousand seasons have I awaited thee, my heart ever burning with passion. Oh, that I could die, but I cannot; I must wait for thee!" And she sank sobbing to the floor.

I crept back to my chamber in terror.

Next day the men who had attempted to murder us were tried, She sitting in veiled judgment on a raised dais. In furious, vehement denunciation she condemned the culprits to death by torture.

She called me often to her. She took me about among the ruins of the ancient city, built by a powerful people of whom the present cave-dwellers were the degenerate descendants. Many of the ancient chiefs lay, perfectly preserved, in sepulcher chambers.

She questioned me with a keen interest regarding events

in the outside world; and I related to her the history of the nations since the time of her mortality. So strongly was I impressed by her supernatural power that I begged her to cure Leo, who, I feared, was dying.

She went with me to Leo's chamber. Never can I efface the memory of that scene. For in Leo she recognized the reincarnation of the man for whom she had waited the centuries through—Kallikrates!

Leo was quickly cured. She questioned me about Ustane, and I saw that She was jealous. Ustane was commanded to return to her village.

We were together some days later, when, to my horror, I saw Ustane approaching. The cost of her disobedience, I felt, would prove the poor girl's undoing.

The scene was terrible. Ustane openly defied She. Ayesha raised her arms and fixed her victim with her eyes. With a cry Ustane fell dead.

Leo's rage was tremendous. Then Ayesha unveiled; I saw Leo's set features relax. He struggled, turned as if to flee; but the magnetic charm of her beauty took hold of his senses. He approached her, step by step. I turned away, and when I looked again, they were entwined in each other's arms over the dead body of the girl whom Leo had really loved.

She took us to the chamber on whose threshold I had once stood, and drew the shroud from the reclining figure.

"Behold the dead Kallikrates," she said. We gasped in astonishment, for between Leo and the dead man there was no visible difference in the slightest feature. Then, pouring a fluid from a vial over the body, she stepped back. In a moment the corpse had dissolved into a heap of ashes.

Ayesha told Leo that before they could be truly united in the bonds of their love, he must bathe in the fire of life. To me, too, she offered this boon, but I refused; her own two thousand years of hopeless passion warned me against accepting immortality at that cost.

"My Kallikrates," she said, "let us go to the Source of Life, then to your country, where, by our immortal power, we shall rule forever." I trembled when I thought of what this might mean.

We set out after speedy preparation, being accompanied by Job, Billali, and some mutes. In two nights we came to a wall of rock. Billali and the mutes remained at the base while we—She, Leo, Job, and I—taking with us a board and some lanterns, began scaling the rock. Thus we came to a ledge, the projecting floor of a series of caverns. We lit our lanterns and entered the caves, through which we continued until we halted abruptly at the edge of a chasm, where a fierce wind blew us almost off our feet. Here, Ayesha told us, we must wait till toward evening, when a ray of light would appear and illuminate the darkness for several minutes.

We waited several hours, when suddenly I saw a gradually growing bar of light, revealing the outlines of a huge rocking stone before us. We placed our plank and hurriedly crossed, She leading the way. The stone rocked dangerously, the plank was blown away behind us; and following She, we dropped to the floor of a cavern in the opposite wall of the chasm. Lighting our lanterns, we continued along a tortuous route, till suddenly we came into a brilliantly illuminated space. A rising, thunderous noise reverberated among the rock walls; beyond, at the far end of the amphitheater a multicolored, twisting pillar of flame rose in brilliant flashes, then, after some minutes, sank again, almost disappearing. Here was the pulse-beat of the world, the source of terrestrial animation, the Fountain of Life, in the bosom of the earth.

"Have no fear, Kallikrates," said Ayesha, "when the flame rises again, then shall I enter, to show thee; as I do, so shalt thou do after me; inhale the essence of this fire into thy heart."

The rumbling began anew; She kissed Leo, and, slipping off her clothing, stepped into the rising, whirling column of flame. The fire wound around her; never had she appeared more divine; to see her thus again I would give my life.

She stepped out, advancing with outstretched arms toward Leo. But suddenly a terrible change came over her, like the misty film over a mirror—a fading of color, a shriveling of her full, voluptuous limbs.

"Look! Look!" shrieked Job, "she's turning into a monkey!" And he fell in a fit.

She continued shriveling, growing unutterably hideous.

"Kallikrates!" she cried in husky, trembling tones, "Forget me not, Kallikrates! Have pity on my shame! I die not. I shall come again, beautiful once more. I swear it!" And she fell, writhing and shrieking, then lay, a still, hideous heap.

Overcome by terror, we swooned away.

When I recovered, I spread a cloak over the small, twisted, apelike form, that Leo might not behold it. Evidently the second fire-bath had neutralized the first.

Our old, faithful Job I found dead. Leo recovered consciousness slowly. Later, when we reached daylight, I saw that his thick, clustering, golden curls had turned white.

We each took a lock of the beautiful hair, which had dropped off as She had writhed in her agony—the only remaining trace of her divine beauty. Then we set out on our return, giving poor old Job's remains a last affectionate farewell.

On the difficulties and dangers of our return I will not dwell. Billali conducted us through the swamps again. Then he bade us farewell, and we continued alone. Only three weeks had passed since we had first met him; in three short weeks had we experienced these terrible adventures.

Finally we reached Delagoa Bay, and, just eighteen months after we had left the marshes of Kôr, we sailed for England.

And now, once more in Cambridge, I often sit and wonder how this drama, begun so many centuries ago, will end. For I do not doubt that its final development is yet to occur.

LUDOVIC HALÉVY

(France, 1834–1908)

THE ABBÉ CONSTANTIN (1882)

This story has run through more than one hundred and fifty editions and enjoys to this day an uninterrupted popularity both in French and English-speaking countries. It was crowned by the French Academy.

FOR more than thirty years the Abbé Constantin had been curé of the little village near the castle and estate of Longueval. Now the whole domain was for sale, and the Abbé was sad. The posters announced that the estate would be offered at auction in four separate lots—the castle with its park, two farms and the forests. Afterward an opportunity would be given to bid on the whole property at once; but as it was valued at two million fifty thousand francs, no one would be likely to take advantage of this. It had been necessary to offer the estate for sale because two of the heirs—grandchildren of the old Marquise, who had just died—were minors.

The old priest mused as he walked. In an hour's time the old castle would have a new master! Every Thursday and every Sunday he had dined there. How he had been petted, coaxed, indulged! Usually at this season—the month of Mary—flowers from the Longueval conservatories quite smothered the altar of his little church; now there were but a few lilies and lilacs. In those happy days Mademoiselle Hébert, the old Marquise's companion, used to play the harmonium at mass; now the choir sang unaccompanied. And now the domain was to be divided! He felt as if something of his own was to be taken from him.

He was now passing the park of Lavardens when he heard voices calling: "Monsieur le Curé, Monsieur le Curé!"

Raising his head he saw the widowed Countess de Lavardens and her son Paul, an amiable but dissipated young man.

"Where are you going, Monsieur le Curé?"

"To Souvigny, to learn about the sale of the castle."

"Stay here. Monsieur de Larnac is coming to tell us the result." The Abbé Constantin joined them on the terrace.

"I can tell you now," said Madame de Lavardens, "who will buy the castle. Our neighbor De Larnac, Monsieur Gallard, a Paris banker, and I have agreed to take it among us. It is all settled."

Here a cloud of dust appeared, and from it emerged M. de Larnac's carriage. "Well," said he, "we have nothing."

"What do you mean?"

"We have absolutely nothing. All went well at first; the separate portions fell to us easily; but when a chance was given to buy the whole, little Gibert, the solicitor, began to bid. Gallard followed him up to three millions—then he gave it up. The purchaser is an American, Mrs. Scott."

"Mrs. Scott!" cried Paul.

"Yes, do you know her?"

"No, but I was at a ball last week at her house in Paris."

"How could that be? Is there a Mr. Scott? What sort of woman is she?"

"Charming! Ideal! Certainly there is a Mr. Scott—a tall, fair man. He was at the ball; he did not look much amused. He is a newly arrived millionaire."

"Yes," rejoined De Larnac. "They began last year by buying a house in Paris for two millions and throwing gold about in true parvenu style. Ten years ago, they say, Mrs. Scott was a beggar in the streets of New York. Then she married this Scott and a lawsuit threw a silver mine into their hands."

"What neighbors!" cried Madame de Lavardens. "An adventuress! and more too—a heretic, Monsieur l'Abbé, a Protestant!"

"A charming heretic, at all events," said Paul. "You should see her riding in the Park with her sister! Roger de Puymartin took me to her ball. He knows them slightly. It was in excellent taste, I assure you."

Sick at heart, the curé took his way home. In imagination

he saw a Calvinist or a Baptist minister installed in his old seat in the castle. On the road he met Jean Reynaud, his godson, the son of his old friend, Dr. Reynaud, and a lieutenant in the artillery regiment stationed near by. To Jean he unbosomed himself.

The next day Lieutenant Reynaud dismounted at the curé's door. He was a favorite in the village, where he had lived from boyhood. Every old peasant called out to him:

"Hello, boy, how goes it?" He was six feet tall now, this boy!

Jean found the Abbé in the garden still sadly pondering the fate of Longueval in the hands of a heretic adventuress. "Never mind," said Jean consolingly, "she has lots of money and she is very generous; your poor will fare well." But even this did not console the curé.

Pauline, the old servant, came out to gather the salad, and they were helping her cut the leaves, when they heard a carriage approaching. The curé's little garden was very near the road. It was a queer-looking hired carriage, but beside the old driver sat a tall footman in correct livery. Within were two young women, in simple but elegant traveling costumes.

The ladies alighted and entered the garden; and the elder, who seemed about twenty-five, spoke:

"I am Mrs. Scott, who have just bought the castle. This is my sister, Bettina Percival. May we take five minutes of your time?" The Abbé bowed, and, sorely agitated, introduced into his little vicarage the new châtelaine of Longueval.

Pauline had already laid the cloth and the two ladies looked with interest at the somewhat primitive domestic arrangements. "Look, Susie!" cried Bettina, "is it not just as you wished?"

"And so is the curé," rejoined Mrs. Scott; "I hope, Monsieur le Curé, that you, too, will be satisfied with your new parishioners."

"Parishioners!" exclaimed the curé. "Pardon me, Madame, you will be—you are Catholics?"

"Certainly we are Catholics."

All looked at one another, stupefied. Mrs. Scott began to laugh. "Our mother was Canadian French," she said. "My husband is a Protestant, but he allows me complete liberty."

The curé was so agitated that as he presented Jean to the ladies, he forgot to give his family name. "This is Jean, my godson," he said. Jean bowed, and each of the Americans drew from her hand-bag a roll of coins—a thousand francs. "We have brought this for your poor," they said, "and we are each going to give five hundred francs a month, besides."

The Abbé could not speak; he had never handled as much as two thousand francs at once. "There will be no poor left in the country," he stammered.

"That is what we wish," they rejoined; "we have plenty, and what better can we do than to give?" Then they asked, very prettily, whether he would not invite them to dine; and the old curé, with many apologies, made them welcome.

As they all sat at the table they talked, for they already felt well acquainted. Mrs. Scott told how the castle had been bought by her husband as a surprise for her, and how neither of them had seen it until that morning. "Tell me," she asked, "when the purchaser's name was known, what did they say of me?" The poor curé knew not what to answer. "Come," she went on, turning to Jean, "you are a soldier, you will tell the truth. Did they say I had been a beggar?"

"Yes."

"Did they say I had been a circus-rider?"

"Yes."

"Thank you. Now that would have been nothing to be ashamed of; but as it happens it is not true. Eight years ago my parents died, leaving us nothing but a great lawsuit. Our father's last injunction was never to compromise; and so we fought it through with the aid of the son of one of father's old friends, who is now my husband. Three months later we had won a fortune. The tales of the beggar and the circus-rider were the inventions of the Paris reporters after Mr. Scott had shown them the door!"

The two sisters had returned to Paris, but all day long, at artillery maneuvers, Jean puzzled over the question: "Which of the two is the prettier?" The horses raised a cloud of dust, in which he distinctly saw the images of both, and he said to himself: "The prettier is Mrs. Scott!" His captain lectured

him for inattention, and while he listened respectfully he changed his mind. "No," he muttered; "it is Miss Percival."

"Am I in love?" he asked himself when the day's work was over. "No! hardly with two women at once!"

He was very young, this great fellow of four-and-twenty. His tastes were simple; he loved solitude, work, and horses. Had he seen the sisters in Paris, surrounded by luxury, he might have admired, but would not have given them a second thought. It was because he had seen them amid his own simple surroundings that they had captivated his imagination.

At half-past nine that evening the two sisters were ascending the staircase of the Opéra House in Paris. As they entered their box they attracted the attention of two young men, Roger de Puymartin and Louis de Martillet, who had been lazily awaiting the appearance of the *corps de ballet*. "Ah! Ah!" said Puymartin; "there she is, the little gold nugget!"

"She is charming, and tolerably well off, too."

"Fifteen millions, and the silver mine still producing!"

"Bérulle told me twenty-five; a pretty haul for Romanelli."

"What, Romanelli? I thought it was Montesson?"

So the talk went on till the ballet put a stop to it. In the midst of its evolutions Bettina looked across the house toward a box in which stood a tall, dark young man. "I have only to say the word," she thought, "and I should be a princess, Princess Romanelli! That would sound well! Oh, if I only loved him!"

At this precise moment, Jean, seated in his study, was preparing his lesson for the next day, for he was giving a course of instruction to the non-commissioned officers of the regiment. And in the midst of his notes he suddenly saw that he had sketched the profile of a very pretty young woman (Jean drew well). He really could not tell whether it was Mrs. Scott or Miss Percival!

The sisters had now been in Paris a year. Their success had been immediate. Parisian beauties are not classed and catalogued like those of London; but there is always a little staff, consisting of a score of women, who represent the grace and charm and beauty of Paris; and of this little group Susie and Bettina soon became a part. Mrs. Scott's drawing-room

was crowded. The men made love to her in French, Italian, English, and Spanish, but she opposed to all the same laughing resistance. The game amused her, but she did not take it seriously. As for Bettina, in the course of that first year she might have married thirty-four times—a young exile who was the very doubtful heir to a very small throne, a Royalist duke, a Bonapartist prince, a Republican deputy, and noblemen by the dozen—English, Viennese, Hungarian, and Spanish. Bettina granted to each a waltz, but none of them had touched her heart, and to all she had said "No! no!" again "No!" and always "No!" Tired of her sister's continual reminders that she must certainly marry some day, and that it was time to make up her mind, Bettina was looking forward with some pleasure to the day when they should leave Paris for Longueval. "Just think!" she cried to Susie as they were sitting at last in the train on the fourteenth of June. "The Nortons and the Turners don't come till the twenty-fifth, and we shall have ten days of liberty! Ten days in the woods and the fields, and no lovers!"

"You forget that we shall have two people at dinner to-night."

"Ah! but I shall be glad to see them both—especially the young officer."

The groom met them at the station with the phaeton, drawn by four black ponies. The passage of this equipage through the streets of the town created quite a sensation. Miss Bettina took the reins and whip, and in a trice they were flying over the long straight road guided by her practised hand.

That same day at half-past seven Jean and the curé walked up to the castle together. During the past month a great change had been wrought in Longueval. There was new furniture in the house, and in coach-house and stables were a dozen carriages and twenty horses. They knew all this from the excited reports of the villagers. As they entered the grounds they saw that the paths were newly graveled and raked, and they were met at the door by two tall and dignified footmen. Mrs. Scott received them in her friendly way and presented her children Harry and Bella, six and five years old. While Jean chatted with them, Mrs. Scott talked with the curé until Bettina entered—the same dress of muslin and lace, the same roses, the same grace and beauty and the same amiable, candid manner.

Conversation began easily. The sisters were charmed with the place. They had walked in the park, but they longed to ride. Jean promised to join them the next day. "Do you ride every day?" asked Bettina.

"Yes, twice; in the morning I am on duty, and in the evening I ride for pleasure."

"Early in the morning?"

"At half-past five."

"And you get up—"

"At half-past four."

"Oh! We often finish our day just as you are beginning yours."

After dinner coffee was served on the terrace. The two ladies felt quite at home with Jean. They had heard in the village of his popularity, of his uprightness, and of his deeds of kindness. The curé began to sing his praises, but Jean gently stopped him. When they left the sisters went with them to the park gate, only a few yards from the vicarage. On their return Bettina turned to her sister and said: "Scold me well, Susie; I deserve it."

"Why?"

"You will say, I am sure, that I have been too familiar with that young man."

"No, I shall not, for from the first he has made a favorable impression on me. He inspires me with confidence."

"Why! He makes me feel just that way, too."

Jean talked so much to Paul de Lavardens of his visit that he was laughingly accused of being in love with one of the two sisters—Paul could not tell which. But he assured Jean that he was himself a candidate for the hand of Bettina and he begged to be taken at once to the castle. "Not till the twenty-fifth; they are to receive no one till then."

"But you have been there!"

"Oh, yes; I'm only Jean, the curé's godson—that is another matter." He had no fear then of falling in love; there was too much money in the house for a poor devil like him. Friendship was quite a different thing. On the twenty-fourth he and Bettina had a long talk. They were both, it appeared, the descendants of French peasants; his great-grandfather had been a

laborer at Bargecourt, while her mother's great-grandfather had been a Breton farmer, an emigrant to Canada. "That is why I love the people about here," said Jean. "When I retire on half pay—an old colonel perhaps—I shall come back here and live."

"All alone?"

"Why, I hope not."

"You intend to marry?"

"Yes, I hope so; one may think of that, though one ought not to try to be married."

"Indeed! but I am told the people have tried to marry you —one girl with two hundred thousand francs, another with three hundred thousand."

"How do you know that?"

"The curé told me; why did you refuse such fortunes?"

"Well, I went to see the young ladies—they were charming, but I think it better not to marry than to marry without love."

"I think so, too," said Bettina.

The two young people looked at each other, and suddenly, to the great surprise of both, they found nothing more to say—nothing at all.

The weeks passed; Longueval was crowded with visitors; the time came for Jean's artillery practise—ten days on the road and ten in camp. He saw the day approach with terror and at the same time with impatience—terror, for how could he pass twenty days without Bettina? impatience, for he is suffering martyrdom and longs to escape. He adores Bettina and her every word and action show him that she cares. But how can he yield—he, the penniless soldier? It is his duty to fight against love, to run away from it, if need be.

"If I had courage enough," he said to himself, "I would not see her again." Yet he could not resist accepting her invitation to spend his last evening at Longueval. "And so you are going away!" she said.

"Yes; early to-morrow."

"I am so sorry; I should have liked to bid you good-by from the terrace." She held his hand for a moment.

He drew it away. "I must go to speak to your sister," said he. She followed him with her eyes.

A little later Paul de Lavardens asked her to dance. "I believe I have promised this to Monsieur Jean," she replied. Then she walked toward Jean. "I have told a story," she said. "I told Monsieur de Lavardens that this was your dance; you would like it, wouldn't you?"

To hold her in his arms; to breathe the perfume of her hair! But he could not. "I am not well," he faltered; "I must go home."

"Oh, Monsieur Jean, let us send you in the carriage; it is raining already."

"No; pray, no; the open air will revive me!" At last he was away; he did not even take her hand. "If I but touch it," he thought, "my secret will escape me."

His secret! She had read his heart like a book!

That night she went to her sister's room to confess. "I love him, dear Susie," she said, "and I know that he loves me for myself; not for my horrid money."

"Are you sure, dear?"

"Yes, for he will not speak; he regards the money as an obstacle—not as an attraction."

"You might have been a marchioness."

"Oh, yes, but I should rather be plain Madame Reynaud, because I love him. Now let me make a proposal. Jean is going away; I shall not see him for three weeks. At the end of that time may I go to him and ask him if he will have me for his wife? Tell me, Susie, may I?"

Her sister could not but consent.

The next morning she was seized with a wild desire to see him off. It was raining, but she made her way through the woods to the terrace that overlooked the road, and there, her umbrella lost, one of her slippers gone, her dress torn with briers and her hands bleeding from thorns, she stood, while a deluge of rain descended on her head, and waved to the regiment as it passed. Jean turned in his saddle and gazed at her as long as he could. "Ah," she thought, "that should make him understand that I love him!"

Before the day of Jean's return, Mr. Scott was with them. The first thing he did was to ask: "Well, when is the wedding to be?"

"Why, who is to be married?"

"You and Monsieur Jean Reynaud."

"Ah, Susie has been writing to you."

"Not at all; she has not said a word; your own letters have betrayed you. There is nothing in them but Jean. Now, when am I to greet him as my brother-in-law?"

Bettina grew serious. "Soon, I hope," she replied. Then she turned to Mrs. Scott. "Susie," she said, "I can still say that I love him. Remember your promise!" Susie and her husband approved her plan and bade her Godspeed. "Ah," she said; "all is well, provided Monsieur Jean Reynaud will agree —but that is by no means certain."

The regiment entered the village with a burst of martial music. The children ran up to tell how they had seen Jean. He was white with dust, they said, but had bidden them good morning.

Jean had made up his mind that he could not see Bettina again. He wrote to decline her invitation to dinner, which he found awaiting him, and decided to go at once to Paris and ask for an exchange into another regiment. When he told the curé of this decision, the old man was much distressed, and begged him to stay. "Wait a little, until the good God calls me; do not go now."

"You know I love you," returned Jean, "but this is the call of honor."

"If that is so, go. I will ask you no questions."

"Yes! you shall know; it is better. You will go to the castle; you will see her!"

"Whom?"

"Bettina; I adore her!"

"My poor boy!—but stay, I am sure she loves you; she talks of you all day, asking a thousand questions. Many little things occur to me; yes, my boy, she loves you!"

"I believe that she does."

"You, too! then how—why—"

"That is just what forces me to go; if I thought my love was not returned, I might stay."

The good curé seemed quite puzzled. "But if you love her and she loves you?"

"Her money! her money!"

"But you love her in spite of her money; not because of it!"

"Yes, I know that, but to have a good opinion of oneself is not enough; that opinion must be shared by others. Besides, she needs a husband who would devote himself entirely to her; I am a soldier, and must remain one. Could I condemn her to the life of a soldier's wife?"

While the Abbé strove to convince him, there was a knock. The curé opened the door and saw—Bettina! She went straight to Jean and took him by both hands. "I must go to him first," she said, "for when he left me, three weeks ago, he was suffering!" Jean was powerless to utter a word. "And now I must confess to you, Monsieur l'Abbé. No, do not go, Jean, I will confess publicly. First I must tell you that I am here with the consent of my sister and my brother-in-law. What I am going to say I intended to say this evening, in the park; but you have declined our invitation and so I come here to say it to Monsieur le Curé."

"I will listen to you, Miss Percival," stammered the Abbé. And so it was to the Abbé Constantin that she confessed her love for Jean and her determination to marry someone who loved her not for her wealth alone. Then turning to Jean, who acknowledged in a low tone that he loved her, she assured him that she knew his love for his career, and that she should not think of asking him to give it up.

"And now, Monsieur le Curé," she concluded, "it is to you I speak. Tell me: should he not agree to be my husband?"

"Jean," said the old priest gravely, "marry her. It is your duty and will be your happiness!"

Jean took Bettina in his arms, but she gently freed herself and said: "Now, Monsieur l'Abbé, one thing more. I wish—I wish—"

"You wish—"

"Pray, Monsieur le Curé, embrace me too."

The old priest kissed her paternally on both cheeks.

MADEMOISELLE DUVAL (1880)

This little story, at once a photograph-like study of the wealthy, respectable *bourgeois* class, and an analysis of a girl's maiden fancies, has long been a high favorite among youthful readers.

March 10, 1884, 2 A.M.

"WELL, what do you think of him?" was the first question mamma asked me, as we drove from a ball at the Martin-Bouchards', where all the notabilities of the smelting and calico-printing world had gathered. Though I pretended not to know whom she meant, I did know, of course; it was the red-haired youth who had divided his attentions between mamma and myself, from ten in the evening until one in the morning. They always enrage me, these youths who are so wonderfully attentive to mamma. Therefore I could not restrain my impatience when she proceeded, with the greatest enthusiasm, to give me the history of this particular young man and his family. I replied: "He is an engineer, then; never, mamma, never! I have already refused seven or eight of them, all graduates either of the *Ecole Centrale* or the *Polytechnique*, all handsome as possible, all marvels of merit; and if any more present themselves I shall refuse them without even taking the trouble to look at them."

After this tirade mamma and I wept in each other's arms. She is so good, my dear mamma! If it were not for this craze of marrying me to an engineer she would be simply perfect. I am beginning to feel discouraged. I cannot escape from my destiny. I foresee that I shall be forced to succumb at last to one of these wonderful graduates.

March 11th.

Mamma is soft-hearted toward all those scientific young persons who are pursuing me, because my brother—a lazy little

wretch whom I adore!—won't work, and refuses to take any interest in the manufacture and sale of paper. Octave is now twenty-three years old; and for nineteen of these years he has been the despair of papa and mamma. So while Octave devotes himself to making papa's money fly, and will have nothing to do with the paper-works in Angoulême or the mills at Besançon, why, I must sacrifice myself. It is not I that am to be married, but the business! Who bids for the great Duval paper-mills—with Mademoiselle Duval thrown in? And I must, I suppose, like a good, obedient, stupid child, accept with my eyes closed the first man that comes along who knows how to work our machinery and run our mills. But no, a thousand times no! Octave continues to amuse himself, and why should not I?

March 12th.

I wonder how much money papa is worth? What is my dowry to be? That is what I should like to know, but how can I ask mamma such a question? When I was a little girl papa and mamma often made financial calculations before me, but since I have grown up no such remarks have been made in my presence, for fear of giving me extravagant ideas. Poor mamma! If she only knew how long I have had such ideas! I always have loved to create a sensation, and fine clothes are my greatest passion. I hate to see people better dressed than myself, and mamma will insist on keeping Madame Saillard as our modiste, just because she made her wedding-gown. The marriage of papa and mamma was very romantic; it was entirely for love. They have been perfectly happy, and would be still more so if they did not happen to have a son who was too fond of pleasure and a daughter who was not sufficiently fond of engineers.

Papa lives only for the business, and mamma lives for him. But how does it happen that Octave and I are so different from papa and mamma? Papa so fond of work, and Octave of pleasure! Mamma so quiet and tranquil, I so nervous, so easily agitated!

March 22d.

Every morning, after papa is through with the newspapers, he throws them into the waste-basket, but I rummage when he

is gone and read with avidity everything concerning Paris, the real Paris, which begins in the neighborhood of the Opéra and ends near the Arc de l'Etoile—what a distance from us! I devour articles headed "High Life," "In the Social World," "What is Going On in Society," etc.; all the accounts of weddings, balls, first nights, and charity bazaars. In these columns I follow the daily doings of society women and actresses, and read about their frocks and their dressmakers. It seems as if I entered an enchanted world where all is pleasure and gaiety. One dream fills my mind: that I may some day join these brilliant ranks of conspicuous women—Catherine Duval, metamorphosed into the Marchioness of this or the Countess of that!

March 24th.

Next to making a match with an engineer, mamma would like to have me marry a poor, industrious clerk—provided I loved him. Mamma is sentimental—is really a saint, but I am only a frivolous young Parisienne of 1884. The life mamma prefers cannot tempt me. Her way is always to be up before anyone else in the house, to trot for three hours, armed with a large bunch of keys, from garret to cellar to see that everything is in order; she arranges the great linen-closets, whose snowy piles breathe a delicious odor of lavender and orris; she wages a relentless war upon any grains of dust that may chance to light upon her beloved mahogany furniture—in short, she enjoys the little economies and activities of housekeeping!

March 27th.

Octave is in great spirits, for he has been made a member of the Green Peas, a very smart club, which has one hundred and sixty-two members, one hundred and forty of whom are titled. Among many marquises, counts, and barons, one duke and two princes are enrolled there. Playing bézique with remarkable skill, against a young noble, made Octave one of the Green Peas!

March 29th.

While breakfasting together this morning—papa, mamma, and I—a letter, announcing the marriage of Léonie Bernardel to Count Roger de Maumusson, was opened. Léonie Ber-

nardel, an ugly, red-haired, snub-nosed little thing, to be a countess!

I could not restrain a slight exclamation.

"What is it?" asked mamma.

"Just read this," I said.

Mamma read it and she also exclaimed: "Those Bernardels are very foolish."

"They certainly are," added papa, having read in his turn.

Whereupon a long discourse from mamma ensued: nothing more absurd than those marriages; they never turned out well; a girl ought to marry in her own set, and so on. Papa assented with a nod. I kept on buttering my bread with perfect equanimity. Mamma glanced at me several times while speaking, and I could see she was trying to read my face.

April 2d.

Another candidate for my hand, with mamma his ambassador at half-past seven this morning. This time it was not an engineer, but—according to her—such a lawyer! The pearl of his profession; young, only thirty-one. It was at church that he first had the happiness of seeing me. The name of this piece of perfection is Mouillard. Despite mamma's long harangue on her latest choice, whose youth had been absolutely estimable and irreproachable, I refused to listen to her plea, and threatened to go into a convent rather than become united to this suitor.

"A convent!"

"Yes; a convent. Sooner than be called Madame Mouillard, my choice would soon be made between that and a convent."

Mamma had the greatest difficulty in pacifying me, but I gained my point after all. He is *not* to be encouraged.

April 3d.

A report in the morning paper of a ball given by the Marquise de Massy-Pressac describes all the beauty of that aristocratic occasion. It witnessed the entrée of "one of the prettiest and most brilliant of the débutantes of Parisian society." The article descanted on the various charms of the girls present, and I could not help saying to myself: "And I, too, have a pair of charming shoulders, and if I could show them I am sure the

reporters would find them fully as worthy of a place in their items."

But mamma is opposed to low dress for girls. Last night I was dragged to a ball at the Poupinels' house, and it was mortally stupid. Silly young fellows, who looked at me with round eyes, all said the same thing: "Mademoiselle, you are the queen of the ball." That is small distinction at such a tedious festivity. We never shall get away from this tiresome Le Marais, I fear.

April 5th.

"Now, Catherine, a little Mozart"—this is what mamma says every evening at about half-past eight. Meekly I go to the piano and begin playing mechanically, while mamma works at her everlasting embroidery, and papa reads in his easy-chair. This is a sample of our evenings. They delight in these domestic joys, but I am bored to death. After drumming out the old-fashioned music to-night, I walked in the garden, though mamma protested that I should take cold. There I could hear the noise of the machinery in the mills not far away, and through the windows I could see some of the men at work.

"It is for me," I said, "that that machinery goes at such rate; for me that the workmen pass the night at the furnaces; for me that similar machinery is going at a similar speed in our factories in Angoulême; and for me that sundry waterfalls on the Doubs turn a dozen or more mills—for me, that I may be rich, very rich." Yet not for me alone do so many people work so hard; it is also for a little blonde called Pauline Verdier, who plays in comedy at the Palais Royal. I saw her to-day for the first time, in a charming little coupé, and at her side sat my brother, gay, radiant, and triumphant. No doubt she exhibits marvelous toilets on the stage, which are paid for by papa's workmen and machines.

April 8th.

Two columns of fine print were not enough for the enumeration of the marvels of a trousseau described minutely in this morning's newspapers. There was also an account of a *fête* given for charity. When I compare this with mamma's charities for the benefit of apprentices connected with the business! And the subscription ball, too, where we see all the frumps of

Le Marais! Of course I attend this function, clothed in virginal white and surrounded by a staff of mamma's favorite engineers.

This brilliant collection has lately had a notable addition in the form of a young chemist, who is going to help papa make more money. He has invented for the rotting or the discoloration of rags—I forget which—a certain solution which, it appears, is something absolutely exquisite. But the ingenious Monsieur Caffin does not interest me, though from morning until night my ears ring with the praises of this individual. He looks at me with admiring eyes, but he cannot cause me the slightest emotion. It seems to me that he would be sufficiently good-looking if he were not so aggressively healthy. He ought to invent some solution for his own discoloration.

April 11th.

I was just putting the finishing touch to my toilet before dinner when someone knocked at my door.

"Who is it?"

"I—Octave."

"In two minutes I shall have finished."

"Hurry! I must speak to you before dinner."

A few minutes later my brother entered in a state of great excitement.

"Oh, if you only knew—"

"What?"

"The most delightful and most unexpected piece of news!"

"What? Tell me at once; I am dying of curiosity."

"We are going to leave this frightful part of town and going to live—guess where?"

"I never can guess. Where?"

"In a handsome house in the Rue de Monceau, with a big garden on the park."

"Who told you? Papa or mamma?"

"Neither; see here."

He showed me a list of sales of real estate, wherein it appeared that papa had paid the sum of twelve hundred thousand francs for this house, with its garden, hot-houses, and stables. Papa has made a great deal of money this year, owing to the use

of the new wood pulp, and I feel convinced that he has bought this place to surprise me on my birthday, which falls this month. Rushing downstairs, I plunged into papa's study and threw my arms around his neck and showered kisses upon him. I also deluged mamma with the same delirious gratitude. Alas for my hopes! Papa had bought the house only as an investment. It held a tenant whose lease was good for six years. As I cry very easily, I burst into tears. Papa tried to console me by saying that I might have anything else I wanted for my birthday. Dinner was a melancholy affair. Octave soon excused himself and went out. I know he went to the Palais Royal to see Mademoiselle Verdier in a new piece. As for me, I remained at home, only to hear the inevitable "Catherine, give us a little Mozart."

April 12th.

While glancing over the *Figaro* this morning my eye chanced upon an advertisement worded as follows:

"Situation wanted, by a first-class lady's maid; excellent dressmaker. Six years' reference from one of the best families in Paris. Address F. M., 42 Ave. des Champs Elysées."

By referring to *Bottin* I found that that is the residence of the Marquis de Diégo-Brandés. Oh, if I could only have this first-class lady's maid! What if I were to ask this of papa for my birthday treat? I will, but I can fancy mamma's horror at the very idea of a maid who advertises in a paper and who has lived with a marchioness. Nevertheless, I posted a little note asking Mademoiselle F. M. to come here.

April 15th.

She came yesterday—and she came, she saw, she conquered. At first she seemed too desirable to wish to come here, because she had worked for four years with Worth, besides her experience with Madame la Marquise! But when I learned all this, I rushed into papa's study, and won him over to my whim. Mamma was not at home, so I could make him do anything. However, mamma was to have the privilege of making full inquiries. This she did, and was obliged to admit that everything was entirely satisfactory, so next Monday she comes to me. Her name is Félicie.

April 16th.

A serious conversation this morning with Octave brought out our two respective needs: an increase of allowance for him, and a titled husband for me. Octave thought that the fact that papa would give me a big dowry—at least three millions—would enable him, in turn, to demand a hundred thousand a year. We consulted the catalogue of Octave's club, and considered suitable husbands, but most of them seemed undesirable. Said Octave: "Usually those that are charming are not young, and those that are young are not charming." He mentioned one duke in particular, but I was aghast at his extravagance. I want an honorable, sensible, dignified man, poor through no fault of his own, belonging to a good old family that has been overcome by misfortune, not by bézique. I explained this to Octave, who told me that I ought to retain free possession of my fortune anyway. In spite of his youthful follies, Octave is really a very good adviser.

April 20th.

I possess a perfect witch in Félicie. With one stroke of her wand she has made a different being of me. I knew I was pretty and had a good figure, but I never suspected to what heights I might rise. Of course mamma insisted on white muslin for evening gowns, which were to be cut away a little in the neck—just a very little—but while Félicie listened respectfully, without making any remarks, she went to work much in her own way. Her style did wonders with the simple white muslin, and she took the liberty of making the neck a little more open than the specifications warranted. The result was admirable. I made quite a sensation when I appeared among our guests, with my dress enveloping me like a cloud, and my hair arranged according to Félicie's exquisite taste.

Mamma was not altogether pleased, I could see that; but papa was enchanted. He thought me charming, and felt proud of being the father of such a daughter. As for the engineers, their eyes were fairly starting from their heads.

But Octave's approval was what I valued most, for he is a connoisseur in such matters. All he said to me was, "You are simply marvelous," but it was enough. Oh, for some place suitable for this marvel to shine in!

May 5th.

Mamma has given in and has ceased to struggle. She is vanquished, overcome. I now wear the gowns and hats that suit me, and Félicie has permission to make for me what she considers becoming. Papa is on my side, so each day I come out in something more audaciously elegant, much to his delight.

As I am now fit to be seen, Octave took me to the opening of the Circus in the Champs Elysées. I made a sensation, and attracted the constant attention of Prince Romanelli, who hardly took his opera-glasses off me. This Italian prince is one of the two in the Green Peas' catalogue. Octave talked with him during the *entr' acte*, and discovered the hit I had made. When we left, the Prince and his friends were in the corridor. The murmurs of admiration I heard as I passed went straight to my heart.

He is not a very young man, Prince Romanelli—nearer forty than thirty, I should say—but handsome and dignified. I said to Octave, "Is he married, this Prince of yours?"

"I am sure I don't know. What questions you ask!" And then we both began to laugh.

May 6th.

Octave is radiantly proud of me, for when he went to the club last night he was congratulated at having such a pretty sister. So I am popular among the Green Peas. The Prince was particularly enthusiastic. He became friendly—almost affectionate—with Octave.

May 7th.

Our evening at the Circus has certainly borne fruit. Mamma received to-day a most unexpected visit from a certain Marquise de Rutly, whom we hardly know. She came to ask whether I might help her at her stall at a bazaar which is to take place next week at a house in the Faubourg St. Germain. It is to be an elegant and exclusive affair. The Marquise delicately said that my beauty ought to be lent to help the poor! Mamma tried to resist, but I found some graceful phrase with which to thank Madame de Rutly. Everything was finally arranged just as I wanted it. Next Thursday and Friday, from four to seven, I shall sell roses and lilacs at Madame de Rutly's stall.

May 12th.

The first day of the bazaar is over. My success has been unparalleled. I sold as many roses as I could dispose of at five francs apiece, while my seven girl companions retired into insignificance. I sold one rose for a hundred francs, and to whom but Prince Romanelli! His tact was charming. Mamma's face was a study. After his departure I explained to her where I had seen the Prince. It is great fun to say "Prince," and it would be still greater fun to have someone say "Princess!"

May 13th.

Second day of the sale. He came again, as I knew he would, and walked straight up to me: "May I beg for another rose?" I chose one for him with the greatest care, for which he again gave me a hundred francs, with one or two gallant remarks. The other girls were furious, and I overheard them talking. They said that he was absolutely ruined—this nephew of Madame de Rutly. Her nephew! How much there may be in one word! Now I understand her praise of the virtuous Prince. The little paper-manufacturer begins to see daylight in all this.

May 14th.

Still more light! A coronet is at my disposition if I want it. Mamma has no suspicion of my romance. Octave is my confidant, and he has learned that, while the Prince belongs to one of the old Venetian families, he is poor—not absolutely ruined, but he must marry a rich woman. Furthermore, he has had golden chances in the past, but has refused them because of praiseworthy scruples. He has always insisted upon three things: first, a pretty wife; second, plenty of money with her; third, the money must have been honorably acquired. Now the Prince has found in me everything requisite. But I want to know all about his past life. I do not wish to pay too dearly for my title. I have begged Octave to learn everything he can about the Prince at the club. . . . When I was little I had a German nurse who taught me this proverb: "It is God who sends the nuts, but He does not crack them."

May 15th.

A perfect flood of information! Yesterday evening Octave succeeded in introducing the subject of the Prince into the chat

at the club. The total result of various opinions was highly satisfactory. Prince Romanelli has been one of the best fellows going, and has helped his sisters with their dowries. If this marriage comes off I shall be first, Princess Romanelli; second, sister-in-law to the Duchesse de San Severino; third, sister-in-law of the Marquise de Rochemaure; and fourth, niece of a cardinal.

Niece of a cardinal! I was delighted to hear of the Cardinal on mamma's account. Yes, my uncle the Cardinal may be very useful to us.

May 18th.

But now, how and where am I to meet him? Madame de Rutly has invited us to her house, but mamma stays at home nearly every evening. I must have some talk with this charming Prince, who dropped from the clouds that night at the Circus.

May 19th.

Octave and I have racked our brains how to bring about the necessary interview. At length he thought of a splendid scheme. He would bring the Prince to our annual ball of the Apprentices' Society. Though the idea seemed insane to me, Octave was confident. "He is quite mad about you," he declared.

"Well," I replied laughing, "if he is as bad as all that, try to bring him to the ball to-morrow night."

May 22d.

He did bring him, and the noble scion of the Romanellis paid all attention to me. My flock of engineers hardly got a dance. He talked to papa about his wood-pulp. Papa was charmed. The tact of the Prince was wonderful. Before the evening was over he had told me many interesting things about his ancient family. There had been a real saint in the family during the fifteenth century. That will please mamma. He hinted that the uncle Cardinal might one day be Pope. Goodness! to think of what may happen! I, Catherine Duval, daughter of a paper-manufacturer, may be the niece of the Pope! Another good thing for mamma.

Our being together the whole evening had agitated poor

mamma, who, at the first opportunity, demanded an explanation. She could hardly credit her senses when I told her the state of affairs, for I declared that we loved each other.

"A prince! Your father will never listen to such a thing—with his Liberal views."

"Oh, I will settle papa's Liberal views. Let *me* explain the thing to him, and he will give his consent in five minutes."

May 23d.

It will be hard, but I shall accomplish it. Octave must have *our* uncle, the Cardinal, send some little message to mamma. I have had long talks with papa. Our meals are tragical. I have succeeded in looking wan and wretched. I am absent-minded. I don't eat anything. Félicie, however, brings me food on the quiet.

May 28th.

Poor mamma! Poor papa! It is terrible to have to make them suffer so! My tears, and perhaps the message from the Cardinal, moved papa. He cried: "Give the child her Prince!"

June 3d.

Everything is settled! Papa gives me two millions outright, and allows me besides an income of a hundred thousand francs a year. Octave has behaved splendidly: he has asked nothing for himself as yet; that might complicate matters.

June 15th.

This morning mamma showed me the paragraph in the Paris newspapers announcing my wedding. My eyes were actually dazzled. My name is in a newspaper at last!

June 18th.

The funniest thing about all this is that I am actually beginning to fall in love with him. As to him, he adores me, which is only his obvious duty.

June 24th.

The wedding is to come off two weeks from to-morrow, and we are to be married by a bishop! Another one of my dreams!

July 8th.

It is done! I am his wife legally, but the church ceremony is set for to-morrow. My gown is a marvel. This is my last evening at Le Marais. I bade good-by to the old garden, and, a thrill of tenderness coming over me for the brave fellows in the mills, I emptied the contents of my *portemonnaie* into one great black paw, in honor of my marriage. The money was divided among those workers. Yes, my friends, work, and rest assured that henceforth the money that you gain will be spent to some purpose.

PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON

(England, 1834–1894)

WENDERHOLME (1869)

This is one of the few attempts at fiction made by this painter, etcher, art critic, and essayist. It was originally much longer—expanded into three volumes at the instance of the publisher, who advised the author that only in that form had fiction any commercial chance in England at that time. After it had had its run there, Hamerton greatly abridged it, as he thought to its artistic betterment, and it was brought out in America in 1890. In his preface, the author, while claiming local truth for his portraiture of people and customs, denies that any of the characters were drawn from actual originals; yet when it is recalled that as a motherless boy he lived with an intemperate father, and that his home was near Shaw, in Lancashire, the reader inevitably refers his depiction of the inebriety of "Shayton, in Lancashire," and the orphaned "little Jacob" under the lash of his drink-crazed father, to childish experiences or possibilities, and infers the verisimilitude of other characters and events in the tale.

EAR the manufacturing village of Shayton, in Lancashire, lived Isaac Ogden. He was a widower, retired from cotton-spinning to live at Twistle Farm, in the hill country, with his only son, nine years of age, named Jacob. As Isaac's wealthy cotton-spinning brother Jacob lived at Milend, with Mrs. Ogden, their mother, he became "Uncle Jacob," and the boy was "little Jacob." Without schooling, taught by his father, the lad read English well, wrote a good hand, and, being supplied with books by Dr. Bardly, the medical man of Shayton, who was fond of Isaac and the boy, had cultivated an appetite for reading. Uncle Jacob, being unmarried, regarded the little man as his heir, set him at "arethmetic," and grounded him in the elements of the science of getting rich.

Mrs. Ogden was a woman of sixty, strong of body and mind, a notable cook and housekeeper, and a rigid ruler of her son Jacob, whose will ruled the rest of the community. When little

Jacob made his welcome visits to her, the table was crowded with goodies, including decanters of port and sherry, and home-made sparkling elder-flower wine, which the grandmother freely pressed upon him, while mourning his father's bad habit of drinking. For Isaac Ogden, being lonely, had a way of meeting and drinking with jovial companions at the Red Lion, and was becoming intemperate—a special weakness in Shayton.

Mrs. Ogden wished to promote acquaintance between Isaac and Mr. Prigley, the vicar, to the betterment of her son's habits; since Mr. Prigley, a refined and intellectual man, was in a poor parish and lived in genteel poverty, his pride keeping him from the well-to-do, while Isaac rarely went to church, and, when not drinking, preferred the shrewd company of Dr. Bardly, who never went to church and was regarded as a heretic. Mrs. Prigley had been a Miss Stanburne, a branch of the Stanburnes of Wenderholme, her father and the grandfather of Colonel Stanburne having been brothers, who had fallen out over some land dispute. So that, although connected with the most aristocratic family in the county, she never knew them, but drudged on in poverty. The vicarage carpets, now beyond her further repair, were full of holes; and, while the Prigleys had resolved to live without carpets, the ragged coverings were still on the floor when Mrs. Ogden called, with little Jacob. On entering, she caught her foot in a hole, and fell on her face. This made great commotion: Dr. Bardly was summoned, and Isaac and Jacob soon appeared, so that when Mrs. Ogden recovered there was quite a party assembled, whom the Prigleys begged to remain to tea. Thus was Mrs. Ogden's wish for closer acquaintance gratified: Mrs. Prigley displayed her few pieces of old Stanburne silver, which brought the family relationship into discussion; Isaac invited Mr. Prigley to come to Twistle Farm and see his pond for summer bathing, spring sailing, and winter skating; and the affair passed with profit and pleasure.

About a month later, in December, little Jacob was alone with his father at Twistle Farm. Isaac had been warned about his habits by Dr. Bardly, and had banished spirits from the Farm—although he kept ale and wine on hand. One night, feeling dull while trying to read Macaulay's *History*, Isaac began with some port, reënforced that with sherry, got thirsty,

and "slekked" that with champagne; and, in brief, got drunk. Little Jacob and the servants were abed, and when Isaac rose to go, he missed the right door and plunged headlong down the cellar stairs. The little dog roused the household, and Isaac was carried to his room, not badly hurt, but very, very drunk.

After this resolution had been broken, Isaac drank at the Farm more and more. He compelled little Jacob to read to him, and drunkenly insisted that he read wrongly. One evening the argument—for the boy insisted that he was right—grew so high that the father took a heavy hunting-whip, and, getting crazier as he plied it, was fairly murdering the child, till his screams brought old Sarah, his nurse and the family factotum. She drove her nails into Ogden's wrist till he loosed little Jacob, who frantically ran out into the night.

For hours the frightened servants sought the boy; and at last Ogden himself, who really had a strong affection for him, being recovered from his excitement, took alarm and joined the search. The dogs followed the scent to the borders of a black bog, and there further trace was lost.

Day after day passed without news from little Jacob. In Shayton, at Milend, no one had seen him. Rewards were offered. The pond, the bog, the hills were searched, in vain: and Ogden had a bitter punishment of self-accusation, although his grim but tender-hearted mother tried to comfort him by saying that it was not he, but the drink, that did it. Dr. Bardly had been away several days, at Wenderholme, with Colonel John Stanburne, and on his return spent much time with Isaac, whom he invited to stay with him a few weeks. Isaac resolutely renounced all intoxicants in sign of his repentance. The newspapers made much of the affair, and the people were ready to mob Ogden; but the excitement died out, Isaac returned to the farm, and the world to its occupations. Old Sarah, however, clad herself in deep black.

Dr. Bardly had gone to Sootythorn, a neighboring town, which Colonel Stanburne, who had just taken command of a newly formed militia regiment, had selected as headquarters, and where the doctor was to examine the men enlisted. He drove with the Colonel to Wenderholme—a fine old Elizabethan mansion, which had been grievously modernized by the Colonel's

grandfather, its oak carvings, mullioned windows, antique furniture, tapestries, and other original adornments removed for modern commonplaces—and there met the Colonel's wife, the Lady Helena, to whom he made himself agreeable.

That night, as he and the Colonel sat smoking, the dogs began to bark, and they went out to investigate, when they found little Jacob—his feet bare, bloody, and icy cold, his clothes wet up to his waist, his little dog with him. They took him in, warmed, bathed, and fed him, and, secreting him from the servants, Lady Helena put him to bed; her little daughter Edith was sleeping in her own room.

The doctor, after twenty-four hours of rest, took Jacob and his little dog to a safe and secret place. He confided this to Mrs. Ogden and Uncle Jacob, who agreed that the painful discipline was the only hope for reclaiming Isaac; although the father's bitter self-reproaches on Christmas Eve—some weeks later—were too much for the mother, and she told Isaac of the lad's safety.

Dr. Bardly went for little Jacob; and the next morning, on his pony, the boy rode up with the repentant and rejoicing father to Twistle Farm.

Dr. Bardly often went to Wenderholme, although he never quite dared to invite the Colonel to visit him. Finally that genial gentleman invited himself, and dined and drank and smoked with the doctor in utmost informality, before going with him to make the acquaintance of his new-found cousins, the Prigleys. The Colonel made a delightful impression, inviting them to visit the family headquarters at Wenderholme, and talking architecture with the vicar.

Uncle Jacob, after Isaac had retired from the business with ten thousand pounds, had accumulated much and spent little, until he felt the ambition to "lay down a new mill." Jacob told his mother of his great scheme, making her happy by borrowing four thousand pounds of her for the mill, which to him was a far more glorious erection than any cathedral.

The time for the militia gathering approached, and Isaac Ogden had accepted a lieutenancy. Colonel Stanburne one morning drove about twenty-five miles to Stanithburn Peel, to induce a distant cousin, Philip Stanburne, to take a captaincy in

his regiment. Philip was a Catholic, the last representative of the elder branch of the Stanburnes, with a small yet picturesque estate. The men had never met. After the death of his parents, Philip had lived practically alone in the Tower, or Peel, of Stanithburn. John Stanburne's kindly nature was winning, and he readily persuaded his young cousin to join him.

It was not many days thereafter that the new organization was gathered at Sootythorn, and Philip met some of the officers at the Thorn Inn. Lingering behind as they all went up to headquarters for the muster, he stopped at a bookseller's to buy a pocketbook. There he heard a sweet voice saying:

"Papa wishes to know if you have Mr. Blunting's *Sermons on Popery*." The bookseller hadn't it—it had been in demand —but he would get more. Would she order it? Yes, she would, and gave her father's name. Philip turned to see the owner of the agreeable voice; she dropped her glove in going out, and he presented it: "Is this your glove, Miss—Miss Stedman?" Philip's handsome face, his uniform, and his courtesy impressed her, as she blushingly thanked him; and Alice Stedman's cheap little thread glove became to him a memory for years.

It was a toilsome day, that of organization, and in the afternoon one company—Captain Stanburne's—had to go to Whittlecup, a village about six miles away, for quarters, as the drilling and general training were to be a six-weeks' affair. After their dusty march the men got liquor and became quarrelsome; and the Captain, trying to compose matters, was struck on the head with a board. He was not killed, although severely hurt, and his duties devolved upon Mr. Isaac Ogden. When the wounded man was well enough to accept the invitation of Mr. Anison, an intelligent manufacturer, to be removed to his house, Arkwright Lodge, Isaac had nothing to interest him in the evenings, fell in with an old tavern comrade of Shayton, and one night drank himself drunk again. Dr. Bardly went to Milend, and brought his mother to look after him. She came, with little Jacob, and took Isaac to other lodgings in town.

Philip rapidly recovered, and one Sunday Mrs. Anison invited the Ogdens, Mr. Stedman, and Alice to dine at Arkwright Lodge. Philip, sitting next to Alice, fell into a longing for the

fair girl, who was as much charmed with him: yet he was a gentleman and a Papist; she, the daughter of a stern-set Protestant—and a calico-printer at that. It was perplexing. Miss Margaret Anison—or Madge, as they called her—seemed to discover the state of things even before either of the principals; but they gradually awaked to the same perceptions.

Colonel Stanburne was a hospitable man, and often asked several of his officers to dine at Wenderholme; and, as it was twenty miles away, he sent to London for a four-in-hand coach and took his four horses for it. Hitherto he had driven two horses tandem, and the other two were for Lady Helena's carriage. That lady had a power of reticence that often served her as an effective expression of opinion; and in former times, when the Colonel had wished for a four-in-hand, she had simply said nothing, but he knew. When the coach came, she had been away; and, on her return, all the horses being in the coach, she was not met at the station by her carriage, but by the pony-basket, with seats for two, and no place for luggage. She made no complaint, although she had been wet through by a shower on the way home, but John Stanburne knew he was wrong.

He thought it over to himself in church next day, grumbled, as he had often done, at Lady Helena's expensive dress and jewelry, the trips to London in "the season," which she delighted in and he hated; the winter expedition to Brighton, which he despised; and various matters which had been gradually creating a division of interests between him and his wife. The Colonel concluded, however, to get another pair of horses for his coach, and leave Lady Helena her own carriage. At last the great day arrived for the presentation of colors. Wenderholme was brilliant with guests: the officers dined in the great hall, and the men in tents erected for the purpose. Lady Helena was quite equal to the occasion, and all the arrangements were perfect. There were many persons of rank present, including the Earl of Adisham, Lady Helena's august papa, and his Grace the Duke of Ingleborough—a simple, modest gentleman, an excellent manager of his estates, a Greek scholar, and a man of architectural and decorative lore. The Duke admired the old hall, but expressed regret that the noble carvings had been painted, and so much modernizing done to the whole man-

sion. After the dinner there were fireworks on a splendid scale before the house, which was itself brilliantly illuminated. And while the company were out on the lawn, the regimental band provided music for dancing.

The *fête* was at its height when Philip Stanburne suddenly saw that Wenderholme Hall was on fire. He excitedly asked the Colonel, "Where is Edith—your daughter—little Edith?" and told him of the fire. They rushed into the house, the alarm having become general, and, after trying several stairways, found it impossible to reach Edith's room, in the part already burning. With sinking hearts they fell back; the child must have perished. The Colonel was frantic. He rushed to the drawing-room, seized little Edith's portrait and ran with it to the cottage in the park, where his old mother was living, resolved that that at least should be saved—when he found the little girl peacefully sleeping in her grandmother's bed. After that he cared little that the brave old walls were all that was left of his great house.

Jacob Ogden had started for Wenderholme, but the news of the fire stayed him, and he went to Whittlecup for his mother. Calling at Arkwright Lodge to see Mr. Anison, his interest in Miss Madge kept him there three days, and when he went home he wrote her a businesslike letter, proposing marriage. Margaret was clever: she saw that Philip Stanburne was in love with Alice Stedman, but until they were married she would not renounce hope for herself; so she accepted Jacob, but, to gain time, set him to building her a new house, which he zealously undertook.

Philip had been unhappy since the militia days were over. He was cut off from the society of Miss Stedman, and had never dared broach the "mixed marriage" to her father since a plain expression of that worthy man's views; but one day he went boldly to Chestnut Hill. He found Miss Stedman ill, unable to see him; but Mr. Stedman came in, greeted him courteously, and offered him a glass of wine. The father himself opened the conversation, referred to their attachment, and expressed his satisfaction with Philip in all respects save his religion, but told him that Alice was now so seriously ill that if Philip would agree not to marry for a year he might see her every day. He

himself was ready to quit business, and do anything that might restore his daughter's health.

This was joy for Philip; and he and Alice found much brief happiness, even on the journey to southern France, which the three took in hopes of restoring her health. But she slowly faded, and before long the stricken father and lover bore her tender body back to rest in England.

Two days after Miss Anison heard of Alice's death, she wrote a polite note to Mr. Jacob Ogden, expressing her regret that his neglect, the rarity of his visits, and coldness of his letters compelled her to put an end to the engagement between them. Jacob was angry, of course; humiliated; but after all he had a sense of relief, for he had got over his brief passion, and had determined to "go through with it" as a business contract undertaken. Still, he had spent £400 on the new house, and something on presents—though not a great deal. He did not much care for the jilt, but to have been cheated into wasting money was a torment. His attorneys wrote to Mr. Anison, giving him the choice of paying one thousand pounds damages or of having a breach of promise suit entered for a far heavier amount. Mr. Anison paid the amount demanded. The presents were returned, and Mr. Ogden exchanged them at the jeweler's for a watch for his fob and a brooch for his mother. He leveled the walls of the unfinished mansion, and found himself at last witha profit of four hundred and fifteen pounds, seven shillings, and twopence.

"Rather a good business, this courtin', for once," said Jacob; "but it's devilish risky. Nobody'll catch me at it again."

Little Jacob now began to occupy more place in his uncle's thoughts. The heir to great wealth must learn what was needed for a gentleman. So the boy was to study with Mr. Prigley, and, when fitted for it, go to Eton, where gentlefolk sent their lads, and all this at Jacob's expense. "After that," said Uncle Jacob, "we'll send him to Hoxford College."

But Colonel Stanburne had undertaken the rebuilding of Wenderholme, and wished the advice of Mr. Prigley for the interior fittings. Thus the vicar, accompanied by little Jacob under special invitation, visited Wenderholme Cottage, with the Colonel, old Mrs. Stanburne and little Edith. The "cottage" was really a commodious house with many rooms. Little Jacob

pleased the old lady, and she soon made him feel at home. He had lessons with Edith, and an intimacy rapidly established itself between the children.

The restorations of Wenderholme were soon enlarged in expense as well as beauty by the coming of the Colonel's friend, the Duke, who stayed at the cottage and entered enthusiastically into the work. Young Jacob put them on the track of some old carved panels, cornices, furniture, stained-glass windows, etc., stored in a neglected outhouse; these were utilized and gave models for endless new carvings. His Grace was delighted, and gave the boy a gold watch. And in a few months, when Jacob departed for Eton, Edith gave him a turquoise pin for a keepsake, the Colonel a five-pound note, and Mrs. Stanburne a warm invitation to come again.

The first training of Colonel Stanburne's regiment had been in May, 1853. Before that he had lived within his income; but from that time his expenses rapidly increased—by his horses, his hospitality, the bribing of Lady Helena with a new town house in Grosvenor Square, and above all by the restoration of Wenderholme, which had cost twenty-seven thousand pounds. It was now the year 1865, and the Colonel one day revealed to Lady Helena the condition of his estate. It had been diminished by one half years before. To employ the balance more productively, he had in 1856 largely invested in the new Sootythorn Bank, on the advice of Mr. Anison, who had put into it all he possessed. All these years the bank had paid handsomely; but a crisis in cotton had imperiled its loans, and the result was the bank's failure and his ruin.

Lady Helena was silent. She was pale and stern. For sixty intolerable seconds not one word escaped her.

"Helena, speak to me!" cried Stanburne.

She rose, and spoke.

"You have been very imprudent and very weak. You are not fit to have the management of your own affairs."

He had no reply to offer. He might have expected sympathy: he had received cold justice. He covered his face for some minutes, and then cried: "Helena, dear Helena!" There was no answer. He lifted his eyes. She had noiselessly departed.

The next day she left him, and went to her father, the Earl of Adisham, who continued her annual allowance of £600. The Colonel stayed at Wenderholme until the day of the sale.

Of the two Ogdens, Jacob with rough expressions told young Jacob, who had returned from college, that if he married that bankrupt's daughter, Edith, he must expect nothing from him. Isaac, remembering the Colonel's kindness to him, wrote a sympathetic letter and begged to offer him a loan, up to £1,000, if it would be of any service.

At the sale of Wenderholme the bidding—started at £30,000—gradually ran up to £50,000, and was knocked down to Jacob Ogden. Colonel Stanburne was warmly befriended by Mr. Stedman and Philip, between whom since Alice's death had grown up a strong attachment. He accepted their temporary hospitality but declined gratefully their offers of help, and quietly departed, they knew not whither. He accepted the Earl of Adisham's offer, on the part of Lady Helena, to share with him her £600 allowance, but had it paid to his mother and Edith. Mr. Anison, also ruined by the bank, sold his mill and his house, both bought at low figures by Jacob Ogden, who refused Mr. Anison's request for employment as superintendent of the mill: he had never forgiven the breach of promise. And that broken engagement had done Madge no good, either, for her too evident advances to the bereaved Philip had repelled rather than attracted him, and she was an embittered woman.

It was months before the Ogdens went to live at Wenderholme. Before then Jacob had had a road made over the hills between the mills and the mansion, shortening the distance. Young Jacob got up at five every morning, went to the mill, and divided his time between the counting-house, overlooking, and tours of inspection about the estate. His swift-going horse took him so rapidly that he secured considerable time for visiting Mrs. Stanburne and Edith; although there was no engagement there was a complete understanding. Learning of Jacob's visits to the cottage, the uncle wrote a brief note to Miss Stanburne, referring to them, and concluding: "Excuse me if I say that, if my nephew idles his time away at Wenderholme Cottage, *he will never be a rich man.*"

Edith resolved to sacrifice herself, rather than ruin Jacob. He boldly determined to cut loose from his uncle; and Dr. Bardly agreed to take him in training for a surgeon's life. But Edith, masking her feelings, declined to join him on that ground, and was so cool that he left her in desperation.

The taking possession of Wenderholme by the Ogdens was made an occasion of great public rejoicing and a grand festival for all the neighborhood of the trading class. But it was interrupted by Mr. Prigley, who said that old Mrs. Stanburne, who had been turned out of Wenderholme Cottage by Jacob Ogden, was dying at the vicarage. Mrs. Ogden was a hard woman with a generous heart. She instantly stopped the dancing and gaiety, and the assembly gradually dispersed; after which, strongly reproving Jacob for what he had done, she went to the vicarage, asserted that Jacob should beg pardon and that the family should return to the cottage; and she went thereafter, day by day, to sit by the invalid and cheer her back to health.

Young Jacob had had a reconciling explanation with Edith. The old lady slowly recovered. Lady Helena, who had been sent for, came promptly, and the affectionate Edith talked with her mother about the separation, telling how her father had been in France, teaching English at two francs a lesson, and barely supporting himself. The cool-hearted lady was touched with compassion and compunction, and when the Colonel arrived she drove, herself, in Mr. Prigley's pony carriage, at six in the morning, ten miles to the station to meet him, and they had an affecting reconciliation.

Young Jacob had been assiduous in attendance during Mrs. Stanburne's illness; and Mrs. Ogden, having determined to make amends for the eviction, as part of it outspokenly favored the marriage between the young folks—confirmed in the determination by a new admiration and affection for Edith herself. Young Jacob did not return to Milend, but to his father at Twistle Farm. Uncle Jacob, who more and more needed a young assistant, gave ever-increasing energy to his multifarious interests, although the doctor warned him of danger. One night came the crisis: his brain gave way, and he lapsed into a quiet, cunning, harmless madness, counting over and over the few pounds he had in his pocket.

Mrs. Ogden removed with him to her quiet Cream-Pot Farm, and there he dug in her garden, receiving a weekly stipend of a sovereign—the accumulation of which made his life a delight, while exercise preserved his health. Brother Isaac returned to the management of the mills, in partnership with his son Jacob. Mr. Stedman, dying, left his estate to Philip Stanburne, unless his friend should (as he had often expressed a wish to do) take orders in the Church of Rome; in which case the property should be divided between Colonel John Stanburne and Joseph Anison. Philip entered a French monastic order, so that John Stanburne's fortunes were again prosperous, and he and Lady Helena enjoyed them harmoniously. Young Jacob and Edith were married, and lived at Wenderholme, while they often visited Mrs. Ogden and the now simple-minded, happy Uncle Jacob.

The Colonel, Lady Helena, young Jacob, and Edith traveled on the Continent, and near Avallon in France visited the monastery of *La Pierre qui Vive.* The two men only were admitted. They found Philip plowing, with oxen, in the field. By permission, his votive silence was broken, and they had an affecting interview with the monk—who afterward did long penance for his pang of regret for the free English life, for Stanithburn, and for the lost Alice.

WILLIAM NATHANIEL HARBEN

(United States, 1858)

ABNER DANIEL (1902)

This is a quiet study of certain types of North Georgian character. The story concerns itself mainly with the land speculations of the farmer, Alfred Bishop; but the main interest is to be found in the influence exerted upon events by the shrewd, incorrigible Pole Baker, and the influence upon the characters of those with whom he comes into contact, wielded by the caustic, kindly humorist, Abner Daniel. We present here the author's own version of the story.

LFRED BISHOP was suffering from a severe attack of speculation fever. In spite of argument, remonstrance, and warning, he had been buying and was continuing to buy what his family, neighbors, and friends called "no-account" mountain-land. It was said that he owned nearly every stick of timber in the Cohutta Valley; but the property was too remote from railroad communication to be of any value. He was a godly man, according to his lights, and his conscience was uneasy. As a consequence, he was irritable and quarrelsome when reasoned with about his investments.

His wife feared his mind was unhinged, an opinion that was almost shared by their son, Alan; but whenever these two attempted to argue him out of a land deal, he would silence them with: "Nobody ast you two to put in. I believe I'm doin' the right thing, and that settles it."

Bishop had heard that a railroad was projected to run from Blue Lick Junction to Darley, which would open up the whole of his property and bring him a fortune. To satisfy his craving, he had parted with every available asset, including his stock in the Shoal River Cotton Mills, always intended as a wedding-

present to their daughter Adele; and he had mortgaged the farm, which was to have been deeded to Alan.

Abner Daniel, Mrs. Bishop's bachelor brother, who had lived with them from the time of their marriage, was the family guide, philosopher, and friend. He was a long, lank man, sixty-five years of age, with a keen sense of humor. When one day Mr. Bishop told them, at the end of a stormy outburst of remonstrance from his wife, that Lawyer Perkins, of Atlanta, was his informant as to the proposed railroad, Abner broke it to him that Perkins was akin to the Tompkins family, who were the owners of the worthless land that, in Abner's opinion, the lawyer was helping them to unload.

An agony of doubt and apprehension seized upon Alfred Bishop, and he went at once to Atlanta and saw Perkins. The interview confirmed his worst suspicions, and he felt murderous. He was too heart-broken even to call on his brother, a successful wholesale merchant in Atlanta, at whose house his daughter Adele was staying, and returned home to break the evil tidings to his family. The ordeal was terrible, but the wife and son came through it nobly, each endeavoring to restore to the broken old man his lost self-respect.

When the uncle and nephew were alone, Daniel suggested that Alan should go to Darley and see Rayburn Miller, a rising young lawyer, a friend of Alan's, and lay the whole thing before him. Alan followed his uncle's advice, and when he arrived at Darley Miller was just going to a ball at the Johnston House, Darley's one hotel. Alan went with him, and found that the story of his father's ill fortune was common property. Dolly Barclay, with whom Alan was in love, was at the ball. She was in great distress; for she had to break it to Alan that her father, Colonel Barclay, did not wish him to visit her any more.

The Colonel had been following Mr. Bishop's lead in land speculation, and was mortified on learning of the turn things had taken. He was not going to have his daughter wed a penniless man, especially when she was the object of attention from social desirables.

Alan never had realized that Dolly was so much a part of his life; but Rayburn Miller, who from promiscuous flirtation was cynical and worldly-wise as to women, persuaded him that his

duty was to accept his dismissal and respect Colonel Barclay's wishes. Uncle Abner, to whom Alan confided his trouble, knew better and advised otherwise. Abner Daniel was no cynic, despite his heterodox theological views, his caustic wit, and his nimble tongue. His heart was younger than Rayburn Miller's. He had had his own affair; but death had intervened, and left him waiting with his ideals unspoiled. He knew Alan, and he believed in Dolly. He told Alan of his own love.

"It larnt me the truth about the after-life. I know there's a time to come, an' a blessed one, or the Lord never would 'a' give me that taste of it. She's som'er's out o' harm's way, an' when me an' her meet I'll not have a wrinkle, an' I'll be able to walk as spry an' hopeful as I did when she was here. Don't you listen to Miller. I don't say you ort to plunge right in an' make the old man mad; but don't give up. If she's what I think she is, an' sees you ain't goin' to run after no fresh face, she'll stick to you like the bark on a tree. The wait won't hurt nuther one of you, either. My wait ain't a-hurtin' me, an' yourn won't you."

"Uncle Ab," said Alan, "I've had a lot of trouble over this, but you make me hope. I've tried to give her up, but I simply cannot do it."

"She ain't a-goin' to give you up, nuther," replied Abner; "that's the purty part about it. Thar ain't no give up in 'er. She ain't that sort. She's goin' to give her daddy a tussle."

Daniel and his nephew were full of the milk of human kindness, without a drop in it of watery conventional religion, and the uncle declared that Alan was the better Christian of the two.

"You don't shoot off your bazoo on one side or t'other, an' that's the habit I'm tryin' to quit. You believe in breathin' fresh air into your windpipe, thankin' God with a clear eye an' a good muscle, an' takin' what He gives an' astin' Him to pass more if it's handy."

The younger man could not help making friends; but the elder made enemies as well. The Rev. Charles Dole, minister of the Rock Crest Chapel, attended by the Bishop family, was Abner's especial butt. His walnut-shell theology irritated Abner while it amused him, and Abner became a perfect horse-

fly to the narrow-minded but well-meaning minister, thereby developing in him all that was mean and spiteful.

Alan, on the other hand, always appeared to challenge the best there was in the people he met. He had made a stanch and loyal friend of the toughest ne'er-do-well of the place, Pole Baker, a gigantic baby, with a long head, a large family, and a pretty wit. Alan had won Pole's devotion by many acts of kind and gentle solicitude. He had lured him from moonshining, and was trying now to win him from drink. This was a harder matter; but Pole was making manful, if intermittent efforts to please him, although he would much have preferred to continue getting drunk.

An idea about his father's land came to Alan Bishop—an idea so vast and so insistent that he ventured to risk Rayburn Miller's derision by putting it before him.

"Here it is," said Alan. "I've made up my mind that a railroad can—and shall—be built through my father's lumber bonanza."

Miller told him he had inherited his father's big ideas, but that they were impracticable, and he would not encourage him in any wildcat schemes. At last Alan succeeded in making the young lawyer waver.

"It will pay, as sure as I'm alive. It will take a quarter of a million investment to market a half-million-dollar bunch of timber, with the land thrown in, and with the traffic such a road would secure paying the running expenses."

"Well," said Miller, "you may have the stuff in you that great speculators are made of." As a first step he advised him to try to interest big dealers in lumber in the scheme.

Abner Daniel was in disgrace. He had worked the Rev. Mr. Dole into such a frenzy, by his criticisms on his sermons, that the pastor sought to have him ejected from the flock. But the record of Abner's good works was too much for Mr. Dole. Public opinion decreed that Abner should remain within the fold of the faithful.

Pole Baker was in trouble. He got drunk, created a disturbance in Darley, and was sentenced to break rock in the streets for ten days. But Pole would break no rock. He stood

in the broiling sun all day, with a ball and chain attached to his ankle, until his friend Alan Bishop found him, paid his fine, and sent him home under deeper obligation than ever to quit drinking.

It was a lovely afternoon that the young people of Darley had chosen for a picnic at Morley's Spring, a picturesque spot about a mile below Bishop's farm, and Alan rode down after dinner, filled with the hope of at least getting a sight of Dolly. She flushed with glad surprise at seeing him, and he was in the seventh heaven of happiness. She had a message for him from Rayburn Miller about his railroad idea. Miller had gone to Atlanta and wished to see Alan on his return next morning. A very tender and direct woman was Dolly Barclay. She told Alan frankly that Miller had imparted to her the advice he had given to Alan, and that it had pained and disgusted her. She ended by imploring him not to be influenced by it.

News of the meeting reached Colonel Barclay the same evening, and a stormy interview took place between him and the daughter, who had inherited much of his own firmness of character.

About one o'clock in the night, Mrs. Barclay, unable to sleep, arose and wandered off to Dolly's room. She found it unoccupied, and, knowing her daughter's inheritance of her father's independent spirit, and her own romantic temperament, she concluded that Dolly had left her home to marry Alan. Colonel Barclay was firm in his resolve that she should not come back, and solemnly said that he never would forgive her.

In the morning it turned out that Dolly had spent the night with her girl-friend, Hattie Alexander, who lived next door.

"You tell her what I said when I thought she *was* gone," said the Colonel to his wife. "It will be a lesson to her as to what I will do if she does go against me in this matter."

"I reckon you are glad she didn't run off," replied Mrs. Barclay. "The Lord only knows what you'd do without her. I believe she knows more about your business than you do, and has a longer head."

When Alan saw Rayburn Miller, the following morning, he found that, acting on certain practical suggestions from Dolly, Miller had opened up negotiations with Tillman Wilson, presi-

dent of the Southern Land and Timber Company, the offices of which were in Atlanta, for a loan of twenty-five thousand dollars on Mr. Bishop's land. The company was willing to grant it on condition that they had the refusal of the land at one hundred thousand.

"He is coming here to-night," said Miller, "and if your father is willing to accept the loan, he can get the money—provided we don't slip up. Here's the only thing I'm afraid of. When Wilson gets here he may make inquiries and hear the report that your father is disgusted with his investment."

Miller's fears were set at rest by Pole, who, learning of the danger, took Wilson in hand, and, by painting an alluring picture of the value of the land, increased his desire to conclude the deal. The transaction was completed—Wilson's company was to have the refusal of the land at one hundred thousand dollars so long as they held Alfred Bishop's note for the twenty-five thousand dollars. They also agreed to build a railroad to the property and make the final payment when a right of way was secured. Miller came very near offending Pole by offering him a new suit of clothes for his assistance in the transaction, which Pole explained was done solely for his love of Alan.

Dolly wrote to Alan, assuring him of her constancy, telling him she knew all that had happened, and concluding: "You know my father consults me about all his business, and he will not dispose of his mountain-land without my knowing of it. Oh, wouldn't it be a fine joke on him to have him profit by your good judgment?"

About a week later Miller went to Atlanta. There was a ball at the hotel at which he stayed, and there he met and fell in love with Adele Bishop, who, prepared by the news from home to admire the young lawyer, did not discourage his suit.

Miller had deposited Wilson's check to Bishop for twenty-five thousand dollars in Craig's bank in Darley, and the day after his return from Atlanta the bank stopped payment. Craig declared that his clerk had absconded with every dollar in the vaults, and once more gloom settled on the home of the Bishops.

Miller's heart sank into the very ooze of despair. Craig had sheltered himself behind the religious community of which he was a member. Pole Baker, among others, was convinced that

Craig was a thief and had taken his client's money. By a clever ruse he got the banker away to a lonely spot in the mountains to investigate a find of gold, made him a prisoner in his old still, and forced him to write a letter to Mrs. Craig, instructing her to give him (Baker) Bishop's twenty-five thousand dollars. It was a tough job; but the banker firmly believed that his liberty and life depended on it, as indeed was the case.

When Pole took the money to the Bishops, the old man couldn't openly thank the ex-moonshiner—it was not in his nature. He looked at the clock, and seeing that it was nine, he put the money in a bureau drawer, and turned the key. Then he took down the big family Bible from the shelf and sat down near the lamp. After prayers Pole went out of the house, accompanied by Abner, who had knelt with the others.

"Is this a reg'lar thing now, Uncle Abner?" Pole asked.

"Reg'lar as clockwork," smiled Abner. "I'm a-goin' to have a pair o' knee-pads made for me."

Mr. Bishop's gratitude to Pole took a very practical turn: he bought the Bascome Farm and gave it to Mrs. Baker. The poor woman was simply overwhelmed with gratitude, but Pole wished to brain Bishop.

"What's the use o' me tryin' to git even with Alan," he exclaimed, "ef he's eternally a-goin' to git up some'n? I've been tickled to death ever since I cornered old Craig till now, but you an' him has sp'iled it all by this here trick. It ain't fair to me."

The summer ended, the autumn passed, and Christmas approached; and the Southern Land and Timber Company had done nothing toward securing a right of way in the railroad scheme.

"Wilson simply thinks he can freeze you out by holding off till you have to raise money," said Miller to the Bishops.

Adele Bishop returned from Atlanta, and the understanding existing between her and Miller almost caused an estrangement between him and Alan, who supposed him to be merely flirting with Adele, until Uncle Abner enlightened his nephew as to the real state of the case.

The key to the situation, so far as Wilson and his company went, was supplied by Pole, who reported that old Bobby Mil-

burn, a man of no substance, had been secretly buying timberland all round Bishop's property, with Wilson's money. Miller understood the situation at once.

"He's been quiet, and pretending indifference, for two reasons: First to bring us to closer terms, and next to secure more land."

He persuaded Bishop to transfer the loan to him. "I thought," he said, "if you would just as soon owe me the money as Wilson, you'd be doing me a favor to let me take up the note."

This was arranged; Miller went to Atlanta, paid the note for Bishop, and made his own terms for the purchase of the land by the company outright.

"My clients are willing," he said, "to grant you two weeks' time to arrange for a right of way to be given by the citizens along the proposed line, provided you sign an agreement to purchase their property at the price named at the expiration of that time."

Dolly and Alan went for a sleigh-ride, during which Alan told her of Miller's action, and before the ride was over Dolly confessed herself his, and Alan sealed their love with a kiss.

Old Bobby Milburn turned up at Barclay's next day, prepared to purchase the Colonel's holding of mountain-land. To save her father from loss, Dolly told him what Miller and Alan were doing. The Colonel was staggered by the revelation.

"I thought that old rascal was powerfully anxious to trade. Look here, daughter, this news is almost too good to be true; but it may be as you say. Ray Miller is certainly a wheel-horse."

"It was not his idea," said Dolly loyally. "In fact, he tried to discourage Alan at first."

"I don't care a cent whose idea it is," said the Colonel. "If it goes through it's a good one."

At the mass-meeting at Springtown there was a strong, determined opposition to giving the right of way, led by Joe Bartell, who had hopes of election to the legislature, and thought he could make votes by opposing the scheme and demanding compensation for the citizens whose land was required.

Wilson presided, and gave Bartell his opening, by his dic-

tatorial and patronizing tone; but Abner, in a characteristic speech, poured oil on the troubled waters and restored good humor, and Pole Baker turned the scale by a ruse. He told Bartell privately that Alan Bishop was a firm believer in his fitness for the legislature, and would work in his behalf. In the end the opposition was overcome and the required land was given.

As Alan was about to get into his buggy with his uncle, the Colonel passed with his wife and daughter. With a sheepish look the old man bowed, but Dolly stopped and held out her hand.

"You were going away without even speaking to me," she said—a catch in her voice. "Think of it—to-day, of all days to be treated like that! Oh, Alan, I'm so—so happy!"

"She's all right," said Abner Daniel, as Alan climbed into the buggy beside him, "She's all wool an' a yard wide. I want jest one thing more, an' I can't make out whether it's a sin or not. I'd give my right hand to meet Perkins an' Abe Tompkins an' watch the'r faces when they hear about the railroad, an' the price yer pa's land fetched."

LUDWIG HARDER

(Germany, 1835–1880)

A FAMILY FEUD (1877)

Additional interest is lent to this story from the fact that it is said to be the history of a noble family in Germany, the members of which were greatly incensed at the author. It was widely read and much discussed in its day.

ARON KURT VON ARNING was a childless widower about fifty-five years of age. His marriage had not been happy and there was apparently no prospect of his seeking another connection. He had adopted his cousin's orphan son, Otto von Arning, and declared him his heir. This lad, together with the boy's old aunt, Bernhardine von Tretten, made up the household of the kind-hearted Kurt.

There were four estates belonging to the Von Arning property: Ermsdal, which was strictly entailed on the male line and must come to Otto in any case, as Kurt's mother had been a *bourgeoise ;* Buchdorf, Harsbye, and Grasort, which Kurt might leave as pleased him. Of these, Ermsdal was quite worthless, consisting of merely a ruined tower and impoverished land. Buchdorf was the richest of the others, and here, in the fine house with its beautiful park and wide-spreading, well-cultivated acres, the little family lived.

Fourteen years had passed since the death of Kurt's father. The boy Otto had just passed his sixteenth year and was looked upon by all the retainers as the real head of the family. This was owing partly to the easy temper of the Baron and partly to the grave, dignified and caretaking disposition of the youth, who examined the books and kept the peasants and servants at their duties with the same exactitude with which he looked out for their privileges.

One evening, as he was working over the accounts and his aunt with her knitting was feasting her eyes from time to time with stolen glances at her idol, two letters were brought in from Baron Kurt, who had been absent for some days on business.

Thinking them of some trivial moment, they opened them carelessly, when, to their stupefaction, they were found to contain news of Kurt's marriage, and of the almost immediate arrival of himself and his bride. The cruel suddenness of this was owing to the easy disposition of Kurt and his dread of the interference of Bernhardine, who would deem it an act of injustice to the boy.

Aunt Bernhardine in vain tried to incite her nephew to open a lawsuit. The boy maintained that the family dignity must not be sacrificed. He put his letter into his pocket and strode off into the forest, while Aunt Bernhardine sternly packed her belongings and took her departure.

The bride, Teresa, a beautiful woman, used no tact in her dealings with the young man. The bitter feeling, which might have been softened, was augmented by many trifling circumstances, until there was actual hostility between them. Kurt willingly gave his nephew all the advantages of an education, which the young man made light of, while he developed a careless, ironical disposition, the result of his bitter sense of injustice. While with his excellent mind he made progress in his studies, his wild behavior led finally to his expulsion from the University, a circumstance made the most of by the critical Teresa.

The birth of a beautiful little girl had served to strengthen Otto's feeling that he had been cheated out of his inheritance. Now it was a certainty that only the worthless estate of Ermsdal would be his, while the rich lands of the other three estates must come to this girl.

Strange to say, while the little Beatrice, an exquisitely lovely and fascinating child, had unconsciously wronged him, she manifested an overpowering fondness for her cousin Otto. She would follow him about with doglike devotion, lie curled up in the study while he read or worked, and asked nothing better than to accompany him on his rambles. He could not completely resist the charming child, although he manifested as much indifference as possible toward her.

One day Otto, pale and restless, was idling about in a small park near the house. Little Beatrice came flying toward him with her hands full of flowers. Not unkindly, but anxious to be rid of her, Otto told her of a place far distant where she could gather more beautiful ones still. Eager to please him, she started on a run for this glade and was soon lost to view. Otto thought no more of the matter, but a spectator, unseen, was not so oblivious. This spectator was young Warne, son of the overseer, a handsome lad, who, while servile in his manner, was secretly ambitious and hated Otto for many reasons. After Beatrice had left him, Otto strolled in the direction of the moor, a wild and dangerous place, and there encountered a gipsy girl, who, with her pretty baby, appealed to his compassion, and he gave her some money.

The little Beatrice did not reappear. The house and grounds were searched for her in vain. Great outcries and reproaches were heard; and from the first Warne managed to throw suspicion upon Otto. The child was found the next day in a neglected hut with hands and feet tied, her dress and a diamond locket gone. She was speechless from exposure and fright, and the shock was so great that for years her health was despaired of.

By a direct act of perjury Warne, in the trial which he had instigated, made it so probable that Otto had been guilty of the crime, that although the verdict given was "Not Proven," Kurt and Teresa, together with most of the friends and peasants, felt that there was no moral doubt of his guilt. The poor gipsy, whom he had assisted with money, was convicted and sent to prison, where she soon died from confinement and exhaustion.

After this, Otto in a bitter scene asked his cousin to release him from guardianship, declaring his wish to be his own master and to farm Ermsdal. The kind-hearted Baron would have given him money, but this the young man sternly refused.

He betook himself to the ruined tower, where, with the barest furniture—a bed, a table, a stove, and one or two chairs—he made his home; and by stern self-denial and unremitting toil he gradually reclaimed the bad lands, lifting the peasantry from their idleness, and in the end acquiring wealth.

Kurt's health failed. Teresa took him to the South, hoping to strengthen him. His heart had always yearned over his

nephew, in whose guilt, as time went on, he had come utterly to disbelieve; and he insisted upon leaving the estates and his delicate little Beatrice in the young man's care. The child had been so coddled after her accident that her life was really despaired of. Otto took sensible means, and, although he cared nothing for the little girl, and directly against the advice of Aunt Bernhardine, who had by this time joined him as housekeeper, and who was always looking to his ultimate possession of the estates, he took the course of letting her play in the open air and giving her wholesome food and no medicine, recognizing that, although she must fade and die if the present course of confinement and dosing were continued, there was nothing radically the matter with her. "You are a fool, Otto," said Aunt Bernhardine, one day, when Beatrice came flying toward them, her cheeks glowing, her eyes sparkling, the very picture of health. "I know it," replied the young man gloomily, and there was an end of the subject.

Kurt von Arning died and was buried in foreign soil. His widow hastened home to her idolized child, and, by the usual mischance, again antagonized Otto, who was in a softened mood, and who, with tactful treatment, might have been placated.

He betook himself once more to his forbidding tower at Ermsdal, and was pacing the floor in renewed depression, when, late at night, who should knock at the door but the little Beatrice. Poor child! She had crossed all alone the terrible moor, in the storm and darkness, to seek her dearly loved Otto. The young man was kindness itself to her, his misery comforted by her devotion. He left her in an improvised cot, promising that if she would go to sleep, he would return to her in the morning. In the morning, however, his mood had changed, and in spite of her pitiful pleadings, he ordered his carriage and four horses, all he had, to carry her back to the home in Buchdorf.

Nine years had passed since Kurt's death. Otto had refused to accept either Grasort or the guardianship of Beatrice, although both had been bequeathed to him by Kurt, whose final testament, however, was to be first opened and read upon Beatrice's eighteenth birthday—an occasion to which Teresa looked forward with much anxiety. Incredible though it may seem,

during this time neither she nor Beatrice had seen the young Baron. He lived a secluded life, and their time was spent chiefly in foreign countries. Beatrice's longing for her home prevailed over her mother's fondness for life in the Italian cities, and the house at Buchdorf was to be inhabited once more. The Frau Baronin had invited Emil von Lindau, a well-bred, somewhat uninteresting young aristocrat, son of one of her early friends, whom she considered to be a desirable match for Beatrice, to make them a visit of a few weeks.

It was late in August when they returned. Beatrice thought she had never seen her beloved park so beautiful, and insisted upon jumping from the carriage and walking through the avenue. The family were welcomed by the steward, Herr Warne, son of the old steward, and the same man who had by perjury cast such a shadow over Otto's life. This man was exceedingly handsome, well preserved in spite of his forty years, and of good manners, though erring on the side of servility. Frau von Arning, who was not inclined to changes, had complete faith in him, and entrusted all her affairs to his keeping, merely signing whatever papers he presented, and, in fact, providing him with signed blanks in order to avoid the tedium of business.

Beatrice took full advantage of the freedom of country life to wander about the estate. Her mind had been filled with prejudice against Otto, and she thought of him, if at all, as of one who had forfeited his birthright.

One day she had walked near the confines of another estate, Respach, when she saw her favorite goat just over the border. She ran to it and was about to fondle it, when a shot wounded it in the leg. The huntsman coming up with apologies, proved to be Otto himself, now a fine and handsome man, though somewhat stern in expression. He explained his ignorance of her ownership of the goat, and told her that the land was his own, he having just purchased the estate. With much skill he bound the wound of the goat and took it to the hut of Stina and Brown Elsie, who would take care of it for her.

Stina was an old crone who passed for a witch, and Brown Elsie was a beautiful girl of gipsy birth. The latter was under the ban, although beautiful, and no young peasant would marry her in spite of her reputed wealth. She secretly loved Otto and

was bitterly jealous when she saw him approach with his beautiful cousin. The old woman mumbled curses on the two and told Beatrice to "beware of the Weasel," meaning Otto; and the young girl, who felt all the old attraction for him revive at this meeting, returned to Buchdorf with a shade upon her spirits.

The Baron von Tannen, an old friend of Kurt's and a firm believer in Otto, was about to give a dinner. He begged the young man to break his usual custom and come. To his delight, Otto agreed, and accordingly was about to reënter the society of his equals for the first time since his trial.

The adventure with the goat finally came to the ears of the family; and Warne was not slow to insinuate that the shot had been intended for Beatrice herself. As this did not meet with credence, he poisoned the mind of the young Von Lindau, suggesting that Otto intended to gain by marriage what he could get in no other way, and incited the latter to pick a quarrel with him.

Aunt Bernhardine lived with Otto and pinched and saved for him. She was not invited to the Von Tannen dinner. It was known she never would buy a suitable gown for such an occasion. It was strange, that with all her parsimony, she spent a very considerable sum yearly. Anyone else except Otto would have been struck by this fact, but the Baron had paid no attention to what concerned neither himself nor the management of his property.

The renewal of her acquaintance with Otto was enough to lull all the suspicions of Otto's character which had been instilled into Beatrice's mind. Having no one to look to for counsel, she recalled the convictions of her childhood and made up her own mind that he was worthy of trust.

At the dinner Herr Warne was among the guests. He was not the equal of the others and felt himself out of place. Otto, taking his rightful place in society, shone with the brilliance of a socially gifted person. Beatrice and he had the opportunity of a long talk in an alcove. Warne, discovering them, called the attention of young Lindau to the fact; and while the young man was heated with champagne, induced him to challenge Otto to a duel. Otto, observing him to be irresponsible, put him off good-humoredly, saying that if he wished to renew the challenge the next morning when sober, it should be considered.

The next morning came, and found Von Lindau still of the same mind. He wrote a challenge, which Beatrice, determined that there should be no more unhappiness for her cousin from their family, intercepted, and held till the young man, providentially called to Berlin by his mother, was in the carriage. She then informed him of her action, and took all responsibility. He was naturally very angry, but could not help himself. Once in Berlin, he forgot all about the Von Arnings and devoted himself to another heiress, a young lady picked out for him by his mamma.

Soon after this Beatrice's eighteenth birthday arrived. Her father's will was read, in which he did Otto full justice, leaving him half the estates. He mentioned his great desire that Otto and Beatrice should marry. Otto, greatly softened by this tardy act of justice, refused the half of the estates, but confessed his love for Beatrice, and the two became engaged.

Herr Warne, the steward, had kept a double set of books for years, one to show the Baroness in case she wished it, and one which plainly told of the depreciation of the estate. He had enriched himself, but so cleverly that, once the false books were out of the way, he could never be found out. He had borrowed, by means of the blanks furnished him, in the Baroness's name, large sums from three different usurers in the next town.

He had carried on his dealings with these persons through old Stina, who was so implicated in the affair that it would have been impossible for her to betray him. The only weak point in his armor was the knowledge of the girl, Elsie, who loved Otto and believed that he merely wished to marry his cousin in order to gain the property. Elsie had heard Warne's talks with old Stina from behind the curtains of the bed, where she was hidden. She also saw Warne, through a window, burn his false books, when the day came that he was discharged on some offense by the Baroness, and when he considered his time ripe for action. He had calculated so well that the estate would be of necessity thrown upon the market. He then meant to buy it, and marry Beatrice as well.

Elsie had not only discovered this, but she had succeeded at last in opening a massive chest in Stina's hut, which had long excited her curiosity. She found in this quantities of gold, and,

away in the bottom, a child's cambric dress and a little gold, diamond-studded cross.

Warne carried his plan through, and the true state of her affairs was made known to the Baroness. Utterly bewildered, and needing stronger help than the old Baron von Tannen was able to give, she decided to turn to Otto.

At almost the same time, Elsie, taking the dress and diamond cross to Otto, disclosed to him, in the intense agitation betrayed by his aunt, the fact that she had been the guilty one in having the little Beatrice bound so long ago. Her one idea had always been to get the girl out of the way, and restore the estate to her beloved Otto. Shocked and humiliated, he insisted upon her instant withdrawal from his house.

He, however, took the whole guilt upon his own shoulders, and wrote a letter to Beatrice, breaking off the engagement that had been made between them. This letter, coming at the same time as the ruin of the family fortunes, naturally placed him under suspicion of having desired merely the estate.

The two at this juncture would have been separated for life, had it not been for the continued faith Beatrice felt in her cousin. She resolved to see him face to face once more and learn the whole truth.

They met under a tree in the great park, talked fully and frankly, and the treachery of both Aunt Bernhardine and Warne was fully disclosed. Now at last Beatrice's faith and trust in Otto were justified. She assured him of her love, and laughed to scorn his idea of responsibility for the action of his aunt.

With Otto installed at Buchdorf, and his clear head and determined judgment guiding affairs, all Warne's carefully planned plot fell to the ground. Brown Elsie further complicated his affairs by informing him of her knowledge of his guilt, and her intention of testifying in case he made any attempts to carry out his scheme. She was softened in her hard feelings by the discovery that Otto really loved Beatrice. Her poor life seemed to her to be worth little, and she insisted, as the price of her silence, that Warne should take her with him to America.

One year after this happy reunion Otto brought his bride to a charming villa on the borders of the forest at Ermsdal. The doors of the new home were thereafter hospitably open to all

the country round. Teresa, a loved mother, delighted to arrange all manner of entertainments, and Beatrice continued to be the lovely and petted child who had won and kept her stern kinsman's heart. It was owing to her influence that he sought out the Canoness, Aunt Bernhardine, who had sullenly withdrawn to a small provincial town. But it was too late. Otto had only time to assure her of his forgiveness and to close her weary eyes.

Thus ended the Von Arning family feud, a matter of rejoicing to themselves and to the whole neighborhood.

ARTHUR SHERBURNE HARDY

(United States, 1847)

THE WIND OF DESTINY (1886)

This book is peculiarly interesting as being the work of a mathematician. The author was for years a teacher of mathematics and engineering, and before he began to write novels had published works on such subjects as quaternions, topographical surveying, and imaginary quantities. This book, his second novel, was published while he occupied a professor's chair in Dartmouth College.

SCHONBERG and Fleming had always been friends, although not on the principle of the proverb; for they were certainly not of a feather. Their friendship had begun in Paris, in their student days, when Harold Fleming was in the Beaux Arts and Schonberg was studying in the Sorbonne. Harold was an enthusiast, Schonberg an intellectual neutral; Harold made many friends, Schonberg none. These differences increased their attachment, though it did not prevent each from finding secret fault with the other.

One summer, on a walking tour through Ardennes, they paused at Dinant, for Harold was in love with Madelon Foy, who lived hard by in the château of Walzius. While Harold sought his lady daily, Schonberg spent his time in exploration. As he rowed one day down the river, a young woman, standing on a small island, beckoned him to stop, and as he passed her, she leaped into his boat. She had lost her skiff, and as they rowed ashore together—for she took one oar—Schonberg realized that he had never been so near a woman before, though he had often jostled one in the street. When she had left him he could not get her out of his thoughts, and next day by chance he saw her again in the church by the ruined citadel. Still again they met on the river, and this time she helped him when he ran

aground, inviting him into her skiff to lighten his. This time they talked much, and she told him of a fair that would shortly be held at Dinant. "And will you be there?" he asked.

"I shall be in the little chapel," she said. "Knock on the door and call out: 'Noël!'"

In the shadowy chapel he threw his arms about her, and she did not struggle. They walked by the river till the day waned, and the stars were out as they returned. As he kissed her for the last time he called out: "Noël! To-morrow!" "Yes; to-morrow," she answered.

One day in spring voices were calling under his window. A girl had drowned herself in the river. The words rang in his ears. His worst fears were true. Noël had been carried dead into the little chapel. The good priest gave him a paper that she had left for him. It said: "For what I do there is nothing to forgive; it is the only way I can be forever yours."

Later the priest led him to a little mound barely two feet long, remote from the rest. On the wooden head-board was the single word "Noël." "The old story," said he. "But she has sprinkled herself with the blood of sacrifice."

Schonberg left Dinant suddenly. Harold married Madelon, and when Schonberg came again they had had a little girl, Seraphine, of whom he became very fond. Madelon's marriage had been bitterly opposed by her father, who had made the condition that after it had taken place his daughter's name was never again to be mentioned to him. While the child was still young the Flemings returned to Harold's old American home at Ashurst, and took Schonberg with them. Ashurst regarded Harold as a failure. Its people were all cut on the same pattern; they could not understand Fleming's French wife nor his foreign friend. There was something about Schonberg that puzzled even his intimates. Madelon thought that he had been disappointed in love, but Harold laughed at her. The German had taken a vacant house near the Flemings, and after Seraphine's little sister Elize came he was much with the two children. But a day came when Harold died, and Madelon, had she known it, was near to poverty; she never knew that Schonberg quietly transferred to her name half of all that he had.

She survived her husband but a short time, and the two little girls were left alone with their dear guardian.

Seraphine reminded him often of Noël, though there was no outer resemblance; and yet she showed her New England blood, while Elize was wholly like her mother, wielding, like her, without effort and without vanity, the weapons of fascination and grace. The minister called her "Elizabeth"; to him there was something shallow and unstable in the very word "Elize."

Opposite the Flemings' house a gilded gate led to The Towers, the great Ferguson estate, long unoccupied. Its owner had recently died and, as his estate was found to be encumbered, his son Rowan was left with a scanty inheritance. The Towers went, after two years of litigation, to Rowan's cousin Gladys, his father's ward, a total stranger to Ashurst. If they could have married it might have been well, but it was not to be. He went abroad and Gladys became Mrs. Temple. Now that she was living in The Towers for the first time, a letter from Rowan announced that he was coming to Ashurst on a visit. To Gladys's surprise, however, he refused to stay at the great house but announced that he would lease of her the small cottage by the ferry. From this determination she could not stir him. As he felt himself alone with his dog among the trees, the mosses, and the berries, it seemed to him for the first time that he was really in the home of his boyhood, the home that Gladys Temple never had known. From his meditation he was roused by the barking of Nestor, his dog, and beheld a vision—a slim figure in a crimson dress and black lace scarf. It was Seraphine. "Down, Nestor!" cried Rowan. The dog wagged his tail.

Gladys found that her cousin had become a painter, and she begged him to paint her portrait, which he rather reluctantly consented to do.

Not long after this Jack Temple came down for Sunday. His marriage with Gladys had always been a fruitful subject of speculation among their friends, although no one suspected the slightest discord between the two. The house seemed to Jack, on his arrival, to have been open all summer. They decided, next morning, to inspect the premises instead of going to church; and as they sauntered across the lawn Gladys said carelessly: "Rowan Ferguson is here." "That's awkward, isn't it?"

"Why, Jack?" "Well, this is his nest, you know." "Oh, I don't believe he cares; there are better things in this world than money." Jack wondered what things they were.

With their little girl, Mabel, they wandered down to the river, where they all sat, talking over plans for the summer. Little Mabel began to stray along the bank until she finally discovered Schonberg, sitting in a summer-house, reading. All little ones liked Schonberg, and they were soon warm friends. As they walked back together Jack, catching sight of his tall figure, asked Gladys: "Who is it?" "It is Dr. Schonberg, our hermit," she answered. "He has promised to dine with us."

On the morning when Gladys went to sit for her portrait Elize coaxed "Uncle" Schonberg from his book to take a walk with her. They were passing Rowan's gate when Gladys called to them. She had found the door open and her tenant gone. Venturing in, she had stood admiring the studio with its old carved furniture and bronze lamps, when she noticed an easel on which rested a picture hidden by a curtain. With an impulse of curiosity she drew aside the drapery. What she saw evidently gave her food for thought, and she withdrew to the door, where she caught sight of Schonberg and Elize. She invited them in, and Elize, after admiring the beautiful things, stopped abruptly before the picture, which Gladys had left uncovered. It represented a girl, all in crimson, advancing through the woods—Seraphine to the life! She stood spellbound. Finally she turned to Schonberg: "Come!" she said, and pointed to the picture. He knew that face well. Why should that man paint it here? He was recalled to himself by Elize, who drew him back. They excused themselves and turned away. All felt embarrassed, without knowing exactly why.

When Rowan finally arrived, and the sitting had begun, Gladys confessed that she had discovered the picture of Seraphine and that Schonberg and Elize had seen it. "Will you speak to me after that?" she asked.

"I am not angry," he answered; "but you should know that Miss Fleming knows nothing of the picture. I have seen her but once—but I love her. Shall we still be friends, Gladys?"

"What do you mean?" she asked, looking him in the face. He made no answer.

Next day Dr. Schonberg came to dine. He was lively enough at dinner, fencing verbally with Gladys so deftly that even Jack told her she had met her match. Afterward he found the library, where they left him buried amid the books. Mabel, ready for bed, sought him out to bid him good night and warned him of the witches which she said "lived in the dark and ate people up." "In that case I had best be going," he said laughing at her fancy.

While he had been reading that evening in Gladys's library, Seraphine had been making him a present; and this was the way of it. She and Elize were sitting alone on the porch when Rowan came up the walk and asked for "Miss Fleming." Elize presented him and silently withdrew, sauntering toward the gate.

"Miss Fleming," began Rowan, "I have come to offer you an apology."

He saw by her face that as yet she knew nothing, and he made full confession as to the painting of the portrait.

"I have not asked what I shall do with it," he said; "may I keep it?"

"No," said Seraphine, smiling, "you will give it to my uncle, Dr. Schonberg."

This solution did not seem to please him.

"An artist's work is dear to him," he objected.

"Do you wish me to command you, Mr. Ferguson?"

"No," he replied eagerly; "you are right and I will do what you have—asked. Good night, Miss Fleming." "Good night, Mr. Ferguson," and, as he turned, she added: "Thank you."

"Gladys," asked her Aunt Isabel as they were driving some days later, "who was that young girl on the bridge? She reminds me of the Countess of Foy."

"That is Miss Fleming," answered her niece.

The elder lady was silent a moment. "And this Dr. Schonberg," she continued, "he interests me. Invite him to luncheon."

"He will not come, if it is simply to amuse you!"

Yet Aunt Isabel wrote a note and in it was something that excited Schonberg's interest. He was promptly on hand.

"Is not Miss Fleming the granddaughter of my dear old friend, Countess Foy?" asked Aunt Isabel. Schonberg as-

sented. "I should like to see her before she goes." "Goes?" he said inquiringly. "Yes; did they not tell you? Count Foy is dead."

Here Gladys came in, but after luncheon the aunt resumed: "Foy, who was an old fool, is dead; and now they are looking for his heiress."

Schonberg was thinking. It had come, then, at last, and the happy, monotonous years were over! He sat down when he had reached home and wrote a letter to the notary at Dinant, with whom he had corresponded, from time to time, about the affairs of Madelon and her children. Then he sighed. "Yes; I must tell her to-night," he thought.

In the study was Seraphine's picture, and as he gazed at it, candle in hand, the tree-trunks seemed to become like the pillars of a chapel aisle and at the foot of the altar he fancied he saw Noël lying on her bier. He sought the real Seraphine and found her alone in the sitting-room, sewing.

"What are you doing, sewing here alone?"

"I do not really sew; I think," she answered. "No, I do not think; I dream. I believe I am a little homesick."

"Of what do you dream, Seraphine?"

"Of so many things. Of Dinant, with its white houses and the lights on the bridge. Once it was like a story; now it is like part of my life. And I hear the sea in my sleep. I cannot help it; I was born there. Why should we not go back? And you with us? Come!" She stole his hand. "Take us!" His heart thrilled. "You wish to see Dinant again?" he said slowly. "Well, you can. Your grandfather is dead, and you are the Countess Foy."

Seraphine rose. She had been dreaming. And now had come wealth, freedom, home, Dinant and the sea. Straight as the yellow dune-grass she stood before him, and the remembrance of another night came to him—when he ran down the road to Anserenone, crying: "Noël! Noël!"

Next day Aunt Isabel's news was confirmed by a letter, and they decided to set out at the earliest possible moment for Dinant. Schonberg was to go with them.

"So you are the daughter of Madelon Foy!" said Aunt Isabel, as she spoke with Seraphine for the first time, not long after-

ward. "Are you going back to France? Dinant is a dismal place. But tell me of your mother." . . . "Poor lady!" she added, when the girl had finished the simple story. "What agony to leave you!"

"I do not think mother was sorry to die," said Seraphine quietly. "She used to say to me: 'You must not cry. When the heart is sure that it has exhausted everything, it is ready to sleep.'"

"What does that mean?" asked Aunt Isabel wonderingly.

"She meant that she had loved and had been loved," said Seraphine simply. The old lady turned aside and seemed to follow her thought far away.

Letters came, and Seraphine read them aloud to Aunt Isabel. One was from France, from one who knew Rowan, telling of his talent and of his refusal to commercialize it; of his foolish idealism and his quixotic gallantry—in short, of his failure.

"So many fine phrases," said Aunt Isabel, "to tell us that our nephew is a good-for-nothing!"

But as Seraphine left her she looked after the girl. "Why not?" she asked herself.

Gladys had not been to Rowan's for several days, until one day Jack begged her to have the portrait finished. As she walked toward the cottage she felt that unknown forces were compelling her—forcing her to choose. Rowan seemed to have forgotten their last conversation. She took up a book to read, but she could find nothing but love-poems and she closed it with a sigh.

"You don't look well, Rowan," she said, as he finished painting. A great rush of tenderness seemed to flow over her. "You are killing yourself here. Come and stay with us. I shall expect you to-night, and you shall have your own room."

Jack went away that day on a yachting excursion, and in the evening Gladys sat playing chess with her aunt. Rowan did not come; the air seemed close and stifling. She excused herself, saying that she had a headache, and went to her room. Something was taking form in her thoughts. She wrote a hasty note to Jack, and sent it by a servant to catch the night mail, saying that she should join him in the city the next day and go with him on the yachting trip. Then she went down to the

library. It was nearly nine o'clock; Rowan had not come. Suddenly she stepped out on the terrace and began to cross it slowly. She was conscious of no decision, yet she moved unhesitatingly, not heeding the rustling trees nor the first cold drops from the gathering clouds. Where was she going? What was this passionate desire her feet obeyed? She stopped, irresolute, at Rowan's gate. How came she there? Her forehead burned as she entered the studio, when suddenly Nestor's bark in the lane brought her to herself. She sprang to the door and hid herself in the lilacs, while the rain fell steadily.

"Be quiet, Nestor," said Rowan's voice, and then— "Why, Gladys!" Then the rain and the cold, the shame and the fear, all disappeared in unconsciousness. He caught her as she fell, wrapped her in his coat, and lifting her in his arms, began to run toward her home. He entered The Towers by the back door, and laying Gladys on a lounge roused her maid. "Do you love your mistress?" he asked. She nodded. "Then dispose of these wet clothes and put her to bed. Say nothing of my visit. Tell lies if necessary." She bowed silently.

The physician summoned hastily from the city asked sharply if there had been no strong emotion, no exposure, but Aunt Isabel knew of none. Ellen, however, ran after the doctor as he left and told him part of the truth. "I knew it!" he said. And still Gladys lay in a stupor.

That afternoon, before these events, Rowan had met Seraphine by the river and had told her of his love. Peace had filled her heart, and they both fell to dreaming. The bell in the village steeple began to strike. Gladys would be waiting, he thought; how he had misjudged her! But Gladys, even then trembling at his door, was beyond reach of his excuses.

When Rowan had left The Towers, after imposing silence upon Ellen, the maid, misgivings and fears assailed him. He could not have done otherwise; yet had he done right? He passed the night in misery, upheld by the one thought that he would tell Seraphine all.

In the morning he called at The Towers. Gladys was still very ill; Jack had been sent for. Ellen's significant eyes annoyed him. Why should he feel guilty? It was Gladys's secret; not his.

He went from The Towers to see Seraphine, and at her house he learned for the first time, from Elize, of the change in their plans. He did not speak of it to Seraphine until they were on the river together with little Mabel.

"Seraphine," he said then, "I cannot let you go; you know that well."

A deep color overspread her face. "In Dinant I will be your wife," she said.

On the homeward way they stopped for a moment in the tea-house. "Seraphine," said Rowan suddenly, "you have a right to know everything in my life, and have I no right to your help and counsel?" Then he told her all, beginning with the boy-and-girl love of years ago. Seraphine was silent—filled with jealousy and a strange pity. "Tell me, did I do right?" he asked. A sad smile passed over her lips.

When Rowan returned to the house with Mabel he heard high voices within and the sound of sobbing. Ellen, with red eyes, opened the door.

"Ah! is it you?" called out Aunt Isabel. "Deny nothing! Ellen has told all—your meetings at night, your bribery of the servants—" "You are mad!" said Rowan. His own anger was rising.

"Where was Gladys night before last?" asked Aunt Isabel suddenly.

"Be reasonable, and I will tell you."

She heard, and her anger fell. "Well, as you say, there is no help for it. You will forget it in time, and Miss Fleming will never know it."

"She already knows it."

"What! you have told her?"

"Because I love her."

"What folly! What folly!" muttered the old lady to herself, "and because he loves her!"

Jack returned to Ashurst at once on receipt of Aunt Isabel's message. She told him the whole story, while he listened in silence. Then he walked straight to Rowan's gate. Rowan rose as he approached.

"Sit down," he said, hardly knowing what to do. Jack caught sight of the unfinished portrait. "That is like her," he

said; then he added suddenly: "All I want to say is this: if what has happened doesn't kill her, the sight of either of us will. When do you go?"

"Spare yourself any anxiety," said Rowan. They shook hands silently.

"I had no right to marry her," said Jack to himself as he turned away. That night he went back to the city.

When Gladys opened her eyes she was feverish and her limbs felt heavy. At first she remembered nothing. Then, like lightning, the blur of thought cleared and the truth burst upon her. Aunt Isabel came in. "She knows," thought Gladys, watching her face. Aunt Isabel went out again. Gladys lay long in tormenting thought. Then a voice seemed to call her; she sat up; strength ran again in her veins. She put on her slippers, glided down the stairs, opened the door. She was free! How fleet and light her feet were! Far away a star leaped out of the void like a torch. She saw it for an instant as she paused on the river's brink, and then the waters closed over her.

It was years later when Elize, watching her two children play on the sands of Scheveningen, received a message from Seraphine at Dinant. Schonberg, who was living at the château, was growing weaker. Elize had always meant to be with him at the last, and she obeyed the summons. The thought of death made her shudder. She was married happily, and she could not imagine what would become of her if she should lose her Alexis. Should she be lonely, like Seraphine? Poor Seraphine! She could not promise to marry Rowan at once, after Gladys's body had been found. She was almost ready to summon him to Dinant, but she delayed too long. When the letter at last was posted, Rowan lay, with his face toward the stars, on the battlefield of Manassas.

Schonberg was now old and feeble. He had renewed his memories of Dinant in an occasional walk; but all was now changed. Was it here Noël had moored her boat? He could not tell. He could not even find the little child's grave, hidden as it was amid weeds and rubbish. Now he sat peacefully awaiting the end. So they found him, the sunlight falling on his white head as it bent forward on his breast.

PASSE ROSE (1889)

This novel, the third of Professor Hardy's fictions, is a historical romance of the period of Charlemagne in the eighth century. The scene is laid principally in and near the city of Maestricht, Holland, and Aix-la-Chapelle, Germany, and the time covered by its main action is but a few weeks in autumn. It was first issued serially in the *Atlantic Monthly*, from September, 1888, to April, 1889, inclusive, and in book form in the year last named.

IT was well known to all the inmates of the Abbey of St. Servais that the Abbot was ill, and it was whispered that his illness was unto death. It was known also that Hugo, physician to the brotherhood, had exhausted to no purpose the herbs in the physic garden, and that the Abbot, who felt himself rapidly failing, had determined, as a last resort and without further delay, to have recourse to the blessed relics of St. Servais. The monks gathered in the orchard of the abbey, overlooking Maestricht, and then passed into the church with their Abbot borne upon a litter. The bell in the tower of St. Gabriel, rung only when the relics were exhibited, now apprised the city of what was to happen; the sick and the poor, hoping for aid, crowded about the church doorway and pressed against the screen separating the public from the body of the church. Friedgis, the stout Saxon abbey porter, paced to and fro before the inner side of the screen railings, vigilant that no person should venture to clamber over them.

Crouched on the floor between the feet of persons in the front row was a beautiful girl called Passe Rose. She had come early hither and in the momentary absence of the porter had obtained entrance only to be presently thrust without the gate. Once more she had reached the screen front, but the stout porter's form hid from her all that was taking place; and, losing patience, she spat upon his bare legs below his tunic. Turning quickly, he spied his assailant, and leaping over the gate

carried her through the throng and left her beyond the church walls.

But to the girl's surprise Friedgis soon returned with her gold necklace, loosened in her struggles, in his hand. He fiercely demanded from whom she had the ornament, but she refused to tell. Seeing that he could effect nothing by violence, and fearful of remaining longer from his post, Friedgis resorted to persuasion. "If thou answerest truly, thou shalt return," he insisted coaxingly.

She followed him to the porch steps, where he lifted her to his shoulder and shortly deposited her by the screen again, promising to give her the necklace if she would knock thrice at the small north gate that night. But by this time the service was ended and the Abbot's litter stood at the choir stair with the reliquary beyond it before the altar.

Possibly the fever had reached its natural term, or the sight of Prior Sergius, who aspired to succeed him, may have worked a change, but the Abbot felt better even before the reliquary had been brought from the crypt, and now he sank into refreshing slumber whence he waked not till after nightfall. Recognizing the miracle wrought upon him, he called to one of the two monks kneeling by him, who, supposing the Abbot to have been beyond all help, was terrified when he saw his Superior's lips move, and on the Abbot's request that he should summon the porter to carry him to the Abbot's room his knees refused their support. Brother Dominic, the other monk, hastened in his stead to the porter's lodging, expecting to find it dark and Friedgis asleep. Faithful to her promise, Passe Rose had but just then reached the porter's room, but had not received her jewel, nor had Friedgis learned how she had obtained it, when the monk appeared. She gave a cry of terror on his sudden entry, and mistaking her for a beautiful demon the monk fled in consternation.

So great was her affright that Friedgis could not get from her the intelligence he desired, and hearing footsteps in the corridor outside she fainted. The porter tried to open the door whence she had entered, when he heard the bolt drawn on the outer side.

Little was known about the early history of Passe Rose more

than that she had come, after the death of her parents, from Provence, in the company of traveling mountebanks and dancers. Werdric, a Maestricht goldsmith, had discovered her asleep before a wayside cross, had taken her home with him, as he and his wife Jeanne had no child, and in their house she had fared so well that she had never since wished to leave them. She had many lovers, and when one tired her: "Aïe! aïe! aïe!" said Passe Rose, and, like the sun, went to shine elsewhere. But the love of her adoptive mother, Jeanne, Passe Rose requited. Thus for a whole year she hoarded every copper denier till one morning she set out with three silver pieces to buy the marten's fur she knew the dame desired.

One morning Jeanne and Passe Rose went forth in search of a herb to use in cookery, but, fearful of wood-fays, the elder woman would not enter the forest. While she waited, therefore, in the open field, Passe Rose penetrated into the forest, returning presently with an empty basket and a golden necklace. Assailed with questions as to the ornament,Passe Rose narrated an ingenious tale of its having been given her by a fay in the forest, and said that it had certain magical powers. But it was a different story that she told to Friedgis, and somewhat nearer the truth. What really happened was as follows:

While searching for the herb she heard the approach of a hunting-party, and fearful of whatever beast might be fleeing before the hunters she tried to escape, but catching her foot in a trailing vine she fell headlong. As she raised her head she saw a comely youth seated on a black horse looking at her in anxious surprise. It was Gui of Tours, son of Robert, Count of Tours, and master of the King's hunt, but that Passe Rose did not then know. He dismounted, inquiring whether she were hurt, and fell in love with her at the same moment. Insisting that if the stag should turn she would need his spear, he declared he must accompany her, and accordingly gave her a seat on his horse behind him till the way was clear.

"Where shall I find thee again?" asked Gui.

"It is very hard—the world is so wide," laughed Passe Rose.

"Every bee that roves in the wood has somewhere a nest—"

"Which he hides lest the wild bear steal the comb," interrupted Passe Rose.

"I am no wild bear for thee," the youth retorted impetuously, unclasping the bracelet on his arm. "But if ever thou hast need of the bear's claws, send me this token."

"It is too large."

"For thine arm, indeed, but see!" and he essayed to clasp it about her throat.

When the girl returned to consciousness in the porter's lodgings, Friedgis said that Saxony had been laid waste by the Franks, its people scattered, and that Saxon maiden's jewels had become the toys of Frankish women. Passe Rose responded that she was no Frank, adding that her collar was no spoil but a free gift, but that if it were his he might have it. But Friedgis said he had asked whence she had it only that he might discover the woman to whom it had belonged. Passe Rose answered that she had found it in the wood of Hesbaye after a hunting-party had passed. She perceived that he loved the woman to whom the necklace had once belonged, and she promised to try to discover her with the aid of the blind sorceress in the porch of St. Sebastian's Church. In return Friedgis told her that the maiden was named Rothilde, and then by a secret way he showed her how to leave the lodgings, whence she hastened home.

The following day Maréthruda, the notary's wife, came to tell Jeanne of the Abbot's recovery and certain strange happenings. According to her tale, the Abbot in the night attempted to speak to his watchers, and when they questioned his desires a strange voice issued from the Abbot's lips declaring that he was but a satellite of Satan and no abbot, and that he had power to assume any form of man or of woman. In the name of St. Servais they ordered the demon to come out, which he did, and the Abbot then spoke in his natural voice, bidding one of them seek the porter to carry him to his own house. When the monk reached the porter's he saw a girl of great beauty, who was really the demon himself, as was proved by a circlet of fire around her neck and her piercing shriek when the monk made the sign of the cross. Moreover, the room doors were at once closed and barred, yet when the Prior went in the morning to the porter's

house only the porter could be found, since the demon had passed through the stone wall, undoubtedly.

That same day Passe Rose said to the sorceress, "I seek a Saxon maiden whose name is Rothilde," and she was bidden to pass that night in fasting and prayer in the oratory and at vigils to open the Gospels on the altar, when it would be told her what to do. At vigils she persuaded one of the clerks of the church to show her the book of Gospels and to read her a few words from the volume. And the words upon which his eye lighted were: "Behold they that wear soft clothing are in kings' houses." Then the clerk closed the book and Passe Rose went away, murmuring: "In kings' houses."

The Abbot Rainal was revered by Charlemagne above all his other counselors, and soon after the invocation of the relics the monarch sent Gui of Tours to inquire after his health. As Gui passed through the streets of Maestricht with his company, he recognized Passe Rose and said to himself that the world was not so wide after all. Learning that the Abbot was recovering fast, Gui was entertained by Prior Sergius, a crafty, fine-mannered ecclesiastic, and of him Gui inquired who dwelt in a certain house in the square of St. Sebastian. The Prior answered that it was Werdric, the goldsmith, and presently gave him Werdric's history and said that in his house dwelt a maiden who passed for his daughter. Gui would gladly have remained in Maestricht, but as a king's messenger he must return to the monarch at Immaburg; and while he inwardly bewailed this necessity the Abbot sent for him in order to give him a message to Charlemagne. Gui was to return in the morning, and as he was departing word came from Rainal that he was sending a certain paper to the King by Brother Dominic, whose safe-conduct he committed to Gui. The paper aforesaid was an attested statement of the miracle wrought by the saint in his behalf.

Dominic was a skilled illuminator, and he had moreover in his pouch a copy in his own hand of the Epistles for the entire year, which he intended for the Queen. But his mule moved slowly, and Gui grew impatient. Checking himself, nevertheless, he was about to place the monk on the horse of one of his servants when he discovered the monk's mule returning to the

abbey and Dominic fleeing in apparent terror. As it chanced, Passe Rose was that morning driving the geese to pasture, and hearing horsemen she stole into the thicket till they should pass. Supposing that there were no others in the company, she peered forth just as Dominic was passing, and seeing her the monk shook with terror. It was no more to her purpose to be mistaken for a demon than recognized as honest flesh and blood. But the sight of the monk's countenance was too much for her prudence; laughter rose to her lips, and at its sound, rolling from his mule, which he abandoned with the precious pouch to the protection of his saints, Dominic fled with all speed, in search of more substantial succor.

He informed Gui of the demon he had seen, and the captain retraced his course till to his great delight he came upon Passe Rose tying her sandals by the path. He at once forgot everything else till Passe Rose learned that he was about the King's business and reproached him for loitering with her. Ere he said farewell he told her that Dominic was going to the King with the story of the demon on parchment; and it was agreed that Gui should tell the monk that he had slain the demon. For a token Gui was to show him the golden collar, which she placed upon his arm. She bade him ask among the Queen's household for a Saxon maid named Rothilde, and when he should come that way again he would find her, Passe Rose, at vespers in St. Sebastian's Church.

As Gui thought afterward of her injunction respecting the Saxon maid, he told himself it was impossible that this could be the Queen's favorite, Rothilde, whom the King had refused to give Gui's father, Robert of Tours, in marriage.

On the following night Passe Rose went to the porter's lodging to tell him what she had learned through the sorceress, which was that they who wore soft clothing abode in kings' houses. He came out to her, and she told him of her various adventures in relation to the matter; and as they talked in the shadows they saw the Prior walking by the fish-ponds, deep in meditation. The porter then returned to his lodging, while Passe Rose, fearful of betraying her presence, hid in the shrubbery for an hour or more, and heard faintly in conversation two voices besides the Prior's. When the voices closed she returned

to her home and as she entered very late Werdric met her with reproaches. "Strumpet!" he exclaimed in anger. She made no reply, but went to her room, and in the early morning, taking only the clothing she had worn when Werdric first saw her, she departed.

Werdric, too, had risen early and saw her go, but though repentant he could not bring himself to acknowledge it. She had discovered the night before a parchment dropped by the Prior, and this she carried with her also.

From Maestricht Passe Rose found her way to Immaburg, where the Queen's household was, where Gui of Tours was chief of the guard, and where she presently ascertained Rothilde to be. She there found shelter and kind treatment from the gentlewomen of the castle, and was happy at being so near to Gui. From the room assigned her she saw Brother Dominic in conversation with a woman, who was giving him a parchment to be delivered to Prior Sergius from Rothilde. The woman then disappeared and Brother Dominic heard another voice, that of the unseen Passe Rose, saying: "Good father, as thou goest by the house of Werdric, the goldsmith, knock at the gate and say to Jeanne, his wife, that I am well and send greeting." Bewildered with supper and wine, the monk departed, the two messages sorely confused in his mind.

A page presently brought her the collar of gold as a token that Gui waited to speak to her in the strangers' court, but as it happened they met in the banquet-hall, where Gui acknowledged her to be under the King's protection and his. Subsequently she encountered the monk who had turned back to make sure of his two messages, and though he was not wholly convinced that she was no demon, she obtained from him the message of Rothilde to the Prior, on the pretext that she would add to it and send it by the Captain; and she placed it with the parchment found near the abbey pond. Making her way to the chapel, she assured its priest that Gui would presently come for him to marry them, but the priest smiled incredulously. As she turned away in dismay she encountered Gui (who had her promise to accompany him to Aix that night) and fainted. When she awoke she was lying in a cart which she saw by the torchlights to be one of a long cavalcade. In the darkness she heard Gui's

voice saying he had sworn to protect her to the priest who had given her his blessing, and she was satisfied. After a little while, voices of two women in the next wagon reached her. They talked of Gui's betrothal to Agnes of Solier and of his love for Passe Rose, which was like to cost him dear. "One hath his heart, the other will have his head," they said.

Hearing this, Passe Rose slit the cart-covering, and thinking of Werdric's reproach, "Strumpet!" and "The other will have his head," she escaped from the wagon unobserved.

It was a confused tale of demons and messages which Dominic recited to Prior Sergius on his return, but the Prior took took him with him on a journey to Aix, on the way to which Dominic encountered Jeanne, who for grief at Passe Rose's departure now wandered in her mind. At Aix the Prior saw Rothilde, with whom he had plotted the death, by another hand, of the King. On leaving him she saw her old lover, Friedgis, and learned that he had obtained tidings of her through Passe Rose. Her heart revolted from him now, but she submitted to his caresses, and in behalf of the wrongs of Saxons at Frankish hands strove to bend him to her purpose. His hand was to be the one to slay the King, and his reward, she said, should be her love. To bind him further she said that the King loved her.

In an encounter with a wild boar in the forest Gui was injured, though the boar was killed, and was discovered, unconscious, by the Queen's household and their escort. As he was lifted up Rothilde saw next his heart the sealed packet she had given to Dominic for the Prior, and with them was the packet Passe Rose had got from him. As the Captain bore Passe Rose from the chapel at Immaburg to the wagon they had fallen from her bosom and he had placed them in his tunic for safekeeping. Rothilde tried to take them but was jostled aside. That night she rode to Aix, where she found Friedgis, to whom she gave this message for Prior Sergius: "To-night, this very hour, at the ford of the Wurm, without fail."

Passe Rose, after leaping from the cart, found shelter in a sheepfold for that night, and afterward remained for some days with the kindly people to whom it belonged. One day Jeanne appeared there, but she did recognize the girl she loved so dearly,

although she spoke of her, nor could Passe Rose bring back her wandering wits. But her presence comforted Jeanne, and the girl planned to lead her back to Maestricht, where perhaps the strange spell upon her might be broken. Taking Jeanne to the tower by the river, she showed her from its top the way they must go on the morrow. That night, while Jeanne slept, Passe Rose saw two persons approach the tower by starlight, the Prior and a soldier, and soon after came Rothilde and Friedgis, the porter halting in the shadows. Listening, Passe Rose heard Rothilde relate how Gui had been hurt that day in the wood and how in his corselet she had seen the parchments she had sent the Prior by Dominic. Rothilde did not know the nature of the papers, but from the manner of Sergius she guessed they concerned him deeply, although he said otherwise, and she was determined to betray him to the King. She then told of his disloyal serf, Friedgis, and how she had led him thither. The Prior then gave the soldier a command, and soon came a cry from the wood, and the soldier presently returned, wiping his sword. But the prior now began to distrust Rothilde, and this she suspected. Soon they left her alone and she ascended the stair, where Passe Rose awaited her. There was a struggle, and Rothilde, wounded, reeled from the parapet into the river. Then, taking Jeanne's hand, Passe Rose went on through the night to Aix.

In the early morning she left Jeanne at a humble cabin, and there learned that Gui was being cared for at the grange near by. She made her way thither, and at the sight of him thought only of her love.

"I thought thee lost," said Gui.

"I thought thee dead," she answered.

"Tell me that thou lovest me," said Gui.

Love him? Could he not see?

Rothilde was not killed by the fall from the tower, but was borne onward by the stream to a sandy shallow. There she found her horse and rode to Aix, constantly growing fainter from loss of blood, and falling at last in the square where Brother Dominic found her dying, and was speedily accused, by soldiers hurrying thither, of having killed her. Dominic sent at once for Prior Sergius, who was first shown the body of Rothilde,

and as he turned away, he was told that the King and not the monk now desired to see him.

Leaving Gui for a time, Passe Rose went to Aix and into the presence of the King, to whom she gave the parchments. "This one I found by the fish-ponds, and this the Saxon gave the monk for the Prior. I was in the tower; there came the Prior and another—then the Saxon maid. I heard what they said. Look! there are the prints of her knife! the knife was for thee." She then told at length of the treasons she had overheard and of herself and Gui's love for her, and of the struggle in the tower. To all this Agnes of Solier, who was present, listened with varying emotions, and as Passe Rose ended Charlemagne asked what was the dearest wish of her heart from heaven.

"The reason of my mother, Jeanne."

"And from me?"

"Leave to go in peace to Maestricht and then to send thither my mother, whom I left in the house by the gate at Frankenburg, for if she sees me in the garden in my own attire, her reason will return."

"Afterward," said the King. "That is not all."

Thereupon Passe Rose knelt at the feet of Agnes, and the King left them alone.

"Thou hast seen him?" murmured Agnes. "And he loves thee—he has told thee—" and it seemed to Passe Rose then that she could die for the sweet sake of Agnes of Solier.

So Passe Rose went to Maestricht in the company of the repentant Werdric, glad of heart because Jeanne was but a day's journey behind them. There was much gossip about Passe Rose in Maestricht, but when Werdric showed Maréthruda a samite cloth woven of six threads, the wedding-gift to Rose from Agnes of Solier, ill-natured comment ceased. The Abbot summoned her that day to say that the King had sent thither the silver pyx from the royal chapel, because wherever it was carried reason would return to the witless; and on the morrow when her mother should arrive the brotherhood were to chant the litanies of Marcellus for her sake. The Abbot also read from the King's letter his summons to appear at Aix, six days before Noël, to celebrate the espousals of his vassal, Gui of Tours, and Passe Rose.

In Jeanne's garden next day Passe Rose sat drawing the comb through the wool, and when the bell rang in the tower of St. Gabriel Jeanne entered. Then the cure began, and Jeanne's disordered wits presently set themselves in order once more, and the celebrant at the mass in honor of the cure was Brother Dominic.